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P257.1

B. Ed. 1857

Exact. No 1 — 9th Cl. of Attleboro, Mass.

The Gift of
Francis Parkman, jr. Esq.
of Boston.

Rec. Nov. 18,
1850.

39-184
2 16

North American

THE

Knickerbocker,

OR

NEW-YORK

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1849.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU-STREET.

BOSTON:
CROSBY & NICHOLS; T. WILEY, JR.; REDDING & CO.

PHILADELPHIA: G. B. ZIEBER & CO.

LONDON: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

PARIS: GALIGNANI & CO.

WM. OSBORN, PRINTER.

The Knickerbocker Magazine.

EDITED BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE commenced on the first of January, 1849. The work has been so long before the public, that it is not deemed necessary to enlarge upon its claims to general favor. The annexed List of Contributors to the Magazine, and a few notices of the work, (up to and including the last number) will sufficiently attest its character and its popularity:

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'THE KNICKERBOCKER.' — The last number of this venerable and widely-popular periodical appears upon entirely new and beautiful type, in all its departments; and in its rich and diversified contents, continues to vindicate its reputation as the most agreeable and entertaining Magazine published in the United States. When we first started the old 'New-Yorker,' our friend CLARK had preceded us as Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER about a twelvemonth; it has now reached an age greatly beyond that of any American Monthly; a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in praise of the manner in which the work has been conducted. No number of the K. has ever been issued under CLARK'S supervision that did not bear indubitable evidence of editorial care, and anxious thought and well-directed labor enstamped upon its pages. We have known no monthly, of this country or Europe, so thoroughly *edited*, in the strictest sense of the term. With a corps of contributors embracing the most eminent writers of the country, with not a few from the other side of the water, it has been able to present articles of a high order of merit, and in rich variety; while, as if emulous of the contributed portions, the editorial department has regularly increased in variety and abundance.' — *New-York Daily Tribune.*

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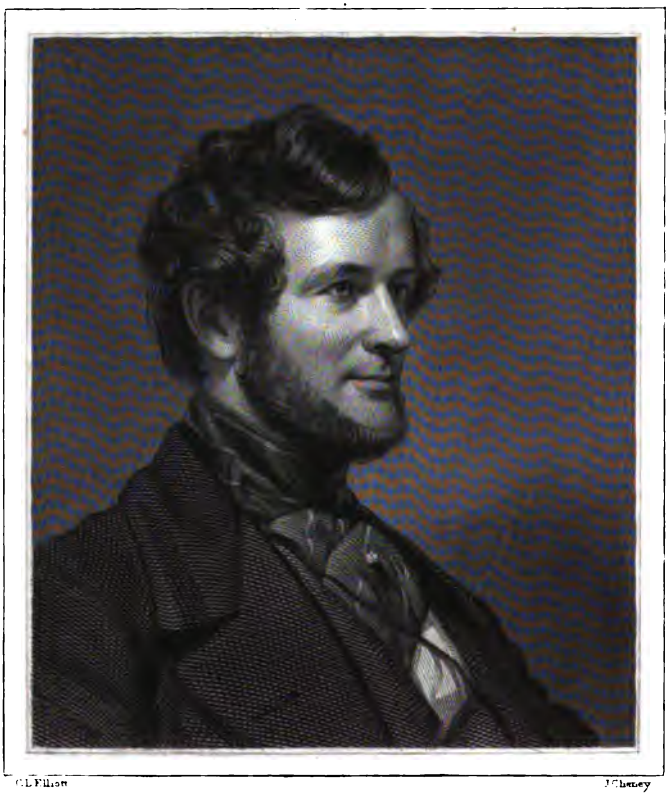

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PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON,
139 Nassau-street.

1849.

P257.1

1850 Vol 10
Vol 2 - 6. Mo. of Sandwich Islands
of Peru

WILLIAM OSBORN, PRINTER,
TRIBUNE BUILDINGS.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXIV. JULY, 1849. No. 1.

STATE OF THE POOR.

REFLECTIONS ON THE MEANS OF AMELIORATING THEIR CONDITION.

'THE ill-directed infant mind is the root of the tree of Idleness, out of whose multitudinous branches comes forth the fruit of Pauperism, in all its varieties of forms.'

THE consideration of this subject leads us at once to the education of children. As long as the means employed to relieve mankind are directed toward the adult portion of the population alone, they will only produce a temporary relief: it is trying to cure an evil without first attacking its source. The effect, it is well known, will continue the same, while the cause is but partially removed. Missionaries in every department of benevolence have succeeded in bringing about permanent reforms, and obtaining proselytes, only so far as they have included the education of young children in their system of efforts. All this is well known; we are fully aware that there is nothing *new* in the ideas expressed above; but are these truths *acted upon?* We think not. The Jesuits are the only association who as a body have made it a fundamental principle to take possession of the infant mind. In all countries, and at all periods of their existence, they have selected the best location for their seminaries of learning, and secured the greatest proportion of pupils. If they observe an individual of powerful intellect among the youth committed to their charge, they are prevented by no obstacle from bringing him over to their interests: they flatter, they allure, they take hold of him with the strong bands of kindness and love; if necessary, they even supply his temporal wants; and thus acquire one more disciple and devoted tool. Much could be said on this subject in proof that this is the method by which the Roman Church has perpetuated its sway over the nations of the earth; but we see the palpable consequences of the system in the prosperity which

has attended the order of the Jesuits, and even in their very existence at this day, although successively persecuted, hunted down and expelled from every country of Europe.

If then you would permanently ameliorate the condition of the poor, it is not by founding alms-houses nor by forming societies to convey relief to the home of the indigent, and other like institutions and associations, which, although good in themselves, and serviceable to the present individual, do not fulfil the expectation once entertained in regard to the good influence that they were supposed to be able to exert on the masses. What, then, must be done? We would say, *take the children;* educate them to some useful purpose. Although your Sabbath-school and free-school systems are admirable, as far as they go, they are not sufficient: another addition must be made to the free-school, where book-lore is imparted. *Let each school, beside the usual course of instruction, contain one or more departments devoted to the teaching of a trade or a profession, and let the entrance into the operative department be* GRANTED *as a recompense to the good scholar.* Thus you create emulation, and give to labor its own honorable place. The influence imbibed in that way would follow one and all through life; as, having been accustomed from infancy to regard it as a distinction to be permitted to labor, they would never be ashamed of it. We believe it will be conceded that the greater number of paupers are brought to their misery either from a want of knowledge of work, or from a false pride, which prevented them from putting what knowledge they did possess to use. Paupers are not born such, as a class; they sink gradually to that condition from the higher steps of the social ladder, influenced by a false sense of their pretended dignity, and fearing it would be impaired by such manual labor as might have supplied honorably all their wants. That false dignity can be done away with by bringing up the children in due reverential spirit toward labor; but do you say that this is Utopian; that we can never bring boys to consider it as a recompense to go to the carpenter's bench and work out their hours of recreation? This would be a mistake, and we are convinced that there does not exist a parent who cannot make the trial and prove it to be such. Man, of his nature, is imitative, and children are most especially so; a little girl is never more happy than when she imitates the *work* of her mother with her doll; so does the little boy imitate the father in his work, avocation, or *vices.* Let a merchant say to his little son, that if he behaves well he will be permitted to go to the bank and carry his book to have his account brought up. Who doubts that the boy will be proud and happy of the responsibility entrusted to him, and will strive to be thought worthy of the trust? Let the mechanic say to his child, that if he brings home a testimonial of satisfaction from his school-teacher he will be permitted to work with his father's tools. If the trial is made, and succeeds in inducing the two boys to win the *right and privilege* of being useful, then are we *not* wrong in stating that *work*—actual and profitable labor—*can* be introduced as a branch of education, and be made attractive by being held out as a privilege

and recompense to those who deserve them. In times far back from our present enlightened era, manual labor was the main occupation of the multitude, and book-lore the privilege of the few. The benevolent efforts of civilization have placed the last within the reach of all, at least in our blessed land; but the first has been unduly thrown back, as unworthy of keeping pace with the labor of the mind. This is wrong. God has so arranged our natures that we shall always find happiness in the discreet *use* of our faculties, but misfortune and ruin in the *abuse*. We must blend the manual with the intellectual labor, or we place ourselves in the anomalous position of a man who would make use of only one arm, which would grow strong in the exercise, while the other would become puny and useless. The wise man developes the strength of both body and mind; they are twin brothers, and one never thrives at the expense of the other, but that it is made to suffer from a future reäction. A nation or a community must, in order to attain the healthy equilibrium of mental and physical strength, from which alone public as well as private happiness and prosperity result, take care to cultivate the body as well as the mind, and give an undue preference to neither. The public schools, with the present organization, supply the wants of the mind, but not those of the physical faculties; hence the distaste of the pupils for manual labor, which is the first cause of pauperism.

It is true that the good consequences of the plan we wish to suggest, even if adopted *now*, cannot be felt immediately; it is true that we must at least wait fifteen years, or perhaps longer, for its happy results to be fully appreciated; but man as an individual is able to do but little; his life is too short to accomplish any one object fully. It is only when we have the good of the race in view that we can hope for complete success. There are difficulties in the way of executing this plan; no work of man is without them. God has placed them in our path as remembrancers of His curse, once pronounced against our race; but, as a kind Father, He places the remedy always near the evil, and He has attached an unspeakable happiness to the realization of our plans, the hope of which makes us bear with patience the difficulties we encounter.

One of those difficulties is that of bringing the children of the multitude into any school whatever; but we *must* bring them there. If laws are necessary for the purpose, *let us make laws.*

This would perhaps be a good opportunity for a discussion on the nature of true liberty; but as it would not be to the point, and we are not sure that we could do justice to the subject, we will take for granted that all reflecting minds agree to this, that license is not freedom.

It is in our opinion an abuse of freedom to permit the uneducated multitude to keep their children from school, not *at home*, but in the streets, to the great annoyance of the citizens of all large cities. That they are in the streets, instead of being kept at home, needs no proof, we believe.

There was a law in Connecticut in 17—,* which enforced a penalty

* The exact date it is not in our power to give, but it is among the 'Blue Laws.'

on the parent who permitted his child to stay away from school. Why should not such a one be enacted and enforced in this State? If public opinion calls for it we would soon have it, and the good example may be followed by our sister States.

The system of our free-schools is excellent, so far as it goes, but these must become boarding-schools, before the plan is called perfect. For this, however, the time has perhaps not yet arrived. We should not omit our beautiful system of Sabbath schools: indeed, enough praises cannot be bestowed on the plan, for without the aid of religion what can a nation or a community do? What we would suggest would work in unison and harmony with those above named, for tickets of satisfaction from the Sabbath-school teacher would be counted as equivalent to those of the other teachers in gaining for the possessor admission into the privileged department.

Our suggestion then is this:

That the public schools be directed in such a manner that each may have one especial object in view in the instruction imparted to its pupils, and be connected with a department of manual labor. That these different departments be so arranged that the book instruction be made to agree with the manual labor; for example, the school whose book instruction directs its pupils toward the study of the law, may be connected with a laboring department of cabinet-furniture, carpenters and turners. Let the laboring department be separated from the school-room, and its direction be entrusted to the superintendance of a religious, conscientious mechanic, who, imbued with a spirit of the proper dignity invested in his office, will receive the tickets of admission with due deference and ceremony, and usher the young privileged one into the room with earnest congratulation. The mechanic teacher will permit the young boy to look at and handle the toy-tools arranged around the room, and if he seems to prefer the saw to the plane, (for predilections of that kind exist in all minds) let him be permitted to proffer all questions in relation to its use, varieties and history. The handling of the favorite instrument will be enough for the first lesson; the use of it will be for the next; and so on progressively, until the young apprentice is able to bring his work to the quarterly exhibition, which may be a box of square, long, or octagon shape, all planned and made by himself, or in the planing of which he may have been helped by one of his young companions, who may have first preferred the plane instead of the saw.

Thus of ivory or wood turning and all other branches. Care should be taken in all cases not to gratify every wish of the apprentice, for fear of the natural satiety to which the mind of children as well as man is subject, but on the contrary, always to send the boy away with some new wish ungratified, *to be realized on the morrow.* The mechanic teacher would very soon be able to derive assistance in teaching the beginners from the older pupils.

The school whose studies tend to make physicians by the study of botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and other branches conducive to medical studies, may take as its department of manual labor, the art of dyeing stuffs in which chemistry is practically demonstrated;

also the fine cutlery, as being related to the surgical instruments they will be called upon to put to use; again the box-making for those same instruments.

The school intended to prepare for the navy may have a noble department of manual labor for all things needed in a ship; from the sail-cloth to ship-building offers a wide field for selection. The school for those who prepare for the army may take for its labor department all that which is connected with the manufacture of arms, tents, soldier's clothes, etc.

By this arrangement we gain two points: first, you honor labor as it should be, and prepare the next generation for profitable industry; secondly, you give to society better physicians, lawyers, etc.; for when the time comes that those boys, having become young men, should take to the study of medicine, for example, they come to that study with all the preparatory knowledge necessary for rapid advance. The present book-knowledge extant in the world is too immense to be contained perfect in its different branches in any one man's head or mind; hence the necessity of selecting one of the branches, and of placing our children early in the path that leads to that selection. With the present mode of instruction, lawyers, physicians, warriors or ministers of the gospel, all receive the same identical book-instruction; and when they have finished their regular course of studies; that is, when they have learned, as it were, the mere names of ancient and modern authors and heroes, (for they do little more than that while they are at school,) they then enter into the special road of useful learning adapted to what is to be their profession for life. Now who but sees, on reflection, that this is a great loss of time, which might be much better employed in studies preparatory to the course that would initiate them in their profession? We live 'fast' in this our century; and all professional avenues are crowded with the votaries of Fame and Fortune. Time should be economized. Many paupers become such only after having tried faithfully, but in vain, to become masters of a profession or a trade for which they had not been properly brought up. A pauper becomes one only after trying all other trades. It costs his natural pride many struggles before he can adopt it. Give him a thorough knowledge of his trade, or profession, and he will not take the 'loafing' manner of living, which at last supplies all the alms-houses with tenants. Teach him when a child, and he will respect society when a man.

The same may be said of schools for girls; but the limited space allowed for this paper forbids us even to touch the subject. Should our plans meet with the approbation of those who are the guardians of the public weal, we shall at a future period enter into all the particulars of the education of girls.

Having considered the *cause* of pauperism: namely, the want of knowledge of work and occupation, the distaste for it, and the undue want of respect for manual labor, and endeavored to point out what we considered its *remedy*, we will now try to suggest one mode of help to the generation nearer to us than the young children at school, that is, the youth in their teens, those who in a few years will be an orna-

ment to society, or its bane. As a preliminary, we cannot refrain from stating a fact which to our knowledge has been the means of much good.

There is in France, in the city of Metz, an institution of charity under the patronage of the young ladies of the city. The members of this charitable association subscribe two dollars a year, and are obligated to visit the establishment, daily taking it by turns, so that the same persons need not spend more than one half a day five or six times a year. The house itself is under the superintendence of nuns as teachers, and a lady-superior as directress. The pupils are young girls, from the age of thirteen to seventeen, and are taught the different branches of productive female labor, with a view of making one of them their trade through life. The rules of the establishment demand from them an apprenticeship of three years, for which period of time they are bound in the usual form. The first of the three years is devoted to work, the proceeds of which belong to the establishment, and go toward its support. The proceeds of the two last years' labor are divided into thirds, one of which is kept for the benefit of the house, and the two others are kept to the credit of each of the apprentices, according to their greater or lesser efforts during each of the quarters, when accounts are brought up. At the expiration of their time, the amount of the two-thirds of the last two years of their own labor is disposed of by the purchasing committee of the association, and they supply each young girl with a 'trousseau,' or bodily clothing, if she designs getting married, or entering in a 'situation:' if, on the contrary, she desires to go to work for her own account, she is supplied with the complete furniture of one room, some house-linen and some clothing, all of which, being purchased at wholesale prices by the committee, is cheaper and more to her advantage than if purchased by herself.

Thus are those young girls not only taught a trade, which can support them through life, but they are also not sent into the temptations of the world empty-handed. Their outfit is modest, but it *is* one; they have whereon to lay their heads, after leaving the establishment, and are able, willing, and ready to work, and to be honest.

These young girls are not boarded in the house, nor are they clothed: the establishment is not intended for paupers; it is for that class of mechanics who furnish our cities with the host of mantua-makers, milliners, etc., etc., who thrive, and are honored, when they happen to succeed, but who more often fall very low, perhaps to the lowest depths of city corruption — and all for why? Because of one disheartening circumstance — perhaps the payment of a high-priced dress, which she attempted to make, but which, *not knowing how* to make it, she spoiled and had to pay for. If she had known how to satisfy her rich and perhaps powerful customer, she would have earned money enough to supply her wants, and hence she would have been virtuous; *for be sure it is in the nature of woman to be virtuous.* When she forgets her native modesty, she does violence to her inward soul.

We may remark, also, that during the three years of attendance at

the Benevolent Work-Shop, the young girls become more or less acquainted with the young ladies who form the visiting committee, and have a chance of imitating the graceful and modest deportment, and securing the good graces of one or more of that committee, who may in after life be the means of throwing plenty of work in their way. Assuredly the influence of well-bred and benevolent young ladies must have its good effect on the lower class of females, who otherwise have little chance to come in contact with the higher ones. Affections must spring up, which in after life may lead to the happiness or well-being of more than one of the poor.

We believe that similar institutions, could be the means of doing much good, and have no doubt that an appeal to the ladies of New-York would be responded to with the promptitude with which all benevolent efforts usually are. Founding such establishments for girls will afford them the means of being able of making an honorable living, and they will therefore be virtuous; being virtuous, they will make our young men so; for, by a divine enactment of the sublime laws of GOD, the conduct and manner-of-thought of one sex always reäct on those of the other. Some model work-shops, as above described, for girls only, would, we have no doubt, be the means of a great amount of good; but why could we not carry out the same plan in regard to the boys? Are there not thousands now in our city who very soon will have finished their instruction at the free-schools, and who will be thrown on society without any other means of living than doubtful expediencies? How many parents who would be glad of the opportunity of securing to their sons a bright industrious future, if the means of learning a trade were placed within their reach in the manner proposed! Work in itself is a pleasant as well as a healthy occupation; it becomes only irksome to, and neglected by those who have not the requisite knowledge of it, which brings with itself a taste and relish for work.

We must be allowed to express our firm conviction that on the opening of such model work-shops, many of the present adult portion of the community would be happy to resort to them, and by the sacrifice of the period of their apprenticeship, would gladly acquire a good trade for the remainder of their lives. There are many now among our young men, between the ages of twenty and thirty, whose training has been badly directed, and who would gladly embrace the opportunity of adapting themselves to a trade, being able by the means of these model work-shops, to avoid going into the regular trade-shops, where they would not meet with the same kind of advantages and company.

We would say, in conclusion, that the misery of the class under consideration comes in our estimation: first, from the fact that female labor is restricted to branches not sufficiently numerous; secondly, that it is not adequately remunerated; thirdly, that it is not sufficiently perfected; lastly, that labor does not hold the honorable place in the social regard to which it is entitled.

In regard to the first two causes, we will say nothing at present; our views of the last two we have endeavored to explain. We conclude

then, by saying: One of the means of avoiding pauperism is to keep vice under control; the best means of keeping a restraint on vice is to give a shelter to the virtue of the poor female portion of humanity, by making work easy; and one of the best means of making work easy and pleasant, is to teach it as it should be done; that is, perfect of its kind; one of the best means of teaching the poor to work well, is to establish model work-shops, on the plan spoken of above, which will secure not only a proper knowledge of work, but something to start with in the world.

In our opinion the adoption of the above suggestion would tend to advance the cause of humanity, and satisfy

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

STANZAS.

'THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE'

'No night is there!' — the sun of love is beaming
Upon the happy denizens of heaven;
Its pure effulgence from GOD's presence streaming,
Shines ever on the hosts of the forgiven.

'No night is there!' for cloudy disputation
Is left behind upon the sinful earth;
With notes of cheerful praise and adoration,
All voices blend to hymn the SAVIOUR's worth.

'No night is there!' for want and pain are ended,
Sin and temptation they shall know no more;
And unbelief, with all that GOD offended,
Departed as they left the mortal shore.

'No night is there!' for eye to eye each seeth,
There no harsh judgments, no distrust intrude;
Before love's light all misconception fleeth,
And each esteems the other as he should.

'No night is there!' for none shall know the anguish
Of separation or estrangement keen;
Under the LORD's chastisements none shall languish,
For there HIS glorious face unveiled is seen.

O then while here, in darkness and in sorrow,
We wait with trembling hope the summons home,
A ray from heaven to light our path will borrow,
Nor e'er beyond its hallowed influence roam.

ELIZABETH LITTLE

The Bumkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98: THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK: THE FOURTH OF JULY: LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. I. JUNE. No. 1.

THERE you have, reader, at the head of our little sheet, undisguised and unpremeditated, the principles that we mean to go on;* for if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle? This remark, the eloquent rejoinder, we believe, of FISHER AMES, was never more true, or so much as formerly, and is to this day; as we feel morally certain it will continue to be hereafter. Let no man be ashamed to stand where he is and to *say* that he can *stand it;* and we trust that the FLAG-STAFF will never blush to avow, in answer to the interrogatory question, if it should be asked, seemingly with a sinister motive, '*Where are you?*' to turn triumphantly to the letters blazoned with brass as with a pen of iron at the top of this proof-sheet; as we forget the anecdote where it is said, 'Them 's my sentiments exactly.' But we forgot there to mention that the temperance cause should meet our hearty approbation. General TAYLOR, who in consequence of the battle of Buena Vista, and other fortunate prowess of arms in Florida, and the late war in which TECUMSEH was killed, and in the blood-stained fields of Palo-Alto, riding on a white horse (here it was, where he said 'A LITTLE MORE GRAPE, CAPTAIN BRAGG!' which they now want to make out that he never said to Captain BRAGG, when he was drinking the juice of the grape with some ladies at New-Orleans;) the General, who is in consequence now seated on the pinnacle summit of power in the chair of State at the White-House, District of Columbia, was frequently appealed to by those in Bumkum who meant to 'set him up', from which setting-up the old hero did n't choose to be taken down *ad libitum* (like any liberty-pole) how he would administer the constitution of the United'n States'n providing he understood it, *vice versa*, in the same ratio as the politicians of Bumkum. To which he answered freely, without disguise, in his shirt-sleeves, as Major BLISS can certify, 'Certainly I will.' Now to be explicit, we shall set forth in this editorial leader, that our friends may know exactly where we are. And where that is we mean to be found. We never will shirk the responsibility in any one instance, be it one or more, while we have an editorial chair to set into, any more than we have a right hand to cut off. Fairness first, and good policy in proper time, but in *no instance*, so helpus the constitution of the United'n States'n, to be superseded. What would you think of a man, sus-

* WE wish this to be considered of '98 *inclusive*.

pended no where, in thin air, like Mahomet's coffin; and this a notorious fact, known of every itinerant traveller, what would you think of such a man, or body of men, we repeat it, religious or Nova-Scotian, who could n't put his finger on his principles as he would on his nose and say, 'My foot is on my native soil and my name is Macgregor!' This we fear is not the case.

NOW THEN: Planted thus upon our Flag-Staff, and with a substratum to go on, we confidently appeal, with a fair appreciation that our *animus* will not be misunderstood, so far as regards this community, (we refer to Bunkum, and candidly confess that we stand in the attitude of *opposition*. LET THIS POINT BE BORNE IN MIND AS WE MEAN TO REFER TO IT. WE SAY EMPHATICALLY LET OUR READERS TREASURE UP THIS FACT IN THEIR MEMORIES, AND KNOW WHERE TO TURN BACK TO IT, SOME DISTANCE ON, WHEN WE SHALL REMIND THEM THAT WE SAID IT. Belligerent tropics are not our forte and never was; neither do we handle them with kid gloves, when they fairly come in the way. But we *will* say, and (standing upon the outset let us not be misunderstood, as we certainly do n't mean to be gagged, blind-folded, tampered with or driven off the curb-stone) that our ADVERSARY will find, that in flinging himself into the newspaper area, we shall speak with all kindness and discretion, but not to be trifled with. What a brassy impudence there is in his flourish of trumpets, and no wool after all! — a mere fugo, to blind the eyes and shift the responsibility. When we say *shift* the responsibility, we do not mean it in any indelicate sense, although we know that the word is liable to be so construed, and kindle up a blush on the cheek of innocence. Pardon this digression, and to return to the subjeck matter; we think our adversary has a little missed his foothold in trenching upon the town of Bumkum, and for that reason we mean to play dog to his cat, or to change the parenthesis, to show him up in his own colors (to save ourselves from the vexatious expenses of a suit for libel, mind that we do not say he is a *colored* man,) but black, blue, white or brown, we mean to show him up, and shall begin with his first editorial.

The last number, and (not to make a pun) the first number of the 'Bunkumville Chronicle' now lies before us with this motto: 'GOD GIVE THEM WISDOM THAT HAVE IT, AND THOSE THAT ARE FOOLS LET THEM USE THEIR TALENTS.' We do n't know as we ever laughed more heartily or cracked our editorial sides in our life. Our friend THREADDLES, the tailor over the way, (whom we recommend to our patrons as an excellent careful workman) got a good job out of it, for as we laughed in our sleeve, we tore it. First, let us premise that Bunkumville is a small outsquirt or suburban of the town of Bunkum, and only lately come into notice. That 's all it *will* do; but to proceed. In accordance with the fussy, ambidextrous (not to say ambitious) policy of such small nookeries, it must have an organ. Where there is a puddle there must be a splash. So all the world round, except in Arabia, where it does n't rain for six months in the year, and the atmosphere is extremely oppressive, and the printing-press scarcely known. So out comes the 'Bunkumville Chronicle.' We sot in our sanctum, and you would have thought you was in

Bunkum itself to hear the news-boys holler it as loud as if it had something in it, with as much fuss for all conscience as when they holler, 'Here 's the Sun, Er'ld and Try-bune; got the late news from Europe! Great battle in Mexico! Queen's got a new baby!' etc., etc. So we rose up from our chair, dismissed our devil, with a copy in hand, put on our coat, took up our hat, seized our cane, walked down stairs, put on our hat, put into our mouths one of our best segars, and picking our steps went on our way, calling out at the tip-top of our lungs after the aforementioned news-boy, as our curiosity was not a little excited. We gave the urchin a bran new five-pence which war n't earned by the bread of idleness, pocketed our prize, walked back to our sanctum, took off our coat, hung it up on our left hand, put on our specs, squirted a good streak into our spitting-box, took out our paper, laid it on our table, put our legs up on the cornice of our ceiling to relieve our position, unfolded our newspaper on our knees, and so accoutred, armed, equipped at all points for the encounter, which was to do us all up, sink our undertaking, sow us up in a bag of the Bosphorus, and scare us off our ground without a blow, we unfolded our newspaper, and in the stillness of our sanctum, screwing our courage up to the sticking point, fixed our eye steadily on the leading article. In a very few minutes our readers may rest assured our spirits were revived. We read on, on, on to the end of the first column, calmly shifted our legs to the top of the window-frame, the window being open, and after that, calling to Mr. Thomas, who had the imposing-stick in his hand in the adjacent room, called his attention to it, and in tones as calm and unmolested as we now speak to you, touching our finger to the page, we said to him 'WE SHALL REPLY TO THAT ARTICLE!'

Such was our first acquaintance with the CHRONICLE. Now let our readers turn back, if they will remember, to the fact that we charged them a while back particularly not to forget. It is here where we are going to make our first charge on this bag of wind of a non-plus. Where 's his *principles?* That 's the point! We have looked all through his paper and can't find one iota or scintilla of a platform. It would want the eyes of an Albany Argus to find any; and a man without principles at this advanced stage of civilization is unworthy of the support of a free community where the temperance reform is still progressing. I do n't say that he has *bad* principles, but that he has *no* principles. If so, what are they? Not those of '98 assuredly. Those have been kept before the public in CLARK'S KNICKERBOCKER, and by all the patriots of WASHINGTON'S day till this time. Those principles will always be respected, and people will call their little ones WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON and MADISON attached to their surnames, till thrones shall be no more:

> 'CLOUD-capt towers and gorgeous palaces,
> Yea all it doth inherit;
> And like the gorgeous fabric of a vision
> Leave not a rock behind.'

A man of no principles! That 's the great fault of the good-humored of our day. It is n't that they 're native bad ones, but they 're

only accidental good ones. They do n't know where they 're going when they walk down Broadway, and if they help a poor creater out of the gutter, there 's no credit into it. They 're jest as likely to go and get into a dreadful scrape, and when they lie down at night they do n't reflect upon their principles. They got no principles. They got no platform to stand onto. Consequence is, they 're shifted about when the current blows east, or when the current blows west, jest as it happens. There 's the rock that our friend the 'Chronicle' is going to split onto, and we give him this warning in p'int of time.

'Not aware of having any principles in particular!' Was ever such an auricular confession as this ever made into any man's ears, since Noah's deluge? We trow not. We beg leave to whisper one little specimen into the lappet of our friend's cranium; namely, that those who have no principles at first will soon degenerate and subside into *some* principles that the police can get hold of, and this without a spark of intentional malice on our part. For us, we think that principles are as much to be attended to from the very first start as other things, not to say more so; we can't help it; and we should infuse them into a child of three years of age as quick as we would his pap, and before he puts on his pantaloons. Our very roller-boy has got principles, or else he would be discarded indignantly down the stairs of this office, at the rate of three steps to a time, to pick up his bread where he could do it without principles. Is n't nature full of 'em? There is the principles of air, and the principles of water, and the principles of fire, also of the very earth we tread on every time we go into our office. There is the principles of honesty, and the principles of dishonor; the principles of discord and the principles of examination; the principles of right and wrong; the principles of beauty, and so on. The states'-prison is the only place where there is no principles; and there, if we carried it out, we would find ourselves mistaken, for there is the principles of strength in stone blocks and iron bolts, and that in plenty. 'Not aware of having any principles in particular!' We think we 've disposed of that p'int — for the *present.*

We are now going to call the attention of the reader to the fallacy of an algebraic process or diagram in the Prospectus, which may excite the risible muscles of those mathematically disposed or otherwise, who have no talents to see into its absurdity. The passage is this: 'When in the course of human or inhuman events it becomes necessary for any man or any body of men to detach themselves from the quiet circle of private life, etc., etc., to increase from the moral value of — 0 to that of Censor Morum + *y y y y y, (ad. inf.,)* etc., etc.' We must confess that our knowledge of Anglo-Saxon English is at a loss for verbiage to demolish stuff similar to the foregoing above. We utterly despise the man who will say *what may be misunderstood under a formula which nobody can understand.* It is n't so much that a weak man will do it, as that weaker men will do it over again. This we see daily, while the good taste of juniors is corrupted and turned into ridicule by their follies. We like to see a strong-headed, lion-hearted, bushy-headed individual, with a chin like a nose sticking out like a promontory into the great ocean of air,

say somethin' or 'nother just as nobody else can say it; we like to see a subjeck in the pulpit or in the desk made so plain that it *sticks right out.* In the meantime, save us from those who do n't know what they 're going to say, and yet have the audacity to say it. We knowed a man once't who did it, and think we 've discovered his ditto. But his ditto will be much mistaken if because he has got the same audacity, and even more brazen, he reckons he can say *that nothing* as well as our friend could do it. For if you have n't got nothing to say, *it is well to say it well;* so that there is n't nine persons out of ten but what will think that *something* has been said, and will fish with a line and pole in their poor shallow brains for ten days to pull it up, but no bite. There is a friend of mine will say nothing; a positively emphatic and inflectioned nothing; pause, look you right in the countenance with a jocose smile, and bring his meaning home to you by thrusting the fore-finger of his right hand into the pit of your stomach. This man will bring out of the stables of his intellect the greatest cavalcade of richly-caparisoned and well-looking *words* harnessed to a little bit of a *meaning* I ever seen. In the middle of a dinner he will hit you in this way, making the beef-steak almost fly out of your mouth; till I told him out and out *in toto* I could n't digest his meaning, and to meddle with my other digestion was beyond his province. After that I always thought he played a little shy. The fact is, he was afraid of me.

We trust the 'Chronicle' will not mistake our meaning in any thing we have said. We go upon a fixed set of standard, basis PRINCIPLES, and will never sheer one iota, so help us the Constitution of the United'n States'n, from the platform inscribed at the head of this paper! And another thing; we will never consent to be brow-beaten while we sit in this office and are intrenched with this editorial pen, by a man who, by his own confession, has notoriously set out without no principles. Are the community to acknowledge such a leader, much more such a leader as was contained in the last editorial of the 'Bunkumville Chronicle?' If there is any blush of shame remaining in the cheeks of the public, we trow not. Mr. Thomas thinks we have reduced the gentleman to a grease-spot; but we have only to say, in conclusion, that if he *is* a grease-spot, his blood be upon his own head!

Our Visit to the City.

WE do n't know when we were more sucked in and indignant than on a visit which we paid on the tip-toe of expectation to 'Colonel Fremont's Woolly Horse from the Rocky Mountains.' If they call this a *lusus naturæ*, then we do n't know what a *lusus naturæ* is. We do n't believe that the Colonel ever saw the animal which we now allude to, but that it is an altogether humbug, for which twenty-five cents are literally extorted directly out of the hard-working pockets of community. Seeing a great deal said about it, and our curiosity on the *key-veeve*, as they call it in France, and attention called to it by placards and advertisements, as we were walking up Broadway arm-

in-arm with a warm-hearted friend, we paid down our twenty-five cents and walked in, expecting to see something. We appeal to any equestrian in existence if there did n't stand a mere ordinary horse with a bald tail; which is something unusual, it is certain, but not worth twenty-five cents to see the hairs off; though if we owned a horse we would give four times that quantity to have them on. We had n't patience to examine the wool on his back, for there was so little of it, and artificially curled with Rowland's Macassar oil. He had a pretty head and a meek eye, indicating a good family; but in other respects a clumsy creater, expressly prepared for market; and we think it had been more judicious to keep him out of view. The poor creater seemed to be the greatest wonder to himself that he should be such a show; some combing out his locks, except his fetlocks, of which he had none, others speculating on the pitiable want of his tail of hairs, which attracted all eyes and not a little sympathy, while they all went out of the room looking sheepish enough about their own part and lot in this woolly horse; and, as most judicious, under all circumstances of the case, silent as death. The hostler could hardly keep his own countenance, while to lose it would be to expose the whole joke. We thought that a manger would be appropriate for him in Mr. Barnum's second story, with his head out of the window.

We throw out these remarks for the benefit of any citizen of Bunkum who would wish to save his twenty-five cents; and for ourselves, we never made such an ass of ourself as in going to see the foregoing '*horse!*'

The Aerial Machine.

Here is another horse, of a different nature, which we went to see, and came away well pleased, because it did n't cost nothing but our time, and that we give cheerfully for the sake of science, the exhibition being free gratis. This projeck we heartily wish may be established on a successful footing, as every friend of flying will wish them God-speed, and that 's fast enough. We often get tired of walking on the flat ground, with our noses not six feet at the most above snakes. Genius always will desire to fly, and never rest easy, we think probable, until it has acquired that great desideratum. When a man is in a foreign country his thoughts fly home. When a lover is away from his mistress he is ready to fly at her at a moment's warning. Poets are bound to fly, and this winged horse, which we looked at in perfect amazement, we should think was the very thing for them, carrying them to the star-light of Orion and Pleiades, and more too. To give our readers a little idea of the machine, let them imagine a long room called 'The Coliseum,' resembling we suppose in its minor details that pompous structure which Ramsbottom and other travellers have visited by moonlight in Rome. But the present structure was illuminated and lit up by gas; a good substitute for moonshine when moonshine is scarce, which for the sake of high water we hope it will not be altogether, as commerce has enough already to contend with.

The first thing that attracted our notice was what we can give the reader no more graphic idea of imagining and bringing home to his own heart than by supposing a segar in a state of dropsy or inflation, suspended by the mere force of gas within three feet of the ceiling, and hanging apparently with no effort of its own. We immediately said to our warm-hearted friend: 'This of itself is a triumph; the whole thing is hanging;' to which he assented. The next feature which attracted our notice was the tail of this machine, of a rather better model, we are free to remark, than the tail of Fremont's horse, if we may be permitted again to allude to that deception. Then we come to a sweet little steam-engine suspended under the belly of the Ærial Machine with a little twine, which was puffing away as if it would split its little bosom with the asthma, and so keeping its wings agoing, while the star-spangled banner waved in triumph a little this side the tail, which steered it admirable, while the engineer led it carefully all round the room with a long string, to prevent it hitting its nose against the pillars; and all the people said it was good. It was altogether a most enthusiastic thing. Success to it, say we.

Musical Criticism.

The 'Puffington Family' completed an engagement at Bunkum last week. We were quite pleased to see the success they met with, being greeted by full benches, who seemed delighted with their powers. Every seat was taken up, and it was difficult to get a stool. The room was very warm, owing to too much fire being kindled; a defect which we hope to see remedied hereafter. We can assure our readers that there was nothing theatrical about the entertainment. If there was a drop-curting, or the least thing which looked like a dialogue, or a opera, or a farce, we would be the last person to recommend it, as we have daughters of our own. But we do say that music 'has charms to tame a savage, to sooth a rock and split a cabbage.' Little Miss Puffington sang her music charmingly. The base singer has a splendid organ, of powerful timber, but a little unsteady; perhaps we should say, not entirely confident of grip in some of the upper notes. The tenor sang like a dozen angels. He shows depth, tone, penetration, a succinct method, discrimination, perfect freedom in alt, but no practice. The other singer has a plump style, a little exaggerated occasionally in expostulatory passages, owing to too sudden shifting of his crescendo from sideways to upside down. Let him look to this. There are several celebrities now on the way to Bunkum, of which we shall give notice in due point of time. The taste for music we think has received an impetuosity from the onset of the Puffingtons. The family are going South. We bespeak them a bumper.

New Books.

Macaulay's History of England. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

We have just risen from the perusal of this work, which is sweetly written. We think it is a little in favor of monarchy, but that may be accounted for from the fact that the author is an Englishman; and being a native of the soil, he would not of course go about to soil the natives. Let the republican therefore be careful; for his works take such a hold on the mind that it is necessary to mind your hold. His style is pleasing, except to a very few, who can leap over that to the subjeck-matter. Charm he will, for he has the will to charm you. In all that Macaulay has ever touched, so far as his fame as a writer goes, there is very little which can touch Macaulay. His admirers are many, and his imitators more; because those who ad-

mire most have not the ability to imitate, while those who imitate have not the sense to admire. It is far from us to offend any by these remarks, although those who would be offended are far from us. Justice to all, though all may not do us justice. In all the gorgeous chapter of England's History MACAULAY paints the scene as if in the daguerreotype the scene had been its own painter. His men are living, and his living is men. We hear them talk, and we almost talk to them while we hear. There they walk down the corridors of history, each one dressed in his own apparel, and apparelled in his own dress. Passing by other features in the book, we must say we do n't like the features under the title. Can that be MACAULAY's likeness, and can those underneath be the arms of England? We speak of the twenty-five cents edition; for as that is the one which the publisher has sent us, although we do n't much notice twenty-five cents, we are making out a twenty-five cents' notice. In any case, we must say we never saw such arms to a lion or such lions to the English arms. We see the spelling is not exactly what it had ought to be; and as some have sent over to England to get a copy after recovering from a dangerous fit of illness from meeting 'pic-nic' spelt *pick-nick*, or vice versa, we believe it was Mr. MACAULAY himself has written the following letter to the publisher:

'MY DEAR SIR: I am very sorry to hear of the illness of those gentlemen, but I hope the arrival of the English edition will put an end to their sickness, if their sickness does not put an end to them. With reference to the change of spelling, it was rather cool of your printing-office to do it; but printing-offices must be cool when the weather is oppressive. I do not so much mind the change of spelling provided we are all right about the spelling of change. I sent you my history in black ink, and if you had published it in red I would not quarrel, so long as it was read after it was written, although it was not written to be red. I do n't care a single the fourth letter in the alphabet about the spelling; if your Yankees are pleased with it rest assured it will be pleased with your Yankees.

'Very respectfully,

'Your obedient servant,

'T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.'

After this curtous epistle we suppose we shall hear no more of so insignificant a matter as whether words are spelt right or rong. A hundred years ago there was no right or rong about it, and it 's only a new invention, the excitement being got up principally by NOAH WEBSTER to make his book sell. For ourselves, we do n't care three straws about it; and we 're democrat enough to claim that small privilege of spelling our own words as we please. If we relinquish this, the next thing they will object to our choice of words. However, *verbum saphead:* enough on *that* head. We heartily recommend MACAULAY's history, such as it is. He is not the MACAULAY who used to live in Bunkum a few years ago. We recollect reading his reviews once't, and summed up our opinion thus: 'What MILTON is to SHAKSPEARE, and SHAKSPEARE to the Greek dramatists, such is MACAULAY to literature in general.' We recommend the volums to our readers, as there are some very pretty things in them.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. In a good many volumes. By Sir WALTER SCOTT BART.

MR. BART has done a good service to the cause of letters by these volumes, which have now been published some years. It does us good to review the work. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of talents, which subsequent events prove. We recollect that a school-mate of ours once wrote the following lines to his memory:

'IN St. Helena's isle, in the midst of the ocean,
There sleeps the remains of the noble and the brave,
The wild winds howl around him in savage commotion,
And dash the white surf onto NAPOLEON'S grave.'

A beautiful tribute, and well deserved. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, we think, will yet find his level, and posterity may live to thank us for what we have here said. We have one bone to pick with him, however, which we should have done if we had met him among the Simplons or the Twoillerries. He had not ought, on the score of congugial affection, for to have divorced his wife, if she *was* a colored woman; and if we had a-met her before he done the deed, we would have said to her: 'JOSEPHINE, stand to your rights!' While we 're about it, we may as well say we 've another bone to pick with Mr. BART. He do n't do justice to that poor critter shut up on

Saint Helena, where Mr. CIPRIANI could n't get fire-wood to warm him, nor any good oil to put in his lamp, nor mutton which was worth a single cuss, nor half water enough for his bath, nor half wine enough for his water; and what wine he had was made of sour grapes and sugar-of-lead, giving the poor captyve a stomach-ache every day; and yet BART wants to make out that the overseer 'gin the old hero a good deal more than he deserved! But Mr. BART is an Englishman, and an Englishman is a hectoring bully wherever you find him; and he is n't any thing else.

LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE. BY N. P. WILLIS.

THIS is the queerest name for a book, is it not, gentle reader, bookish or otherwise, with an eye to the sweet mustiness of Bookdom? And no such title, we dare say, is to be found in the whole Vatican or Bodleian. We have been told that the origin of it is this: Mr. WILLIS having received a sprain of the ankle from treading on a rose-leaf which had been very carelessly thrown into the path by the hand of an east-wind, and for other maladies, was taking a bath or ablution in a meandrous stream in the neighborhood of a rustic bridge. He had put his pantaloons on a large rock, when to his shocking horror he is made aware of the approach of ladies, in which juncture he ran under the bridge. While there his teeming brain conjured up so many pleasant images as to give rise to this book with its title, which we must say is arch. We can't help liking WILLIS's writings, and always have liked them. We never sot down to an essay of his which was n't perfectly unique and readable-through, and dashed off with a concealed art and in a slow hurry. We do n't know where he picks out his words, or how he packs his pretty figures together; we could no more do it, if we had them separate, than we could put together the pieces of an ivory puzzle. But he does work in words as elegantly as an Indian with feathers or moose-hair, or a modern lady with bead-work, and the more books he writes the better we like him for it. From writing with a shade over his eyes he throws the light entirely on the objeck. With a perfect indifference of what any body says of him, he goes right ahead, and writes himself into notoriety. We think the 'Herald' is a black-guard for translating 'N. P.' in his name into 'Nincom-Poop.'

WE have received several songs, marches, duetts, Donizettis, etc., from the publishers, for which the publishers will please accept our thanks; among them several pieces, as sung by the PUFFINGTONS in costume, 'All round my Hat,' 'Go it while you 're Young,' 'My dear Mamma, I told you so,' 'When my Eye,' etc., 'The California Quick-Step,' 'GUNG'L's Brass Band,' 'Hug and Squeeze Me Polka,' 'Office-Seeker's Manual,' etc. We also find on our table 'The Milliners' Magazine,' with an engraving of new patent stays, calico prints and muslin de laines, with sundry pamphlets too tedious to mention, which shall be referred to in due time.

Advertisements.

FOR SALE, an Old Blind Horse, deaf in one of his ears. Twenty-five years ago, when we first owned him, he wept out his eyes like amber and plum-tree gum, from working many years in a cider-mill; also in a horse-boat, now superseaded by steam. He is not offered for practical work, but it is thought that an enterprising man could make a good show of him by pulling out the hairs of his tale with a tweezers; and supposed, from his great age, they would come easy. To those who come quick, he will be offered a great bargain, and warranted to hang on for a twelvemonth. m1 istf.

WANTED.—Two or three hundred smart, active, enterprising young men, to travel in the States, Oregon, Texas and California, to procure subscribers for the 'Flag-Staff.' They must come furnished with from twenty-five to fifty dollars, walking-stick and good suit of clothes, so as not to put the Flag-Staff to any risk or trouble. It is supposed, that by thrashing the country well in all directions, and boring the people half to death, they may put money in their purse, and increase the circulation of the Flag-Staff. m1 istf.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA!—The subscriber has a few hundred bean-poles, which he offers for sale cheap. Those going to California will find this culinary vegetable highly essential at the mines. Also, a pair of brass andirons, which is important, as most in search of gold cook their own food. He has also a mill-stone, suitable for a mill seat on the Sacra-

mento, which he will dispose of a great bargain. Also, a couple of cider-barrels, which, from their circular form, can be very easily rolled from Chagres to Panama. Also, some large trunks and boxes, for the same route, and a few sausages. JOHN TYRALL. m1 isp.

MY WIFE SALLY ANN has left my bed and board without provocation whatever. She has been ugly ever since I took her, some fifteen years ago; scratches when she's mad, and gets the histerricks at a moment's warning. She's a dangerous woman. I being entirely taken in by her beauty, which served me right. I never was so sick of any job. I hope nobody will catch her and bring her back. No debts paid of her contracting.

3t is. DUKENBERRY SNODGRASS.

STRAYED into the subscriber's enclosure, a small yaller goslin, with part of the shell stikin to him, supposed to be recently hatched. The owner can have him by proving property, paying charges, and take him away. A. B.

m2 p2is.

GRANDFATHER'S LIFE PILL.—The Doctor's Grandfather spent a whole life time of arduous study in the composition of these pills, and died in putting the last touches on them. They form the most triumphant result of unintermitted devotion perhaps on record. From the time of his leaving the Edinburgh College till he grew gray in their combination, they have formed a part of his regular diet, and in the last affecting scene of his departure to a better land, where pills will be no more needed, he bequeathed them with a faltering tongue to the bowels of posterity. Children cry for them; and afterward, when they grow up to full age, they continue to use them for stoppage. In every steamboat explosion in the country where there has been a box of them on board, they have been found of invaluable service; cure the jaundice, extirpate worms, and is good for fits. There is no obstruction of the human system which does not readily yield to them; and his grandfather has been heard to say they would open a garden-gate. These pills have physicked all the old states of the Union. The Western States, which suffered dreadful from limestone, they keep them regular. More recently, Texas consumed 15,000 boxes, and done him good. The present proprietor sent a box of them to the Dey of Tunis, hoping to get a valable present in exchange; and when it comes to hand he will let you know; in the mean time hopes he remains firmly seated on his throne. The most delicate female may use them with perfect impunity; keep her complexion fair, red and white, and save her ear-rings from rusting, pulse regular, and breath sweet. Warranted to sodder up a broken leg, or money returned. In Poor-Houses they will be found an excellent specific to relieve the town from porpuses, and the county from tax. In several of these institutions they have been known to make those die easy that would 'a died at any rate, and squenched their sufferings some months previous to the ordinary time. Come and let us reason, fellow citizens, on the philosophy of this pill. Why is it?—What is the source of health, strength, happiness—nay, life itself? Common reason will tell you that it is the BLOOD: its circulation discovered by HARVEY some years ago, and has continued to flow ever since. Now what does common reason tell you to do? Keep the source of life pure. Purge! purge! purge! If the blood is all pure, then of course the streams will take the character of the fountain. Why is it that mankind have remained so long in the dark with respect to this fact? We will tell you. It is because charlatanism has stalked abroad in the earth. When so many impostors are vending their drugs and rostrums, to the ruin of the health, can it be wondered that a deaf ear is turned to the plainest, simplest reasons of philology, philosophy and common sense? Read the following: READ!

From Miss TABITHA TITMOUSE:

'DEAR SIR: For fifteen years or more I was laboring under an unpleasant breath. Although it was not any particular inconvenience to myself, it was noticeable by my friends, and I have reason to think, impeded my matrimonial prospects, as I have been deserted by several lovers, and remain unmarried to this day. In this unfortunate predicament, I heard by accident of your pill, and after fifteen boxes experienced relief. My breath was entirely changed; so much so, that there is now a young man quite attentive to me, who this morning, unbeknown to me, helped himself to a sly kiss, and said it was first-rate. A sense of gratitude induces me to make this acknowledgment; and if it can be of any service to you you are welcome to publish it from

'Your grateful servant,
'TABITHA TITMOUSE.'

Extract of a letter from one of the fair sex in Bergen County:

'DEAR SIR: Left an infant by my parents at an early age, I began to swallow needles. I kept up this practice until it became positively deleterious. I at last carried it to such an extreme, that I breakfasted, dined, and supped upon no other diet. After that it preyed upon my health. My sleep became disturbed, and my pulse irregular, with frequent palpitations of the heart; and from the paleness of my complexion, I seemed verging to an early grave. My friends became alarmed; till reading of your Life Pill in the 'Bunkumville Chronicle,' they procured two boxes as a last resort. Since that I have discharged through the arms, eyes and brain, many gross of needles, and providentially have been able to set up a small shop, on the proceeds of which I am doing well. If you think this will be any service to young ladies in the like situation, you are perfectly welcome to make what use of it you may deem fit. MELISSA G. SNIBS.'

From another lady, who swallowed chalk, etc.:

'Having read the extract of a letter signed MELISSA SNIBS, I was induced to try your remedy. Besides chalk, I have swallowed slate-pencils, which with the foregoing would be enough for all the black-boards and all the district-schools in the world. I became sallow and out of health, but by the blessing of GOD I am now cured, thanks to your medicine, and ready to go at it again.

'Respectfully yours,
'S. JEMIMA CODDINGS.'

From the Methodist minister in Columbia, Greene County:

'DR. H. U. M. BUG, Esq., Dear Sir: I have

been suffering for some time under an attack of broachitis, and my usefulness nearly destroyed. Not knowing what to do, in answer to prayer, I believe I was guided to your Life Pill, and found it fully equivalent to the emergency. After fifteen pills to a dose, I found the complaint give way; and last Sabbath forenoon, being greatly blessed with enlargement, I was enabled to preach for the space of one hour and forty-five minutes to a most attentive auditory, and much good done, which you may attribute to your Life Pill.

'Yours in the Lord,

'THEOPHRASTUS HIGGINS.'

The above is only a tithe of the communications which we have on hand, recommending the Grandfather's Pill, of which we shall continue to publish the more remarkable of them. The patentee of the pill was himself at one period of life much afflicted with a tendency of blood to the face, usually called blushing; but since he has been engaged in the concoction of this medicine, although not having actually swallowed a single box, he is positively cured, and has not blushed a blush for the last ten years. Facts speak stronger than words. Come ye disconsolate, and buy the Grandfather's Pill. Price 50 cents a box. tfsp.

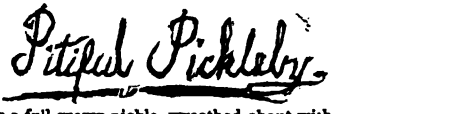
HONI SOIT MAGNETIC GARTERS.—This astounding discovery has now been long enough before the age to attest its virtues sufficiently. Thousands and tens of thousands, many of them pinchingly poor, besides being afflicted with various maladies, have come confidently up and spent their last penny upon this panacea in quest of relief. The inventor has pocketed the money, and given them the magnetic garters, which has immediately diffused a beautiful stream of electricity all through the system, in most cases giving relief. Those who have been too delicate even to mention the name of garters, have been cured, and spoke of garters in the best society. Since the invention of this remedy the English word leg has come into notice; but for those who object to 'leg,' the inventor, with a kindly regard for the various feelin's of community, has contrived and has now on hand at the Depository an infinitesimal assortment of HONI SOIT bracelets, more valuable than pearl or diamonds for the afflicted. TRY THEM, FRIENDS. For the nervous and afflicted, who dare n't say their soul 's their own, these are the things to set them on their l[p]egs. The clerk in our office, who was modest when he came, by the mere sale of the HONI SOIT GARTERS in three months became positively impudent. He can now gaze on the loveliest face in creation, with a steadiness almost approaching to a stare. Last week in the shop, while exhibiting the article, he addressed a famous actress by name, (he having witnessed her personation of BEATRICE,) whereat she drew herself up to the height of five feet nine inches, in perfect astonishment. This alone is sufficient to show that the HONI SOIT remedies are a perfect cure for bashfulness. In an age when charlatanism and imposture is approaching its acme, it is refreshing to fall in with a remedy which appeals to the highest laws of science. It is now positively ascertained that ELECTRICITY is the motive power of the Universe. This gives the stars their motion and the bull-frog his spring. This is the source of life, and makes the blood circulate and the cheek glow. This fires the cheek of ambition, and is the secret of every throb which animates matter. Wonderful law! yet more wonderful when ART is enabled to put NATURE in harness, and tackle the very lightnings, as in the case of the HONI SOIT GARTERS. You put on your stockings in the morning a sick man, overwhelmed with diseases, and at night you 're well.

☞ SOLD ONLY AT THE DEPOSITORY IN BUNKUM.

PICKLEBY'S PECULIAR PICKLES: A REMEDY FOR THE SALT RHEUM.—Imposture having made such great advances, it affords us pleasure to announce this remedy. The afflicted may apply with an absolute certainty of cure.

TEN THOUSAND

cases of the rheum are on record, positively healed by this nostrum, and the cry is still they come. Who is there will remain afflicted and tormented when the remedy is near at hand? The PECULIAR PICKLES are sold at every drug-shop. None genuine unless signed by the inventor's name,



with a full grown pickle, wreathed about with a cucumber vine. All infringements upon the patent will be prosecuted to the utmost extremity of the law. uspitf.

BUNKUM BOOK STORE AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE following works have been added to the library, and additions are constantly made, which now comprises the most interesting list of novels, etc., in the country; to wit:

The Devil on Two Sticks; Three Spaniards; Abæline, or Noted Bandit; Baxter's Saint's Rest; Roderick Random; Mysteries of Paris; Alliene's Alarm; Don Cæsar De Bazan: a Play; Paul Clifford; Goldsmith's Greece; Paul and Virginia; Elegant Letter Writer; Methodist Hymn Book; The Way to Live; Tom and Jerry: a Play; The Way to be Happy; The Way to Eat and Drink; The Way to Sleep; The Way to Die; American Joe Miller. In addition to the foregoing, the following: *Two Rival Dead Sea Expeditions*; treating of the Lake of Asphaltes. *A Commentary on the Relative Value of the Ciders of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania*, and an excursus on the present method of turning sour cider that is n't worth nothing into sweet champagne. Price $2 per bottle. '*Ethiopian Song Book*;' the demand for which is so great, that we heard the publisher say, 'Blamed if we can knock them off fast enough!' *How's Castigated Shakspeare*, or the Bard of Avon made fit to be read: executed with much delicacy of discrimination, and with a sensible preface. Also, '*September and Oysters*,' by the same author.

☞ This list of books will be continued. Subscribers are respectfully requested to wash their hands before reading, and dog-ears expressly forbidden; but marginal notes in pencil will be permitted, provided they are in the usual formula. 'Sweet,' 'Beautiful,' 'True,' 'False,' 'Excellent,' 'He seems to speak knowingly,' 'Affectation,' 'Affecting,' etc., etc. Terms 6 cents a volume per week.

BUNKUM HOTEL AND STRANGERS' PUT-UP, ON MAIN-STREET. The above hotel is now opened, being

newly repaired for the reception of visitors. The kitchen is really worth looking at, being much less nasty than other hotels of the same nature. Its cooks are not so greasy, and its propinquity to mud-gutters and so forth being less apparent. A new gong has been lately purchased from Pekin, on which is inscribed, in blazing characters, 'Look out for your tympanum.' One ole genelman fell dead when he heard it, crying '*What's that?*' When you come up-stairs the arrangements are equally perfect. First, the bar-room is furnished with the best brandy, also port-wine, as every other tavern is on the face of the whole globe, although Oporto himself could n't father one drop out of ten thousand. Bunkum, however, contains the *real stuff*. A main feature in this hotel is the SITTING-ROOMS. They are directly on the main street, and pretty much on a level with the pavement. It is computed that there are at least one hundred beautiful young women, chiefly of BUNKUM, passing up and down at every hour of the day. A sight of these is guaranteed, free gratis for nothing. If they are very beautiful the visitors are permitted to gaze into their very eye-balls, and no charge made. If their proportions are fine, these may also be surveyed, and any remarks made with a leer and a sneer will be replied to, as there are many *gentlemen* constantly at this hotel with a taste for these things. Several boarding-schools daily pass by, the teachers only being veiled, the other scholars, from the age of ten to sixteen, are furnished with a variety of virgin blushes, most beautiful to look at. COME AND SEE! The sitting-room is furnished with supporters for the heels, four or five feet above the head of the tallest man, so situated that nearly the whole person may be exposed to the open window, where, in the very hottest weather of the dog-days, a desirable breeze comes directly from the river. We have never had a customer who has complained that his person has suffered from the heat while sitting at the window. All have been, without any exception, cooled, and that without any resort to fans. Our spittoons are of the very largest capacity, each computed to hold the allowance of ten men, which is certainly a calculation with a margin. The ATTICS are above the reach of mosquitoes, these never flying above the first story, and then too tired to suck. In short, for cellar, larder, kitchen, bar-room and garret, it is believed this hotel stands unparalleled in the annals of hostlery.

N. B. The chamber-maids in the entries are a peculiar feature, their altercations with the waiters being highly amusing. The price of board is $2 a day, exclusive of servants, who will not grumble at as much as you 're a mind to give. JOHN GUILE, PROPRIETOR.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF AND INDEPENDENT ECHO is published at Bunkum at least once a month. Job-work, including horse hand-bills, will be particularly attended to, with neatness and dispatch. Advertisements inserted for little or nothing, if they are suitable. Beans, pork, eggs, hay, grits and shorts, taken in exchange.

STANZAS: TO A FRIEND.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

I.

Come near, my friend; the dreary winter blast
Sweeps down the street; come near till it is past;
Yes, lay thy head upon my throbbing heart,
And in my sorrows bear an humble part.
Come, sing to me some dear remembered strain,
Some pleasant song to cheer my soul again;
For silence rests upon my spirit's lyre,
And sadness lingers on each trembling wire.

II.

Oh, there are angels sent to sooth our grief,
Who to our sorrows smile a sweet relief;
And though these unseen spirits of the air
Are hovering o'er the joyless every where,
They sometimes take the human form divine,
And round the heart rich olive blossoms twine,
Which, like the balm on Gilead's fragrant hill,
Health's countless blessings on life's paths distil.

III.

Draw near thy chair. How bright and wildly falls
The fire's soft light around the pictured walls!
The pictures, too—how sacred some appear!
Then come, my friend, and wipe away that tear:
Thy harp is mute!—come, sweep its chords along,
And swell its accents with some cherished song,
That my sad heart may catch a kindred strain
In the rich music of thy voice again.

SPRING VIOLETS.

THESE graceful lines, awakened by 'Spring Violets,' were received somewhat out of season. We should have been glad to have given them to our readers with the dew on them; but there is a vitality in them which has kept them from fading away. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

WHAT tender thoughts around the heart will cling,
What memories the spirit will beset,
Whene'er we find the nurseling of the Spring,
Its first sweet Violet!

Dear prophet of the summer-time thou art,
And though the April wind is bleak and cold,
A ray of sunshine glances through my heart,
Shot from thy leaves' blue fold.

The gaudier rose hath not put forth her buds,
The butter-cup is nowhere seen to bloom,
Undecked by leaves still stand the wintry woods,
But thou, the meek, hast come.

How hast thou borne in all thy gentleness
The clouds and rain that frowned upon thy birth,
And yet, unwithered, kept thy power to bless
The weary ones of earth?

Who loves thee not? The sturdy son of toil
Gazes with fondness in thine upturned eye,
And when thy quiet beauty glads the soil,
His step goes lightly by.

Let him, worn down with manhood's strivings, say
If thy calm beauty, pure and undefiled,
Recalleth not the happy heedless day
He plucked thee, when a child.

How oft hast thou become, to loving hearts,
A symbol of their passion and desire!
To such, thy very timidness imparts
Strength to their hidden fire.

For in thy soft and fragile beauty they,
As in a vision, see the loved one's charm:
'This hue but mimics her sweet eye,' they say;
'This gracefulness, her form.'

A lesson to my spirit thou dost bring,
Sweet Violet! wet with April's fickle shower;
The heart, like earth, must ever have its spring,
And Love is its first flower.

Long ere ambition opes its gaudy flowers,
Ere worldly pleasures waft their sweet perfume,
Or buds of memory burst 'neath sorrow's showers,
Thou, first fond love! dost bloom.

Thy petals may be wet with bitter tears,
Thy leaves be ruffled with the saddest sighs,
And still thy blossom timidly up-rears
Beneath the darkest skies.

And from that blossom in the starless night
Gleams forth a promise of Hope's cloudless noon;
Thus trembles in the Eastern skies the light
Of the unrisen moon.

Still bloom, ye Violets! and make glad the earth
With blest foreshadowings of sunny days;
Still in the heart, oh, First Love! may thy birth
A light in darkness raise!

WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

Hallowell, (Maine,) May, 1849.

MANIA: ITS PROGRESS.

BY XIT KELVIN.

THE world is a chess-board. What strange and complicated games are transacted upon it! All men are players, moving respectively, and in the civil, religious and political scenes continue thus to do, until the automaton DEATH, with his eyeless skull and fleshless hand, stalks before, chattering with his ghastly jaws, '*check-mate!*'

Constituted with a natural irksomeness to sameness, man is ever discovering new methods and devices for fame and wealth, even to self-immolation. Where is there the period in antediluvian, mediæval or modern days, that we cannot fasten this verity? With this germ enwrapped in our being, cherished by example as well as tinctured by hereditament, we advance toward age only to manifest the growth of this undeniable *positive*. A charity for others' excesses, for the strange wildness of adventure or scheme, prevents us not from imitation. It needs but the proper incitement to move us upon the stage amid its fantastic masquerades, actors both fanciful and speculative. Example, with sober face and silvery hair, traces of dear-bought experience, disappointment and contrition, sits unheeded in our path. In the inordinate hope of success our vision is blinded; our ear deaf to the voice that would warn us. A feeling soft as oriental luxury steals over us; that charm which breaks not until desolated hopes, withering realities, and an absence of all gladness, are upon us. A fearful leprosy permeates our organism. It is madness! Shudder at the idea as we may, we all have it, a mental element innate. In all ranks,

professions and pursuits we have its representatives in full armor. Like Anak, it has moved in past generations with the same unbaffled, emotive stride as we now observe it. Like unto him who was commanded '*to tarry*,' it knows not age, neither can it die.

Let us dwell for a moment upon some of the most conspicuous manias that have become history. How strange does the *reality* seem! Removed from them by generations, we laugh at the curious vagaries played by our elders; but, fellow pilgrim, beware lest your own inconsistency entrap you before the twelvemonth has passed.

During the reign of William III. this strange mental essential appeared among the citizens of Edinburgh, and from an incipient state sped in rapid gradation to the height of its irregularities and leaped the bounds into merry England. The court and the exchange, the boudoir and the hovel, were alike filled with the contagion. It was the '*Darien Scheme*.' A colony was to be formed, a city to be built, prosperity unabated to follow, and nabobs were to be as common as coals in Newcastle. The little spark kindled a fire that raged and heated the whole kingdom; and not until its ignition became alarming, arose a mighty opponent to subdue. The king, troubled lest his capital and commercial strength should be given to Scotland, endeavored to check this enthusiasm by throwing obstacles in the way of the fabricators. But of no avail; Mania conquered. The colony sailed, landed, organized, and sent home intelligence which caused a carnival in Edinburgh. But upon the heel of this rejoicing came an ill-fed, disheartened, dying remnant of the grand scheme. Sickness, starvation, the Spaniard's revenge and the king's proclamations, were too potent bulwarks to besiege. The project faded into a shadow, but not until its portrait had been transferred to canvass, upon which the world has gazed, not without instruction.

Disgusted with the unfruitful soil of Scotland, Mania strided the channel into the sunny vineyards of France. Captivated with the luxury of its capital, it made its appearance in the Place Vendome. It was during the minority of Louis XV., when the Duke of Orleans was Regent, that the world became acquainted with John Law, who, from his handsome person, ready wit and abundance of animal spirits was yclept, 'Beau Law.' A more unscrupulous, unprincipled man, probably, never existed. He was a noted gambler as well as a refugee from justice; having shot a convivial pot-companion in a duel. Upon this individual, Mania fixed its delirious eye. It was the charm of the serpent, and under its seductive influence he concocted a plan, which for its masterly design, its universality, its magical success and wide-spread influence, is unprecedented in the annals of speculations. He was the author of the '*Mississippi Scheme*' that for three years reigned paramount throughout France, echoed amid the mountains of Germany and hills of England. The financial world stood amazed at the golden shower which fell among the infatuated populace like the natural rain, while the name of Law was more powerful than potentate or empire. A Mephistophiles of finesse and calculation; his word at once law and execution; the Cambon of the seventeenth century. Excitement was at such a pitch in Paris that death fre-

quently occurred in the crowds that convened in the street where the stock-jobbers congregated; while gold and velvet costumes were passed unnoticed. But if Law with his guardian Mania shot up to the zenith of all desire with lightning-like celerity, he fell 'like Lucifer never to hope again.' The god of gold and the idol of the people fled the city, a beggar, to save his life. Thus exploded this grand and gigantic prestige; but not before it had given to the world, as its last will and testament, its history.

The 'South-Sea Scheme,' another offspring of Mania, found, like its predecessors, an early and ignominious grave. And thus we have from time to time a new device and another collapse regularly annalized till we come to our own generation. Not satisfied with past defeats, Mania, still vigorous, is pushing its hydra-head above the surface of registering events. In England we have witnessed the metallic resources absorbed in the construction of railways to such an extent as to drain the entire floating capital of the kingdom; while old established houses, proud in their antiquity and name, together with national institutions, have withered before this blasting simoon. It follows man from the cradle to the grave; lulling him into 'the rapture of repose' but to startle him with fierce convulsions and agonizing dreams. While it warms it burns to ashes. A phantasm as remediless in decimation as it is impressible in allurements. While the poor victim is jubilant in expectancy, it is already consigning him to the abysm of hopelessness.

Mania's haggard face is staring in through our windows — we meet it in the streets. While it tempts the rich man to an increment of wealth, it lures the poor laborer from his spade and mattock, throws the golden apple in the path of the husband, and robs the wife of a protector and supporter. Seriously, what is to be the result of the vast Golden Mania of 1848? Will the influx of great wealth beguile us to effeminacy — lead us to experience the wild profligacy of the Duke of Orleans' regency? Shall the possession of gold, silver and cinnabar puff us with ingratitude and selfishness, or make us, like Eglon of Moab, to wax fat and to kick?

As this peculiar *positive* exists in our mysterious organization, we cannot condemn it; it is higher born than that of our own divination. In its slumbering state it is of no avail, while it is worse than a non-possession when pushed by unnatural excitement to an excess of action. Under a full development, what travesties, what ungovernable trespasses upon all that is defined by the rules of social life, as well as guarded against by its necessary restraints, follow! We may not exonerate ourselves of wildness, because it is inherent in our natures; the germ *is* a constituent principle in our mechanism, truly; but we are not to bring to our aid any hot-house atmosphere to force a growth inconformable to nature.

It would indeed appear that our age is one in which Mania has become ripe to *yellowness*. Nurtured by those who have heralded our appearance, it has grown peevish and turbulent in the abundance of caresses, and is leaping the barriers of restraint to revel amid the common wreck and chaos it creates. It is for us to forestall its pro-

gress with a sanative which we have within us—reflection. However alluring may be the subject, to look before the leap is consummated is wisdom; for afterward there is no alternative but to endure the evils that are entailed.

Mankind, like sheep, forever follow the tinkle of the leader. Barricades of wood or stone, danger or death, are no appliances to save. An unhallowed scheme is boldly promulgated, shooting athwart the track of the moneyed man and of him who has none of earth's mineral to count. There is a speciousness about it that entraps the desire while it enchains the attention. The sober mien of the quiet citizen is exchanged for one of anxious uneasiness. He has divested the flying projectile of all its feasibility, and *still* it wears a charm.

That the valley of the Sacramento offers inducements of a nature both extraordinary and exciting, is fully apparent by the vast emigration thitherward, as well as by successive accounts that have been duly authenticated; and this inclination to adventure is but perfectly consistent with the elements which form our characters. Still, it is all impulsive. To control such a desire is hardly more practicable than the fusion of basalt by the natural warmth of the hand. An uneasy tenant, it must be humored; yet what are the results? Where one 'bird of passage' is safely landed, fully satisfied, and returns, 'bearing his sheaves with him,' a score meet with indescribable anxiety, disappointment, sickness and death. And yet this untamable spirit, despite all mortal obstacles, is one of our essentials. It is the parent of all our noble and formidable projects and executed designs; those massive battlements of our country which frown upon all inaction, that inert lymph which clogs the wheels of trundling enterprise. I would not deprecate it; rather would I cherish it. Yet there is an intermediate state of feeling to be the cynosure. Shall we follow it, or shall we plunge headlong into that gurgling flood that knows neither a master nor a friend?

THE WANDERER.

The world is wide to walk on weary feet,
With step by step along each lengthening mile;
Never the sunbeams on a cottage smile,
Where Love and Quiet build their cool retreat,
But, inly sad, I ask a home as sweet;
Then happy dreams a little way beguile,
Rounding the wide earth to a tiny isle,
Where all delights in a green circle meet.
But the broad world re-pains my lifted eye;
I wander homeless by a thousand homes;
I tire of this unbounded liberty;
'T is no right freedom that forever roams:
A cot, a green field, and sweet company
Of wife and babes, were world enough for me!

Philadelphia. G. S Burleigh.

A PLEA FOR THE OLD MAN.

Behold where walks, with feeble pace,
An old man, almost shorn of sight;
The years have deeply lined his face,
And made his thin locks white.

Give place, nor in the pressing throng
Too rudely thrust him from the way;
For he has toiled and journeyed long
Since childhood's careless day.

By vale and hill his path has been,
In sober eve and gleeful morn;
But now he walks in feeble mien,
Weary and travel-worn.

Give to the old man honor's place,
For he has taken honor's prize;
Has run that strange, mysterious race,
Which yet before us lies:

Nor on his sacred rights encroach,
For it is terrible to brook
The calm and withering reproach
Is in his silent look.

But give to him that reverence
Which riper age demands of youth;
The love, disarming all offence,
Which Wisdom has for Truth.

Deal gently, or life's music springs
Will cease their golden play too soon;
For he 's the shattered harp whose strings
Are hardly kept in tune.

Despise him not that he is old;
Each year its treasury unchained,
And he can tell us of the manifold
Strange wonders they contained.

Far up life's long ascent he stands,
And loosening is the spirit's bond;
He looks o'er all the travelled lands —
Perchance he sees beyond.

Then mock him not, but bless instead;
For 't is an omen to be feared,
When thou shalt see the hoary head
No longer is revered.

A few more passing bells shall chime,
Then life will cease its fitful sweep;
For solemnly the wings of Time
Are humming him to sleep.

Cambridge, June, 1849. J. A. S.

A DEBATE ON FRIENDSHIP.

CHAPTER FIRST.

'Do you believe that man and woman can be truly friends?'

I have had such a question put to me toward midnight, in the dusk of my quiet room, by a fellow collegian, who was laboring under the oppressive consciousness of first love—which is, you know, a kind of dyspepsia of the soul—and whose heart was yearning to pour into my bosom all its new burden of hopes and fears. This was the awkward way he took to approach the subject.

I have had such a question put to me near the close of a bachelor dinner, and have earned a passing reputation for satirical humor by bantering the unsophisticated young propounder, and putting him to the blush.

Can any one blame me because, in my own snug room, or amid the haze of cigar-smoke, the tinkle of wine-glasses, the roar of good fellowship, I felt utterly, recklessly independent of woman and her society for my enjoyments? But *now* I was away from the bachelor herd when this question was half whispered, by girlish lips, to me, on a warm evening, between summer-time and autumn.

It was one of those mysterious nights which seem created to promote the growth of poetry and the ruin of single men; one of those nights when the moon hangs over us cold, distant and unsympathizing, in its inexpressible glory; when the dome beneath which we stand seems loftier than usual, and more empty; when the stars quiver faintly, and are lost, in that boundless realm. The whole world seems to grope in lonely space; and a man, as he looks upward, feels himself shrinking into a state of painful insignificance, and longs for some human company in which he may regain his self-respect by comparison with his kind.

Nature has no sympathy to offer him; for all things are gathered, cozily nestling to rest, under the brooding wing of night. To and fro in the forest the katydids bandy their drowsy cadence, the grasshopper sings incessantly among the long grass, and the cricket ever and anon lifts up his comfortable chirp.

I should have turned affectionately to any human being just then, and this was the reason why the little hand which lay shining and dimpling in the moonlight on my arm gave me so keen a thrill whenever its soft weight became sensible—not at all because it was a woman's hand.

'Do you believe that man and woman can be truly friends?' she said, looking up to me, so that the moonlight filled her earnest eyes, and I could see that she meant the question to be then and there set at rest forever. Rather than to have entered on a metaphysical discussion like this, in the solitude of such a night, and in such com-

pany, I would gladly have foregathered with the Sphynx, alone, somewhere in the desert—perhaps on the top of a pyramid—and had that unreasonable animal propose me riddles by the hour.

'I do not believe, I *cannot* believe it possible,' I answered, hastily, to her abrupt question.

A fitful wind crept through the trees, shaking their leaves stealthily, and passed away in a deep-drawn sigh. The debilitating influences of the night and its romance were gathering around me.

'I admit,' continued I, 'that with some pains the sexes may make a plausible kind of treaty, which will answer all the purposes of friendship, for the time being. The feeling will be novel and delightful on both sides, and beautiful to look upon.'

'But it will not last—will it?'

'Perhaps not. And yet,' I added, touched by her gentle voice, 'I myself have had friends among your sex, who were truer and more unselfish, while they *were* friends, than any man could be. But they are dangerous companions, particularly in the outset of life, while we have still faith in our kind; for one can scarcely refrain from trusting them with every thought, and even inventing a little dramatic confidence for them. They know how to sympathize so exquisitely! Now, when they change—as they must, for change is the only immutable law of woman's nature—you have a bitter enemy in possession of every secret, the confidante of every weakness; and the world at large meanwhile is convinced that you have been trifling with a young lady's affections.'

'Is it we who always change?' retorted my companion; 'I am sure not. You will not think me vain if I say it is my experience. I shall never forget having once made the acquaintance of a gentleman, much older than myself, whom I liked and respected. I was very young, and I own that it flattered me to discover that a person of his standing seemed to find pleasure in my company. We became very intimate, and in a little while he proposed that we should enter into a solemn agreement to be friends, as the German students do. He chose books for me to read, and sent them with his notes on the text written in the margin. At first they were philosophical works; but very soon he brought me poetry, and sometimes even a novel. At last he would send me nothing but flowers. Can you believe it,' she continued, with sorrowful simplicity, 'that, in spite of our express agreement in the beginning, he would become a lover!'

'Indeed, I believe it!' said I, shuddering silently at the fate of this unhappy gentleman, who in his declining years had fallen into the young girl's hands. How endearingly she must have beguiled him on, step by step, to be a lover; and then with what contempt she must have scouted the abject victim from her presence, because he had approached her under the mask of friendship—the very mask which she had compelled the poor old fellow in the outset to adopt!

By this time we had emerged from the long avenue of trees and passed into the broad moonlight, which poured a saintly radiance upon her fair, innocent brow, and sparkled along her hair with a liquid

gleam, wavering as it does upon rippling water. She was of small stature, but her shape was beautifully moulded; and from the slender waist upward, her form swayed with every motion, like a water lily rocking on a wave.

There was in her every attitude and gesture an unconscious appeal to the chivalric part of one's nature; and she inspired that kind of liking, that temptation to caress, which a pet animal will excite by its mere softness and prettiness.

'It would be better for us all,' she continued, in a musing tone, as though she were talking to herself and the stars. 'Yes, this whole world would be better and more pleasant to live in, if men and women were allowed to form friendships. For my own part, I sincerely believe that the intelligence of either sex can never be quite developed in its perfection without the influence of the other.'

'I have observed,' said I, 'in those gentlemen who are distinguished favorites, and much in the society of your sex, a very peculiar development of mind indeed.'

'Do you not know, Sir, that it is most unfair to use irony; because no retort can be made, and it is really something like a practical joke. It is a polite way, I suspect, of saying that you think me very foolish and at the same time you lay a kind of trap for me, so that I may be deceived by your grave tone, and confirm your opinion by foolishly taking you to be in earnest. Is it not so? Irony is the weapon of an assassin, if you will excuse the expression.'

'You are unquestionably in the right,' I replied, quite crest-fallen in my astonishment at finding my best sneer returned on my hands in this way. 'You must forgive me. I have a habit of being ironical now and then, but I mean nothing disrespectful by it: believe me.'

'I do believe you. I complain of it because it is generally so very unmeaning; but that is little harm compared with the pain it inflicts.'

Her manner was singularly frank and gentle, and the spirit which she so unexpectedly betrayed left my mind in a glow of interest which hours of sentimental conversation would not have kindled. She deemed me, then, worth the pains of a sisterly correction.

'I am in earnest,' said I, 'advancing the position that an unmixed friendship between the sexes is impossible, morally and physically. You cannot make such a heaven of our earth as it might be, so long as there is marrying and giving in marriage upon it: whenever the lamb shall safely associate with the wolf, a man may court the society of your sex without precaution or apprehension.'

'Or a child play about the den of the cockatrice! That, I suppose, Sir, is a better simile to express the innocence of your sex and the subtlety of mine.'

''Irony is the weapon of an assassin,'' murmured I.

She did not heed my faint retort.

'You are not in earnest, Mr. S.; but I will not suffer myself to be laughed out of my enthusiasm. I know how entirely you are dependent on us for the refinement of manner which is indispensable to you as gentlemen. There you are absolutely at our mercy; even you yourself will confess it—will you not?'

'I will.'

'But you are still more indebted to us, I believe, for that refinement of the mind which is necessary to make your abilities appear to the best advantage among men. We have it in our power, I am sure, to give the polish, which is quite as essential to the brilliant use of your intellectual strength as it is to the keenness of a sword. Where else, except in the society of what is called 'the softer sex,' can you acquire the faculty of being alive to the fainter impressions of beauty and poetry in life? Where else can you learn how graceful thought may be? Look at the moonshine near the foot of that tree: how beautifully it flickers upon the earth among the shadows of quivering leaves! So it is with the inspiration of a poet: it falls upon his soul cold and monotonous as the unbroken moonlight. We must come between him and the source of his inspiration, and then — only then, recollect — will the light play and sparkle with life, and take a thousand fantastic shapes, and become Genius. Do not think me boastful: for a moment I have forgotten that I am a woman.'

I had by no means forgotten it.

We had paused at the end of the lane, and turned toward a low fence, which bounded a wide, lonely field; she was leaning her folded arms upon the unhewn upper rail, having become lost in thought. The rough bark of the log contrasted with those round, white arms resting, warm with youth, luxuriously upon it. I wondered if, in spite of their proverbial reputation, logs were quite insensible, and was sorry for them if they were.

Would that I might convey the slightest impression of the unutterable, absorbing glory of the night! There seemed to be no to-morrow; never to have been such a thing as day-light. She and I were the only dwellers in an empty world; a moonlight island amid a dusky ocean, the air of which was ever whispering like a sea-shell. The field before us sent up an endless chorus of insect sounds; every blade of grass was a tongue, sighing all manner of drowsiness, yet so as to provoke the most intensely wakeful spirit in the listener, whose every faculty became keenly alive to the dreamy delight of that music.

I was soothed into a holy feeling, a sense of pleasant mystery and of boundless, thrilling life, such as we are subject to in childhood, but which was novel and refreshing to a confirmed bachelor who had seen the world. I was penetrated by a consciousness of the purity and sweetness which enveloped my companion like a halo. The stars flickered like torches in the open air on a still night.

'There,' said I, 'is a constellation to which you should often turn. I could believe that you had been born under its influences. There, close together on their phantom steeds, ride Castor and Pollux, who approved themselves such friends on earth that they were thought worthy to be translated; and their names are written side by side in the firmament. Now-a-days, in this unclassical age, male friendship generally consists in a mutual agreement to do in company what each party would be ashamed to do alone; so as to double the

excitement and divide the shame of excess, and have each other's countenance in youthful wickedness.'

'I do not know the nature of your friendships. It must be very difficult for gentlemen to be really and at all times friends, since they are forced to be rivals so often. We are capable of a friendship in which there can be no jealousy. You know that woman seems born to be sympathizing with something or somebody. Indeed, although it is not flattering to believe it, I am sure that some men seek our society merely for the sake of the repose which they find in our companionship. There is no trial of the strength of different minds permitted among us, and there is a boundless power of appreciation which we delight in exercising; for it is our instinct to find out and take to heart whatever is excellent. Beside all this, we never let a friendship languish because we do not happen to be in the mood.'

Across the fields from the black forest which skirted the fading distance came the breathings of the night-wind, ever and anon heavily tossing back the waving hair which lay, damp with dew, upon her temples.

Still with her sweet voice and child-like manner she pleaded for the beauty and holiness of a friendship between the sexes. She spoke of the elevating influence of woman; an influence which I could not help conceding, although resolved not to be the object of its particular exercise. She seemed to think that it worked the miracle which we see it performing throughout the world, by indirect means, and that mankind did not become better for it because each individual man was, more or less, in love with some one woman, but because every man grew accustomed to respect *all* women. I had the strength of mind to insist that the respect which we pretend for the whole sex is merely the kindly effect of our vanity; our conviction that, by taking a little pains, we can inspire any one of them with a consuming affection. We look benevolently upon the gentle creatures who are liable, at a word, to become victims of a hopeless passion for us; we strive to make their lives pleasant to them ere they are blighted forever; we are tender of our worshippers as we are of flowers; for the sake of the incense, which they send up before the lord of creation; the numberless graces which they lay at his feet.

'The teachings of La Rochefoucault have ruined you, I perceive,' she answered, laughing merrily.

'They told me that you were odd and cynical, and were hurrying to become a misanthrope in your youth. But you shall not spoil the whole race for me, because one man has a good opinion of himself and a bad of opinion of the rest of his fellow creatures. Yet I am sure that you have not a bad heart.'

And her bright eyes fixed on me, shone into my soul; lighting up the dark recesses there in which I had put away the good in me because it was common-place, and casting into shadow my worse nature, which I generally made prominent. I was seized with a wild impulse to throw myself on her mercy and beg her to be my friend, my counsellor, the beacon of my life, pure, steadfast and high as the northern star above us. A sudden recollection of that elderly gen-

tleman's fate, which she had by good fortune described in the early part of our interview, benumbed my soul. The moonlight kissed her hands, which were clasped together, and wrapping each arm in its shining fold, crept with a warmer gleam under the wide oriental sleeve. The same cold light glittered in her eyes. Its spectral brightness and black shadow gave her form an indistinct, unearthly look.

'Will you grant me a favor?' I whispered, in spite of myself; 'I have no sister. There is no woman in the world upon whose sympathy I have the slightest claim. I have not a male friend whom I would trust with a single strong feeling. Let the kindness of your heart, and the faith which you must have in my sincerity and my respect for you, let our intercourse hitherto, plead for me. Will you think me presumptuous, if I ask your friendship? I will exert every faculty to become worthy of it.'

'Perhaps,' I added, very earnestly, 'the future course of my life depends on your answer.'

'I think that I can trust you,' she replied gravely, after a thoughtful silence: 'I grant your request, frankly and truly, as I believe it to have been made.'

The moon, I remember, shone cold as ever; but the stars twinkled mischievously; and the night wind sighed around me, as it sighs around a solitary frost-bitten leaf, which is about to be swept from its high estate of single blessedness, and be trodden, as its fellows were, into common mould.

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

THREE weeks, perhaps more, had passed by, since the evening when I precipitated myself into a solemn league with a girl of seventeen, and contracted for her friendship.

Now we met at a solitary spot among the trees, in a rocky dell, where a brook ran, and there was a sequestered seat.

By her request we were not this day to walk thither as usual together, but to set out from the house by different ways. She had something of importance, she said, to communicate; and as this was the first time, during our intercourse, that she had taken the least precaution to avoid the notice of others, I pondered over the circumstance while strolling toward the spot, but to no purpose.

I found her seated upon a low moss-grown rock, one of many dropped singly here and there, or tumbled in groups along the valley, like dice after a night of hard play.

The trees bowed over her, fluttering in the mountain wind, and long beams of sunshine twinkled through the leaves. The brook hard by slid over shelving rocks, murmuring softly and dreamily; or gurgled half awake, among the round pebbles and died away in a faint rushing sound far down the glen. My friend was not aware of my approach; even when I took my accustomed place by her side she was lost in thought. Her head was bowed down; her cheek was slightly flushed; her hands lay in listless beauty, folded in her lap.

I thought that her face wore a look of trouble. Wishing to make my presence known, I gently roused her from her reverie. She started and recognised me with her own glad smile; then hastily withdrew her hand, and casting down her eyes, was silent.

'You are not like yourself to-day, Julia.'

'Do you know, Mr. S,' she answered sadly, averting her face, 'that we cannot be friends any longer?'

I was stunned. Not a solitary misunderstanding had hitherto perplexed our intimacy; not a word had been breathed to chill it.

'Have I in any way offended you?'

'Indeed you have not.'

'May I ask then why we cannot be friends?'

She struggled to speak.

'You have a right to know. I wished to tell you of this when we met here; but it is very difficult. Oh! I am very miserable."

I sat quietly gazing at her. I had no suspicion of the cause of her distress, but knew well that it was far better policy to refrain from questioning her. Beside this, her beauty was just then of the kind which absorbs the intellect. The color died away and rose again in her cheek, as the shadow of thought after thought drifted like clouds over her soul. Her lips quivered; her eyes had a fixed lustrous gaze, and in them burned a dull, feverish light.

'We have been very much together lately,' she said, at last, nervously interlocking and loosening the clasp of her slender fingers.

'Not by any means so much as I could have wished,' said I; 'for the hours of our companionship are the only hours of the day which have any sunshine for me. The rest are dreary and full of autumn.'

As I spoke there came before me, one by one, the incidents of our brief acquaintanceship; the lonely walks in the woodland, where the autumn leaves were dropping; the evening conversation, so absorbing that midnight came unwelcome, and found us more wakeful than morning. Every spot we were wont to visit was alive with some bright thought of her; all my recollections were musical with her sweet voice; all radiant with the beauty of her presence. The golden scene thus gathering, became bleak and desolate at the thought of resigning her friendship. I was alarmed at the strength of my feelings, and arousing my pride with a great effort, I strove to hide them from her and even from myself.

'I submit to the sentence of banishment without complaint,' I continued, after a pause: 'I am grateful for the past. You have taught me to unlearn much evil, which I had previously got by heart, intending it for use in society and the world. You remember how the stars, of which we are told in Revelations, fell to the earth and became wormwood. You reversed the text and restored to its high place some part of my nature, which had fallen and turned to bitterness. You have sometimes put to flight the twin demons of distrust and unbelief which torment me. A few frank words from you have fallen on my soul like the drops of holy water on the brow of the possessed. I have caught from you a little enthusiasm and a little faith.'

'I gave you my friendship sincerely, believe me,' she said, with

earnestness. 'You have treated me with more than the care and delicacy of a brother. There is not a thought of blame or unkindness toward you in my heart.'

'I see how it is. I have wearied you by intruding my society continually. I knew once that the best friends cannot with safety be often brought in contact, and I once practised the maxim.'

'You mistake me altogether,' she replied, coloring deeply.

If I must confess it, my last remark was not exactly made in good faith, for I had never detected a sign which betrayed that my presence was irksome, and my vanity is quick-sighted, and never slumbers.

I repented the pitiful impulse to try the gentle girl, which had prompted me; and I hastened to atone, by leading the way to an explanation.

'I am about to speak frankly with you,' said I; 'perhaps I misunderstand the cause of your embarrassment; but if not, my course will save you pain. You tell me that we can be friends no longer. I can imagine a reason for this sudden change in your views. It is that our intimacy has given rise to remarks which have troubled you, and your womanly feelings have taken the alarm.'

'I am grateful to you,' she said, looking up, 'very grateful. I was struggling to make this explanation, but I could never have done so without your help; and what opinion would you have formed of my fickleness?'

'They say,' she added, in a lower tone, 'that we are engaged.'

'Why do you not retort courageously that we are, and have been from the beginning, merely friends; that such is our agreement, our treaty with each other?'

'Indeed, I am too young to brave the whole world! You know that I have not a mother to advise me. I would trust your advice implicitly; but you are not a woman. It is my instinct, which tells me that we must part.'

'Then,' said I, becoming quite hopeless, 'believe your instinct.'

But after this magnanimous speech I fell into a miserable revery, and gradually recalling the pains I had taken with the girl, I lost my temper and became rather inconsistent.

'Perhaps,' I said bitterly, as I rose from my seat, 'it would have been kinder, more friendly, to have given me warning or a hint of this. It is judicious, however, to inflict on me this mortification. The irksome recollection will distract me from the keener suffering of our sudden parting. Our lives here take different paths, and will meet again no more forever.'

The sense of pique, the pleasure of giving pain, raised me to a heroic attitude, and then crumbled away before the look of intense distress which settled upon her face and swam in her tearful eyes. I slunk meekly back to my place by her side; my heart full to overflowing with contrition and tenderness.

'Can you forgive me, Julia?' I whispered.

'I cannot forgive myself,' she answered, 'and I do not feel entitled to much consideration from others.'

'Remember, it is not a sunny prospect for me,' said I, 'to look into the gulf now opening between us, which shall never be passed. Shall I no more be subject to the pure influence that surrounds you; never more worship in you the beauty and nobility of womanhood? Must our sympathies, which have become interwoven, be torn suddenly apart? Shall I never more feel the pressure of your hand in welcome, or exchange a parting word?'

I paused, and, restraining myself, proceeded: 'You should know that during our brief acquaintance some graceful trait of yourself has become associated with each of my opinions; so that I can scarcely fall into any mood without remembering you. Now I must sift you out and separate you from my memories, as they sift the gold dust from the sand. Every tone of your voice, the look and gesture, the gentle counsel and gentler reproof, which haunt me, must be silenced and obliterated. You see that the task may be painful.'

'Will you make it your business to forget me?' said she, sorrowfully.

'Yes. I will try to remember you as a pleasant dream, and not regret you as a substantial thing.'

How the noontide glared upon the distant fields, and the everlasting rustling of leaves around us grated on my ear! The singing of the grasshopper in the sunshine was an intolerable burden.

'Oh, if I could have foreseen all this!' she exclaimed, clasping her little hands together until the blue veins rose and you could trace them as they wandered shining through the transparent skin.

'And now,' said I, growing more and more bewildered, 'as this is the last hour of the friendship between us, I ask your forgiveness if I have ever given you pain in any way.' And I extended my hand, thinking to part with her before it became too difficult; but she had covered her face with both hands and was weeping silently.

A thought flashed across me, at which my heart leaped as if the earth at my feet had received a sudden jar.

'Julia, you tell me that they say we are engaged?'

She made no answer, nor do I well see how she could have answered me. All language died away in my throat, round which, like a bow-string, a horrible embarrassment was tightening its folds. With an instinctive impulse I drew her hand from before her eyes and pressed it to my lips. There was a moment of suspense. The hand remained passive in my own; a radiant blush kindled in her cheek, as the sunset breaks through a summer shower. Slowly her head sank upon my shoulder, there resting for an instant, and for an instant I held her to my breast. Thus we made another treaty, which should be unbroken for life. But I lost my 'friend.'

'Do you still believe,' I asked, at the close of the long interview which followed, 'that men and women can be truly friends?'

'No, indeed!' she smiled and looked down; 'the thought was a snare and a delusion!'

The brook, which had paused to hear her answer, raised a peal of laughing little voices, and tumbled down the glen; the trees whispered among themselves; a stir of buoyant life went through the forest, and the landscape stretched out before us, glad as if it had just been decreed that there should be everlasting spring. M. W.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY READING THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON'S 'TWILIGHT HOURS.'

BY 'ORETTA.'

Calm in thy peerless pride I see thee now
Oh, loveliest of Albion's lovely flowers!
I mark the tranquil hope of that pale brow,
Like summer's sky sweet smiling after showers;
And from that large dark eye I see the glow,
The light of Faith, which raises thee above
The light of Faith which beams for thee below.
The 'peace, be calm' from His high throne of love.
I know thee not, lone mother! and my lay,
My distant lay, may never touch thy heart;
But would that it *could* reach thee, far away,
When in the 'Twilight Hour' thou sitt'st apart
Thy children's faces 'gleaming from the wall;'
The hour of saddening memory's control;
Would my heart's whispers then could gently fall
Like softest music on thy yearning soul!

We ne'er may meet, for myriad billows roll
Between thy hearth-stone and my western home;
But yet we have communed, and soul with soul
Still through my shadowy bowers at eve may roam.
How oft I've sat recumbent at thy knee
In childish faith. Hast thou not seen the look
Half adoration turned intent to thee;
Then, when a mother's fears thy bosom shook,
And cowards sneered in that thine hour of need,
And tore afresh thy wounds, and smiled to see them bleed?

Thy sun is going down, but 'neath the cloud
That darkened o'er the zenith of thy days
He has burst forth, and all that murky shroud
Is lost amid the glory of his rays;
Or if revealed, does it not only tend,
Gilt with thy light, to make thine evening scene
More glorious yet, like the rolled mists that lend
To sunset's glowing sky their gorgeous sheen?
This must increase thy splendor; though its will
Was to obscure, 't will make thee lovelier still.

My sun has not yet shed his noontide ray,
My morning's beams have not yet lost their glow:
Shall cloud and storm like thine obscure my day?
Are there for me such trials and such wo?
May Heaven forbid! — but if my noon of youth
Be made all dark, thy bosom feel a dart,
I 'll pray to have thy innocence and truth,
Thy conscious rectitude of mind and heart.
And He who lists the wronged soul's anguished prayer
Would hear my cause in heaven, and judge me there!

It is my 'twilight hour,' and far away
A star is shining in the blue serene,
All calm and clear: I marked its silvery ray,
And called it after thee: it fills the scene
With deep and tranquil beauty; lifts the mind
Above the darkened world, and low and kind,
In softest whispers, tells of hope and love
In all their immortality above.
Such is thy presence in my youthful heart,
Such thy remembrance, such thy noble part
In my soul's influences. Lady! mid the throng
That offer thee, 'neath crested seals, their love,
Or sing thy praises in the echoing song,
There is not one that would more loyal prove
Than she who writes what thou may'st never see,
These fond but feeble lines, so far away from thee.

Baltimore, 1849.

HORACE AND JUVENAL AS SATIRISTS.

SOME THOUGHTS ON JUVENAL.

In turning from the elegance and refinement of the Augustan age to the prostitution and sensuality of the reign of Domitian, what a painful contrast is presented! Instead of elegant taste and cultivated manners, we witness only the prevalence of gross passion and abandoned profligacy. The follies which are incident to the first influx of wealth had now ripened into open and flagitious vices. The restraining influences of ancestral virtue had now ceased to moderate the passions of mankind, and even the semblance of religion which existed at the fall of the republic had degenerated into the blindest superstition and the blackest imposture. This rapid decline of morality was the result of a system of legislation uninfluenced by any principles save those of inordinate ambition. Augustus had spread the luxurious couch on which the Roman might slumber away the remembrance of his freedom. The hypocritical Tiberius administered the intoxicating chalice of unrestrained licentiousness, while the detestable Nero extinguished the last spark of liberty, the last flickering ray of virtue. The bloody usurpations of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius were fast consummating the unhappiness of society, when the accession of Vespasian and Titus afforded a transient relief to the empire groaning beneath the weight of military despotism and wasting under the terrible ravages of unlicensed immorality. But the relief which the moderation of these emperors occasioned was but transitory. The slight reform which had been effected was lost on the accession of Domitian, and Rome relapsed into vices more hideous, into practices more debasing than before.

This decline of morality was naturally accompanied with a distaste for every noble and intellectual pursuit. The works of art once the

pride of the mistress of the world were now the mournful relics of a once cultivated and polished age. The philosopher was now succeeded by the empty sophist. The forum which had listened to the writhing invective of Cicero and to the exuberant eloquence of Hortensius; the forum which had witnessed the just condemnation of Catiline and the successful prosecution of Verres, heard now only the disputes of contending litigants, and saw only the bombastic displays of haranguing declaimers. The senate which had once witnessed the proudest triumph of justice over filial affection, was now the passive instrument of oppression in the hands of a subtle and unfeeling tyrant. The child who denounced his parent and the father who sacrificed his son to the demands of a proscription were thanked by this unprincipled assemblage as the greatest benefactors of society. In a word, the age of Juvenal differed as widely from that of Horace as does the last stage of moral depravity from the first commencement of juvenile indiscretion.

JUVENAL, who witnessed with a patriot's indignation these scenes of social and political degeneracy, despised the light shafts of Horace and sought a weapon better suited to his strength. He saw that laughing ridicule and familiar raillery were at this day far better suited to entertain a convivial assembly than to improve a profligate and dissipated community; farther than this, the subjects which were presented for his scorn, though of the same general nature, were more aggravated in their character than those which excited the derision of Horace; for instance, instead of an elegant entertainment where the taste was gratified by the choicest fruits of Campania, and the intellect delighted by the sparkling wit of Augustus, and the keen repartees of Horace; we see a profuse banquet of the costliest dainties, rendered disgusting by the frivolity of Domitian, and disgraced by the most brutal debauchery and the grossest licentiousness.*

The parasite was no longer contented with the uncertain result of insinuating adulation, but resorted to the surer process of criminal forgery.† Philosophy no longer presented an image of perfection to which man should continually aspire.‡ Its teachers exhibited none of that incongruous mixture of rigid austerity and paradoxical vaunting which excited the ridicule of Horace. It was now a mass of loathsome corruption, destitute in its practice as in its principle of every noble feeling, and of every generous impulse.

It has been observed that the interdiction of the freedom of speech was one of the principal causes which materially modified the character of Horace as a satirist. The same influence was exerted upon Juvenal, but it was attended with entirely different effects. Instead of crushing his energies, it roused them to more vigorous exertion by making him feel more keenly the loss of the Roman birthright. It

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* Juv. Satire iv.

† 'SIGNATOR falso, qui se lautum, atque beatum
Exiguis tabulis, et gemma fecerat uda!' — I. SAT., 67.

‡ Doctrine of the Stoics.

is not to be supposed however, that his satires which from their freshness and vigor were evidently composed under the immediate influences of the scenes which he describes, were published in the reign of Domitian; the consequences of such a course would have been fatal, they were probably recited to a few intimate friends whose morals were unpolluted by the contaminating influences of the times. At an advanced period of life and under the happier administration of Hadrian, he appeared as the author of his satires, when the fiery spirit and unmitigated bitterness of impetuous youth, was calmed and softened by the sober judgment of maturer years.

The character of Juvenal, when contrasted with that of Horace, exhibits a boldness and an intrepidity to which the Venusian poet was a stranger. Gifted with an equally penetrating observation of human nature; detesting vice as thoroughly and loving virtue as warmly; he added to these a sternness of disposition; an inflexibility of purpose that was well suited to combat the open vices of a detestable age, enslaved to the most ignominious as well as to the most despicable of tyrants; superstition and sensual indulgence.

Keeping continually in view the wide difference between these two periods of Roman society; the advantages which Juvenal possessed over Horace in the range of subjects for satire, and especially the difference in the characters of the two poets themselves; let us proceed as in the case of Horace, to a critical examination of the satirical powers of Juvenal.

The first satire opens with an abrupt burst of complaint at the wearisome importunity of the inferior poets, and Juvenal declares his resolution of retaliating. Mentioning with a lively indignation the vices which have driven him to write satire, he then paints in glowing colors the profligacy of every class of society; and concludes with some bitter reflections on the dangers to which the satirist was exposed, and by expressing his determination of attacking the living, under the names of the departed.

We can readily imagine the petulant air with which Juvenal turned from the temple of Apollo, after hearing the tedious recitals of miserable scribblers like the indefatigable Codrus, or the prolix narrator of the adventures of Telephus or Orestes.

> 'Semper ego auditor tantum?' he exclaims:
> 'Nunquamne reponam,
> Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?'
>
> (Shall I always be a hearer? What, wearied each day
> With the Theseis of Codrus, and never repay?)

The practice of public rehearsals which is here alluded to, existed at an early period at Rome; for it is frequently mentioned by Horace, in a manner which indicates the inconveniences to which the unfortunate hearer was subjected; but in the days of Juvenal it had increased to so great an extent as to render it an intolerable annoyance. Truly, the blessing which the invention of printing has in this respect conferred upon modern society can never be sufficiently estimated.

But these were not the only subjects which kindled the withering fire of Juvenal.

—— 'NAM quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
Causidici nova cum veniat lectica Mathonis ?' et seq.

'For who can so endure the wicked city? Who is so senseless as to restrain himself when the new litter of lawyer Matho comes? How my soul burns with anger when I see the despoiler of his ward, crowd through the people with his long train of attendants, and the infamous Marius living undisturbed on the plunder of provinces. You must now attempt something worthy of banishment, *si vis esse aliquis*, for now PROBITAS LAUDATUR *et alget*.'

Again he bitterly exclaims, as these scenes of corruption rise before him:

'ET quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? Alea quando
Hos animos?' et seq.

An accomplished scholar who has succeeded better than any other commentator in expressing in English verse the meaning and spirit of Juvenal, thus elegantly renders this passage:*

'AND when could satire boast so fair a field?
Say when did vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell avarice so engross the mind;
Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?
No longer now the pocket's stores supply
The boundless charges of the desperate die;
The chest is staked. . . .
Is it a *simple madness*, I would know
To venture countless thousands on a throw,
Yet want the soul, a single piece to spare
To clothe the slave, that shivering stands and bare?'

We here see a faithful portraiture of the sad condition of society; when left to follow the bent of its own vicious inclinations, without the restraints of divine truth or the influences of Christian virtue. Juvenal witnessed indeed, a most melancholy spectacle of human depravity. Avarice and luxury had subverted every noble principle of the soul. The unrestrained exercise of the basest passions had smothered every teaching of morality, and not a single ray of pure religion penetrated the thick cloud of superstition that enveloped the consciences of men.

Turning from the description of these scenes of loathsome depravity, the poet indignantly scourges the lower and more contemptible habits of the Romans:

'JUBET a præcone vocari
Ipsos Trojugenas; nam vexant limen etipsi
Nobiscum: da Prætori, da deinde Tribuno.'

The crier calls aloud:

('APPROACH descendants of the Trojan blood.'
For they, with us the threshold crowd
To scramble for—the client's food.)

How poignant is the satire which these few lines contain against

* GIFFORD.

the base descendant of the Trojan, who, was so far forgetful of his noble lineage, so unmindful of his ancestral honor, as to contend with freedmen and beggars for the miserable pittance of the patron's '*sportula*.' Scenes like these so revolting to human nature; so mortifying to the pride of a virtuous Roman, might well have excited the bitter exclamation of Juvenal:

> 'NOTHING is left — nothing for future times
> To add to the full catalogue of crimes.
> The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
> And act the same mad follies as their sires.
> VICE HAS ATTAINED ITS ZENITH.'*

Such is a brief sketch of the most striking features in this introductory satire. In the few extracts which have been presented, we perceive a fair illustration of that impetuous fury, that unmitigated bitterness which so eminently distinguishes this incorruptible censor from the delightful pleasantry, the studied politeness of the courteous Horace.

The design of the poet in exposing the enormities of vice, however established by custom or honored by the examples of the great, is most successfully and ingeniously carried out in the third satire.

Umbritius, a member of what in modern society would be called the 'old school,' is represented as leaving the capital where every vice is encouraged and every virtue neglected. As he passes the Porta Capena, he turns to give a farewell look at scenes endeared to him from childhood and hallowed by the fondest associations. The magnificent city lies before him, but its external grandeur is but the index of its internal corruption. At his right, lay the romantic vale of Egeria, once consecrated as the nightly resort of Numa, and the fabled home of the Muses, but now polluted by the footsteps of wandering strangers, and desecrated by the habitations of miserable mendicants. The whole scene is well calculated to awaken our sympathies, and prepares us to listen with the deepest attention to the sorrowful reflections of the voluntary exile.

'I leave,' he pathetically begins, 'my native soil, since now there is no place for honest arts; no just reward of virtuous industry. What can I do at Rome? I can neither openly deceive, nor play the contemptible flatterer, nor divine the dark passages of the future; and I neither can nor will predict to the unnatural son the untimely death of his father. I am not ashamed to confess, O Romans! that I detest a Grecian city. But what, let me ask, is the proportion of Achaia's refuse when compared with the overwhelming influx of Eastern nations? Shall the despicable Greek, bedizened with his ill-gotten finery, take the precedence of one who was born on the cold Aventine, and is a free citizen of the mistress of nations? Where is now the integrity of Scipio Nasica, or the virtue of the sacred Metellus? No one inquires now, 'What is this man's morality?' but, 'How many servants does he maintain?' 'How many acres does he

* GIFFORD.

possess?' or, 'On how many and how great dishes does he feast? Alas!

> *'Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,*
> *Tantum habet et fidei.'*
>
> (As much of *gold* as each man hoards
> So much of *worth* he has.)

The unhappy condition of a society in which wealth is the only standard of excellence, and fortune the only road to preferment, is clearly depicted in these severe but just reflections of Umbritius. With a lively indignation he beheld the natural prerogatives of the Roman assailed, and the inherited privileges of the citizen usurped, by those whose fathers still bore the marks of Roman bondage. The fair Persian, the dark-browed Syrian, and the swarthy Grecian, now supplanted in wealth and in influence the unworthy descendants of the conquerors of them all; while the necessary evils incident to this mutation of society were doubly aggravated by the reckless depravity which invariably attends the loss of national virtue.

The remainder of this satire enumerates the various inconveniences of a crowded capital, and contrasts with these the tranquillity and retirement of a country life. Umbritius then reverts again to the sufferings of the lower classes, and to the rigid simplicity of 'olden time,' and, concluding with an affectionate farewell to his friend and fellow-satirist, turns his back on the scene of so much unhappiness, and wends his way toward the quiet shore of secluded Cumæ.

But, by far the most complete and masterly production of Juvenal is the sixth satire. The poet has expended upon it the full force of his genius, and embodied in it the full measure of his wrath. The abandoned profligacy of the women of his time is most powerfully displayed. And what a picture does it present to us! We, who are accustomed to regard the sanctity of the female character with feelings of the highest and the holiest reverence, can hardly conceive of the existence of a society where every social obligation was so openly and so wantonly violated. The Augustan age, in this respect, appears in a hardly more favorable light. Those restraining influences of woman's affection; those refining tendencies of woman's society; and, above all, those hallowed joys of the domestic circle, which are the inestimable blessings, as well as the invariable indices of exalted refinement, do not appear in a community where female loveliness was sacrificed to the lowest and the vilest passions of man's nature.

We have thus far considered separately the prominent features in the intellectual characters of Horace and Juvenal; the different periods in which they flourished; and the modifying influences which the opposite tempers of the two poets exerted upon the character of their writings. We are now prepared to institute a more immediate comparison, and to decide with more certainty upon their relative excellences.

It is almost unnecessary to repeat what in the course of this paper has been so often implied: that of the two weapons which the satirist

is compelled to employ — ridicule or invective, Horace selected the former, and Juvenal the latter; the one laughed at the foibles, the other lashed the vices of human nature. Horace is the amiable and the eloquent adviser, Juvenal is the stern, the upbraiding censor. In his philosophy Horace appears in as many shapes as the Proteus, and assumes as many colors as the chameleon; Juvenal, on the contrary, embraced none of the absurd theories of his age, but framed a system of morality for himself on the instinctive teachings of a highly virtuous nature. The former was more like the laughing Democritus; the latter like the weeping philosopher of Ephesus.

We love Horace as the amiable philanthropist; we fear Juvenal as the unsympathizing misanthrope. Both have truly painted the weaknesses of human nature; but the one in the varied tints of Rubens, the other in the solemn shades of Rembrandt. The fine raillery of Horace would have called forth only a contemptuous sneer from the senseless court of Domitian; and the cutting reproof of Juvenal would have fallen too harshly on the fastidious ears of Augustus.

He who delights in wit brilliant, but not envenomed; in elegance without affectation; in splendor without bombast; will yield the palm of excellence to the Venusian poet; but he who prefers that withering sarcasm which paralyzes vice; that exuberant diction, which dazzles while it convinces; and, above all, that moral grandeur which gives dignity to the man and eloquence to the poet, will pronounce Juvenal the paragon of satirists.

In fine, to the arbitration of individual taste must the long-contested question of their relative superiority be ever referred. The scholar who can find in either so much worthy of admiration; the poet who can derive from both so many inspiring conceptions; and the philosopher who, in the perusal of either, can glean so much valuable instruction, will shrink from the task of elevating one at the expense of the reputation of the other. In vain do we scrutinize each beauty; in vain do we magnify each imperfection. Like the enraptured beholder of some exquisite painting, we insensibly exchange the coldness of the measured critic for the ardor of the enthusiastic admirer.

Such were the relative merits of these two satirists, who appeared at the two most interesting eras in the decline of the Roman power. The promptings of virtue, and the teachings of morality, were their only guides; yet thus earnestly did the one, and thus fearlessly did the other combat the errors and the vices of a thoughtless and an enervated people. If we consider merely the self-sacrificing generosity, the unwavering integrity, or the exalted virtue which characterized these heathen reformers, we must rank them among the greatest benefactors of mankind; but with what sentiments shall we regard them, when we reflect that they were sustained and encouraged by none of those animating influences which nerve the heart and inspire the soul of the zealous Christian. Had a single ray of that brighter and purer faith, which was already appearing above the sacred hills of Palestine, penetrated the darkness and superstition which overhung the ill-fated mistress of the world; could they have beheld the meekness and submission of the Saviour, or have witnessed

the agonizing scene at Calvary, with what different effects might their philanthropic efforts have been attended? But the fulness of time was not yet come. The Roman was destined to drink still deeper from the poisoned chalice of Circe; to pass unheeded the prophetic voice of warning; and entranced by the sweet song of the Syren, perish a victim to his own unlicensed passion — a martyr to his own unholy lust.

Providence, R. I., 1849.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

When the laughing roses rise,
And the sunny butterflies
Through the long and gladsome hours
Sip the nectar from the flowers;
When the grass is bright and green,
And the fairest buds are seen;
When the robin red-breast sings
By the cool and prattling springs;
When the rich red berries grow,
And the leaves of summer blow;
Laughing, in their early glee,
Little children, all may see,
With their glad locks streaming down,
Richer than a monarch's crown,
And their eyes, as sunbeams bright,
Dancing in the summer light,
And their footsteps, blithe and free
As the wild flowers on the lea;
Undefiled, in early youth,
Types of innocence and truth,
Blithe as breeze and pure as star,
Little children always are!

Care, the heritage of man,
Hath not passed before their scan;
Sin, the plague-spot of this earth,
First attendant at our birth,
Hath not marked their brows as yet
With the iron of regret:
Innocence is not a name;
Virtue's pure and sacred flame
Still around their pathway burns,
And like Eden's bright sword, turns
Every side, to keep away
Guilt's dark demons as they stray:
God himself hath charge of them,
Stars on earth's wide diadem;
He hath placed an angel near
Each tiny form he holds so dear.
Jesus was a little child,
And he keeps them undefiled;
He was once as young as they,
Shared their pleasures, trod their way;
He hath promised, and He will
Be their Guide and Saviour still:
He will shield them with his arm,
Guard and keep from every harm:
Of such little ones his land
Is comprised: the shining band
Standing ever round his throne,
Owners of the harp and crown,
Were as little children here
Meek and lowly, glorious there.
Little children! in the heart
Joy and grief alternate start;
Joy of soul to see you stand
An innocent, unshadowed band;
Joy to see you knowing not
Of the thorns which strew our lot;
Joy to see you free from care,
Pure and bright as gladsome air;
Joy to see you gathering joy
Bounteously, without alloy;
Grief to know your glee must blight,
And your brilliance turn to night;
Grief to know your souls must taste
Sin, which makes our earth a waste;
Grief to know that tears must steal,
And a breaking heart reveal;
Grief to know your spirits true
Must resign their snow-drop hue,
And the darkening passions fling
Waves, till hope lies withering;
Grief to know that pain and gloom
Bring but tidings of the tomb;
Grief to know your joyous breath
Yet must yielded be to death.

Yes! despite your sunny eyes,
These dark thoughts unbidden rise;
Yet 't is hard to cloud your path
With a heralding of wrath;
But ye heed not now my song —
Ye are yet a cloudless throng;
Time will come when ye shall learn
Darkness dwells at every turn;
But *till* then, go wander free,
Unchecked and shadowless by me;
Glad little ones! ye still possess
Life's joy without its bitterness.

x.

THE EARTHLY.

When first with joyousness we welcome life,
And friends are many, and our fortunes gay;
While yet untrammelled by the serpent-strife
Which in its toils still bears the world away;
'T is then the Future lies far, far beyond;
The Past is not; the Present hath no bound.

How soon does Earth claim all those golden hours!
Our hopes still eager, but alas! not true:
World-wise, we scorn our earlier, nobler powers,
While meaner efforts task the strength anew:
And now the Future seems within our grasp;
The Past, a dream; the Present, vain we clasp.

The years steal on; to us the World *hath been;*
Its whilome lustre charms no more the eye;
Hushed is the whirling throng; not now the din
Of the great earth-god, heed we, sweeping by:
The Past — a pang; the Present — an abyss;
The Future — dare we ask for happiness?

R. B. K

AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Mon cher Ami Louis Gaylord: 'Let me have a prose sketch, not a serial; something complete in one number.' These were your very words, as you took my hand the other morning, and pressed a peremptory confirmation of your wishes. As though an article can be served up to order, like a beef-steak at Downing's or a fricandeau at Delmonico's! But why not? Why should not your author obey orders as well as his betters? Forgive this momentary impulse of rebellion. Already it doth repent me. While your words are still in my ears, I cry: 'Coming — coming, Sir!'

You and I have had before now a good many discussions together, upon a good many different subjects. Sometimes they have assumed a serious phase, sometimes they were lively, sometimes sentimental, sometimes matter-of-fact; but, to me, always agreeable.

You will bear me witness how invariably I have defended our sex (I take it for granted your readers will understand me as speaking in the masculine gender,) against that sickening sentimental cant which is forever crying up the wrongs and silent endurance of 'injured woman,' and the inconstancy and selfishness of 'tyrant man.' There is too a class of poets and romancers, among whom, by the way, are many distinguished names, who invariably use for a 'stock in trade'

such profound watch-words as the following: 'With man, love is a pastime; with woman, her very existence;' 'Man gives to woman his leisure, woman gives to man her life;' 'Man is inconstant; woman is true.'

When I hear such apothegms daily repeated, and the changes rung upon them over and over again, (all this being predicated of man because he is man, and of woman because she is woman,) I am ready to exclaim, with the clear-hearted Burchell, 'Fudge!'

Now I believe that the DEITY made man as true of heart, as earnest in his love, as devoted in his attachment, as woman. The scripture records that 'in the image of GOD created he *him;* male and female created he *them;*' and surely that work must have been well done which GOD himself pronounced 'very good!'

That man has more to occupy and distract his attention; that he is, in a majority of cases, continually engaged in a struggle with need, and in consequence, that his affections are less seldom fixed than those of woman, is true enough. On the contrary, the life of woman, as society is constituted, is calculated to give to her impulses a hot-house growth, (I say nothing of the direction;) so that love with her becomes neither a healthful passion nor a refined friendship, but simply a feverish longing, derived from that strange heart-vacancy which every young girl, after reaching a certain period, is sure to experience.

If at this period some natural and agreeable occupation could be provided, which should serve to keep both the mind and the heart in a healthful tone; if man could be less engrossed with cares and woman less with—nothing, I believe broken hearts would be nearly equally divided between the two sexes.

The following brief story presents a case of devotion on the part of man worthy of record. I was an eye-witness of what I relate, and—— Methinks I hear you interrupting with: 'Why do n't you hurry up that'—when at once I clap my article on the table—'prose sketch, Sir—not a serial, something complete in one number—hot!'

In the year 183– I was attending medical lectures in Paris. The revolution which made Louis Philippe King of the French had subsided. The city was quiet, except when disturbed by occasional plots against the king's life, manifested by the letting off of pistols, blunderbusses and 'infernal machines,' in a way that none but Frenchmen know how to appreciate.

There were at that time in Paris an unusual number of students; I suppose between twenty and twenty-five thousand. These were made up from almost every country upon the face of the globe. Nearly all of them had apartments '*sur l'autre côté du Seine,*' in the part denominated 'The Students' Quarter.' Although they formed in a measure a community of their own, still it must not be supposed that it was precisely similar to a community of German students; far from it. For while the size and immense resources of Paris presented continual and varied temptations for the idler and the pleasure-seeker, and the excitement of politics (your student is always a true republican) gave a zest to the life even of the most

studious, they served at the same time to break down that barrier which always stands, as an absolute barricade, between the students in German universities and the 'outside' world. Therefore in Paris there was more of refined debauchery, in the universities more out-and out, dare-devil dissipation and hardihood, in Paris more intrigue, an occasional assassination and a few duels, in the universities less intrigue, no assassinations, and half a dozen duels *per diem*. The morals of the students generally were bad — deplorably bad. With comparatively few exceptions, each student lived with his *maitresse*, who, beside being his faithful and attached 'friend,' (I use the parlance of the town,) performed the part of his housekeeper, saw to the preparation of his café, and looked kindly after his wardrobe. These alliances sometimes continued for years, with fidelity upon both sides: but it is not my purpose to go into any detail of what has so often been spoken of. I only allude to it here, to make my story intelligible.

My lodgings were in the *Rue d'Enfer;* several acquaintances had apartments in the same place. Most of us attended upon the same lecturers and walked the same hospitals.

Directly across the street stood an antiquated — even for the Rue d'Enfer — stone house, on which I had never seen placarded '*apartemens à louer*,' but where lived a pale, slender, sad-looking, light-haired young man, who came forth daily and proceeded to the lecture-room or to the hospital. As he happened to make similar rounds with myself, I soon got acquainted with him; that is, we spoke when we met, walked along together if we fell in company, and conversed, though sparingly, on ordinary topics: farther than this, however, I found it hard to push my new acquaintance. He was a native of Wirtemberg, and his name was Ludwig Bernhardi. There was a mystery about him which I could not fathom. His manner was neither cold nor distant, but beyond a certain point no one could get with him. He declined every invitation to visit, and never invited any one to visit him. He kept very quiet, went to no place of amusement, and never mingled among the students. There was a large garden attached to the old stone house where Bernhardi lodged, and a lively young Frenchman, one of our company, one day ran through the hall and looked out into this garden, where he saw, as he declared, the pale student walking with a beautiful young girl. After this announcement the mystery for a time was solved: 'Bernhardi was so taken up with his '*chere amie*' that for the present he cared for nothing better;' 'The Wirtemberger was no fool, after all;' 'The German was silent and shrewd,' and so on and so forth. For myself I did not fall in with these generally-received explanations. There was something about that pale and saddened face, that suffering and subdued air, which was inconsistent with any of them; at least they did not satisfy me. No one had as yet got a glimpse of the fair maiden, except the young Frenchman, and he made his companions half crazy with his descriptions of her beauty. After a while curiosity began to prevail again. Singular to say, the girl was never seen to come to the street, either by herself or in company

with her lover. Now Bernhardi might have lodged a dozen nymphs in the old stone house, and not a soul would have taken notice of it so long as things had gone on after a natural way; but when the student never walked out with his sweet-heart, never took her to the 'theatre,' nor to the 'gardens,' nor to a 'spectacle;' when the maid never appeared at the window, nor in the hall, nor at the little fruit-market, where ripe cherries and strawberries, the usual accompaniments of a student's breakfast, were procured by the devoted 'friend;' when, to crown the mystery, the young girl was observed one day to come to the street-door, and was about passing out, when Bernhardi hurried after her, and, partly by force, partly by entreaty, urged her away; the curiosity of every one became excited, and the matter itself was a topic of general conversation and remark. Notwithstanding all this, no one, that I am aware of, said aught to the student on the subject. He was just the kind of person that no one would care to take such a liberty with. One could not but entertain a vague apprehension that by so doing one might rouse a sleeping devil which should not be so easy to lay.

About that time a new-comer took possession of an apartment in our house which had been vacated a few days previous. He was from Marseilles; a tall, swarthy, black-looking creature, brawny and muscular, a savage in appearance, with a reckless swaggering gait, a bullying air; a fierce, impudent mien. He was just the sort of fellow to domineer over the timid and the yielding, and to hide his crest in presence of true courage and resolution. To persons of such description I generally give a 'wide berth:' I would rather avoid than quarrel with them. There are no laurels to be gained in silencing a barking dog; and there is something humiliating in a conquest over a poltroon and a coward.

For this reason, I made it a point to have as little to do with Balaiguer (that was the name of the Marseillese) as possible. Some of my comrades were particularly taken by his bold front and egregious pretensions; and with a certain class he got to be both leader and oracle. I soon discovered him to be an infamous creature. He was, beside, a miserable debauchee, and was actually doing serious injury to habits and morals among a class where habits and morals were in all conscience lax enough.

Balaiguer was not long in getting hold of the story of Bernhardi. Then he swore a vulgar oath that 'he would unearth this sly fellow; he would see whether a man had a right to keep his pretty mistress shut up in a cage like a bird. He would pay the little minx a visit, and what was more, by —— ! he would carry her off, *nolens volens*, before the little Dutchman's face and eyes.'

I happened to be present at this harangue, which was made one day to a knot of students assembled in the 'salle-à-manger.' Balaiguer's announcement made me shudder; not that I feared for the safety of the parties threatened; but a presentiment suddenly came across me that *death* would be in the mess which the Marseillese was brewing.

The next day Majendie was to lecture at eleven upon the 'cause of pulsation.' I had returned from my usual morning visit to the

hospital 'De Notre Mère de Pitié;' where we had the privilege of 'following' the celebrated Louis; and was quietly seated at my little breakfast-table, when, after a light knock, the young Frenchman, who had reconnoitred the garden across the street, entered the room. I should have mentioned that he was a Parisian, of good family, and although gay, thoughtless, and fond of a frolic, had nevertheless a nice sense of honor, coupled with real refinement of character.

'Do you know,' said he, 'that I feel reproached about our neighbor opposite? Here is Balaiguer, who swears that as soon as Bernhardi goes to the lecture he will run over and make love to his mistress: now I know the *bête* will do her some violence, and it is all owing to the foolish stories I have told of my seeing her in the garden; I thought but to have some fun with my comrades; to tell you the truth, the girl was beautiful, but there was something in the looks of both that has made my heart ache ever since. Believe me, it is not as we suppose; and yet my jokes have set on this *coquin*. What shall I do?

'You are a noble fellow,' I exclaimed, involuntarily. The young Frenchman took my hand and pressed it to his heart. The impulsive words were appreciated. 'We will step at once,' said I, 'to Balaiguer. He must not think of such a thing. We do not want to quarrel with him; but we ——'

'Fear nobody,' interrupted the young Frenchman. 'Let us go.'

Accordingly, we proceeded to the apartment of the Marseillese. It wanted but ten minutes to eleven. If I made any delay I should lose even a tolerable seat in the lecture-room: so I came at once to the point. Under other circumstances I might have been less direct. 'Belaiguer,' said I, 'our friend here informs me that we are altogether on the wrong scent as to Bernhardi, and that there is nothing over the way to excite your curiosity or repay your gallantry. We hope, therefore, you will let our neighbor rest in peace.'

'Bah!' said Belaiguer; at the same time putting the fore-finger of his right hand under his eye, and pulling down the lower lid, he exclaimed, in a jeering tone, '*à d'autres!*'

'I suppose I understand you,' I continued. 'Now look you, Monsieur Balaiguer, we students love fair play. I am no informer, but I give you notice that I shall warn Bernhardi of what you would be at. Good morning.'

'You could not do me a greater favor,' shouted the Marseillese, as the young Frenchman and I passed from the room. 'Tell the Dutchman to hurry, for I shall make short work of it.'

We descended to the street, hoping to see Bernhardi as he came from his room: we were too late. Our *concierge* informed us that he saw Monsieur leave his house nearly five minutes before we came down. 'Hasten after him,' said the young Frenchman. 'I will not go to the lecture; I will remain in my room. Mon Dieu! I am quite nervous.'.

I had nearly half a mile to walk, or rather to run, for I believe I ran all the way. As I anticipated, the lecture-room was crowded. The lecture had commencd, for Majendie was punctual, and he had

much ground to go over. A goose, which was to be dissected alive in the course of the lecture, stood upon the table, in charge of a favorite student, and as I entered, the familiar '*comprenez-vous*' of the lecturer fell upon my ear. I heard nothing more. I glanced anxiously up and down, over and across the room, but could not see the object of my search.

'What the devil is the matter with you?' said my friend B——, taking hold of me.

'Nothing; I want to find Bernhardi.'

'There he is, away in that corner. Don't you see him?'

I took a direct course for the corner, sometimes over a student's back, sometimes over the benches, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. 'You had better go home!' I whispered in his ear.

Quick as thought the German sprung to his feet. His face became livid; his eyes started from their sockets.

'Quick!' said I.

Bernhardi had disappeared.

I do not know how I sat out the lecture. I have some recollection of seeing the poor goose struggle, or try to struggle, and of the complacent air of the lecturer, ashe mingled his '*Entendez vous?*' '*Eh bien! voyez vous,*' with the cries of the suffering creature, while he deliberately cut away muscle, and nerve, and tendon, in the gradual illustration of his subject. But my thoughts were elsewhere. I saw in my mind Bernhardi and the Marseillese. I pictured every conceivable catastrophe; and so engrossed did I become in this, that the first hint I had of the completion of the lecture was the general uproar consequent upon clearing the hall. I hurried out by myself, and hastened to the Rue d'Enfer.

Going up the staircase I saw a few drops of blood scattered along. At that moment the young Frenchman opened the door of his room, and drew me into it. His mirthful countenance at once relieved me.

'Come in — come in!' he exclaimed; 'I have been watching for you. Belaiguer has caught it,' and he began laughing immoderately.

'Do n't laugh any more, for Heaven's sake, till I know what you are laughing at!'

Whereupon in few words the young Frenchman informed me that very soon after I left, Balaiguer crossed over to Bernhardi's quarters; that he stationed himself at an open window to watch the other's movements; that after the lapse of some five minutes he heard a violent scream, and was about rushing across to protect the party assailed, when Bernhardi came tearing down the street like a madman, and ran into the house and up the stairs, and in less than a minute the Marseillese was seen rolling from the top to the bottom; that he picked himself up and skulked back into his room, bleeding, but, as my companion feared, not much hurt.

After expressing our mutual delight at the termination of the affair, I went to my own room. I took it for granted that the matter was ended, for I knew that Balaiguer had not courage to push it farther, and I supposed that Bernhardi would rest satisfied with the chastisement he had already inflicted. I was mistaken; for in a few

minutes a knock was heard at my door, and Bernhardi entered. He was pale as death; his eyes glistened with intense hate and desperation; his soul appeared harrowed by the most violent emotions; but when he spoke his words fell slow, and were articulated naturally.

'I am under an obligation to you: for that reason I come here. I would be still deeper in your debt. Will you go for me to *the wretch* and demand immediate satisfaction? I say *immediate!*'

'Are you not carrying the matter too far?' said I, soothingly; 'has he not been sufficiently punished?'

'Punished!' said Bernhardi, fiercely; 'do you know what he attempted?'

I shook my head.

'Then it shall forever remain unknown. 'Punished!'—one short minute, and I should have been too late! Hear you that? Will you act for me? Will you act now? Will you see that we meet forthwith?'

'That will depend on your adversary.'

'Oh, I cannot wait—I will not wait!' exclaimed Bernhardi: 'go! go!'

The irresistible frenzy of the student prevailed. I was taken by surprise. Quiet and peaceful as was the life I led, before I was aware of it I found this strange commission thrust upon me; and almost before I knew it I was in Balaiguer's room. The Marseillese sat smoking with a light cap upon his head, which only partly concealed some recent bruises.

'So,' said the savage, 'you come to have your laugh with the rest! and *you* were the tell-tale, eh?—you were the sneak!'

'We will settle these epithets by-and-by; at present another's business has a preference. You must be aware that your conduct this morning——'

'What of it?'

'Nothing, except that Bernhardi will meet you at any moment you will appoint; for him the sooner the better.'

'For me the sooner the better,' growled the Marseillese.

'Who is your friend?'

'*Sacré bleu!* that remains to be seen. I will send him to you.'

I went back to my room, somewhat surprised at the bold bearing of Balaiguer, for I was sure that he was a coward, until I remembered that he was an expert swordsman, and that Bernhardi once told me that he himself had little knowledge of the weapon.

In about a quarter of an hour an acquaintance called on the part of Balaiguer. As I anticipated, swords were chosen. As to time and place, the Marseillese was quite indifferent.

There was a large hall over a billiard-room in a street near by, where many of the students were in the habit of fencing, but where, at that hour of the day, no one was likely to be seen. To this hall we agreed to repair forthwith.

I summoned Bernhardi, and, accompanied by another friend, according to arrangement, we proceeded to the appointed place.

The German grew more and more excited. Never had I witnessed such an awful manifestation of human passion.

'Are you expert with the small-sword?' said I, as we went along.

'It matters not how *expert* I am; I shall pass my weapon through his heart!'

These words were spoken slowly and deliberately, yet the speaker was boiling with rage.

We entered the hall. Balaiguer and his friends were on the spot. Bernhardi took no notice of any thing. His eyes glared more horribly than ever; a white foam gathered on his lip.

Balaiguer seemed in spirits. He was evidently delighted at the excitement of his adversary, and confident in his own skill.

The preliminaries were soon settled, (for a student's duel was no very serious affair, it rarely being a matter of life and death, generally ending in a scratch, or at most a flesh-wound,) and the parties stepped forward for the encounter.

I looked at Bernhardi with a curious eye. His 'case' was a phenomenon in physiology; for excited — nay, almost raving — as he was, I perceived that physically his muscles were firm; there was no tremor in a single nerve. Dupuytren himself, at the moment of commencing the most serious operation, never carried a firmer hand. When he looked his adversary for the first time in the eye, he could scarcely contain himself.

The signal was given.

'Beast!' screamed Bernhardi, as he brought his sword awkwardly to a guard, 'shall I kill you at once, or shall I do it with a 'one, two and three?' Is a moment's time worth any thing to you? If so, you shall have it; for a moment saved *her!*'

Balaiguer smiled triumphantly at this new proof of his adversary's frenzied state, and made an ordinary pass with which to commence the combat. Their swords met for the first time.

'Now for it!' said Bernhardi. 'One,' (a pass, parried by Balaiguer;) 'two,' (parried also;) 'three!' The Marseillese fell, thrust through and through!

Bernhardi looked at the dead man for an instant. 'Dog!' he exclaimed; then, throwing down his sword, he clutched my arm, and clinging to it convulsively, he tottered down into the street.

I supported him to my room. He was as weak and powerless as an infant. In the course of an hour he regained sufficient strength to walk home without assistance, and extorting a promise from me to visit him the next morning, he went away.

I bolted the door of my room, and throwing myself into a chair, remained the rest of the afternoon and all the evening sitting quite alone. At length I went to bed, but I could not sleep. Which ever way I turned, the form of the Marseillese, cold, stiff and stark, lay stretched out before me. The fierce whiskers, the grim moustaches, and the savage beard curled as fierce and as grim and as savage as ever, as it were in mockery of the pallid features they once so gaily adorned; while close at hand, stood Bernhardi, his sword dripping with blood, the very incarnation of an exulting fiend. Not for one

minute did I close my eyes the whole night, for when I attempted it the images grew more horrible, and I was forced to open them in order to dispel the illusion.

I tried to believe the whole a dream, that I had been oppressed by a horrible night-mare. I could not realize that I had been so suddenly arrested, turned from my quiet unobtrusive way of life, and made to participate in the death, not to say murder, of a fellow creature: it seemed as if the morning would bring some relief, and for the morning I anxiously watched.

It came at last, but I was in no haste to stir out. At length a knock at my door roused me. It was the young Frenchman, and I rose to admit him. He told me about what I feared to ask. Balaiguer was discovered early in the evening by some students who repaired to the hall to fence. They gave the alarm and the police took the matter in charge. Three students, acquaintances of the deceased, were missing, (they were the two friends of Balaiguer and the young man who with me acted as friend to Bernhardi, who fearing the annoyance if not the danger of a legal investigation, had immediately left Paris,) it was understood that Belaiguer must have fallen in a duel, and it was a natural conclusion that the three who fled were his antagonist and the second of each party. So suddenly had the affair sprung up, so suddenly had it terminated, that not a soul beyond the persons present, except the young Frenchman, who could guess the truth, knew or suspected any thing relating to it. The latter now begged me to rise, and appear as if nothing had happened, and insisted that I should take my coffee with him.

I asked for Bernhardi. The young Frenchman had not seen him, but singular to say, his name had not been mentioned in connection with the tragical affair. Two strong cups of the best coffee with the usual accompaniments of a roll, two eggs, and a plate of fruit, did much to restore the steadiness of my nerves, which had been, I admit, considerably shaken.

Recollecting my promise to visit Bernhardi, I crossed over soon after breakfast to see him.

He was standing at the door of the *conciergerie*, apparently waiting for me.

He took my hand as I came up, and inquired anxiously how I was. As for himself, his countenance had resumed its pale, saddened expression. No trace of the passions, which had been so terribly roused, appearing there.

He requested me to go with him to his room, and I willingly assented. We entered it in silence. Bernhardi pointed to a chair, and I sat down, while he took a seat near me. I glanced over the apartment. It bore traces, all around, of the presence of — woman. It was furnished with admirable taste, and ornamented with pictures, engravings, and embroidery. Folding doors, which however were closed, led into another room, and with the one we were in evidently formed a suite. I had scarcely time to finish this rapid inspection when one of these doors opened, and, I speak considerately, the loveliest, most angelic-looking being I ever beheld, entered. Her face

was as faultless as the Madonna of Correggio, her form as perfect as the Venus of Phidias, her countenance absolutely lovely and serene; her eyes were a deep hazel, and the heavy tresses of her rich brown hair were exquisitely braided over her temples, and wreathed around the back of her head. She entered the room, and as if unconscious of my presence, approached Bernhardi, and throwing her arms over his shoulders, pressed him fondly, while she exclaimed: 'Dear, dear Ernest, have you returned at last? Oh! do not go out again!'

Bernhardi shrunk from the embrace as if suddenly bruised by a blow, while his countenance exhibited signs of physical pain and suffering. He rose quietly from his seat and putting his arm around the lovely intruder, led her gently back to her apartment, without any resistance on her part. As she was leaving the room, she turned her eyes casually upon me; at once a horrible suspicion darted through my brain, my heart beat violently, my knees shook together. Bernhardi closed the door and resumed his seat by me: his countenance was troubled; he looked in my face sadly, and after a while he spoke.

'I asked you to come here that I might give you the explanation to which you are entitled. Rumor and gossip have doubtless been busy with me. I care for neither, and although I have no desire for notoriety, I am indifferent to it. You have laid me under an obligation which I can never remove, and one which peremptorily demands that I should explain all to you. I shall be brief, just as brief as the bare recital will permit. Will you listen?'

I bowed assent.

'I am a native of Wirtemberg. I was born in the little village of ——. My father was a wealthy peasant, and I am an only child. I was brought up tenderly, and as I was said to manifest considerable wit and intelligence, my father determined to educate me. In the same village dwelt a widow lady, whose husband had been an officer of some distinction under Napoleon. Upon his death his widow had come back to her native place, bringing with her an only child, a little daughter of some seven or eight years of age. I was then about ten. The widow's fortune was small, but sufficient for the simple habits of the place she had chosen for her home. My father had known her when a young girl, and with my mother often called at her little cottage. In this way Rosalie and I were thrown much together. Indeed after a while we were almost inseparable. In all our sports and plays I was always Rosalie's bachelor. I used to call Rosalie my little 'wife' and she called me her little 'man.' This was without any reflection on our part: neither of us were old enough to think seriously.

'At length the time arrived when I was to go away to school. I suppose I was twelve years old, and I took leave of Rosalie with a heavy heart. I really think at that early age I *loved* her. Well: years ran along. From school I went to Heidelberg. I was ambitious, I was full of energy, and my love for Rosalie preserved my boyish purity of heart. Year after year, as I visited my home, I was surprised to find in her some new grace, some new charm, some new beauty. At sixteen, she seemed to me all that could be imagined of

what is lovely and beautiful. A delicious ecstasy floated through me when I felt that she would one day be mine.

'But I had a drawback to my happiness. In spite of every effort to believe the contrary, I could not feel in my very heart that I was loved by Rosalie even as I loved. True, she was fond of me, but it seemed rather the attachment to be felt for a protector or a brother, not the devotion of love to love.

'I nursed myself with hopes. *I* had never loved but Rosalie; no one had ever loved me but Rosalie; and who could expect that a young girl should show the same deep devotion that marks a powerful manly heart? This was the way I reasoned. Rosalie I was certain kept nothing from me. She told me every thing. She said she loved me as well as she loved her mother; ought I not to be satisfied? But when I pressed her to my heart, I felt not that electrical affinity which cements in *one* hearts which *are* united; still I did not complain: how could I complain, when Rosalie told me I was all to her?

'I had passed three years at Heidelberg, and now went to Munich. I had determined on medicine, and prepared to follow the study with devotion. I had been at Munich nearly a year, and I yearned to come home and see Rosalie. I had stayed away longer than usual, because I wished to take a degree in my profession; then I felt that I could claim Rosalie for my wife. I did go home. Let me hasten my tale. I greeted my parents; every thing was well. hurried to Rosalie. She was well too. She ran out to meet me. She was delighted to see me. Never had she looked so beautiful. As we entered her mother's house together, she exclaimed: 'We have a guest — a charming guest; a son of my father's dearest friend. He has been with us for a month, but must soon return to Paris; and I shall miss him so!'

'My brow grew overcast; my heart sunk. I said nothing; I believed my destiny sealed. I did not even look upon Rosalie reproachfully. How could I look reproachfully upon *her?* — for her soul was pure; it knew no guile; it was incapable of concealment, or coquetry, or caprice.

'Suffice it to say — for the narration is too much for me — that on entering the cottage I found a young and handsome French officer. He was, as Rosalie had said, the only child of her father's dearest friend, and had sought out the widow at his father's request. 'Hear me,' whispered Bernhardi, while he drew his chair nearer to me. I made friends with that young officer. With the closest observation I sifted him as wheat. I found him honorable, high-minded, good-tempered, pure. I satisfied myself that Rosalie loved him, (poor child! she did not know it;) I sought an interview with Ernest de Fleury — that was his name; I pressed the secret from him, which he swore should otherwise never have been revealed, for he knew that Rosalie was my betrothed. Then I turned, and went for Rosalie. I had a long, long interview with her. For Heaven's sake, let me hasten!' gasped Bernhardi. 'You — you — guess the rest; guess it *all*. The sweet angel was sweeter than ever; but — but — I got at the truth. She protested that she would never — never give me

up; those were the words, *'give me up.'* That was noble; and then she pitied me; but I was not to be thwarted. I took her with me to the cottage. Ernest de Fleury was there. I joined their hands and ran out — I ran home, and — and — old as I was, I threw myself into my mother's arms, and burst into tears. Oh! GREAT GOD of this strange universe! what is like unto a mother's love? There I sat all of the day — all of the evening, my head pressed against the breast that had given me life and nourishment, and there, in broken sentences, amidst sobs, and tears, and groans, I told her all. And my mother, how she sympathized with every heart-pang; how entirely did she understand my feelings and my motives; how tenderly did she entwine her arms around me, until at last I fell asleep upon her bosom.

'The next day I returned to Munich.

'How long I should have remained away I know not; but at the end of a twelvemonth I heard from my parents that a fearful epidemic was raging in my native village, and that they desired to see me. I went home. The village was in mourning; a malignant fever was carrying off the inhabitants. Rosalie's mother had just expired, and Rosalie herself lay sick unto death. My parents had thus far escaped.

'I went at once to Rosalie's cottage. I became her physician, attendant, nurse. I watched night and day. The fever had reached its height, the crisis had come, and Rosalie opened her eyes on the fearful morning which should decide her fate. I saw that she was saved. A grateful look of recognition beamed in her countenance. She was very weak, but the danger had passed.

'The next morning fatal news came to the village. A letter to Rosalie's mother, now no more, announced the death of Ernest de Fleury. He had been seized with 'la grippe,' then the prevailing epidemic in Paris, and had died in six hours.

'Rosalie was the first to see the letter. One glance was enough; she fell back in my arms, in violent convulsions.

'Days and weeks and months I watched by her bed-side. At length her strength returned; the bloom once more freshened her cheek. I was full of hope. One morning, as I entered, she sprang up from the bed, and throwing her arms around me, she exclaimed, (as you heard her exclaim but just now,) 'Dear, dear Ernest! have you returned at last? Oh! do not go out again!'

'Then my cup of misery was full. My Rosalie, Ernest's Rosalie, was — *imbecile!*'

Bernhardi paused; he spoke not a word for five minutes; then he said: 'You know the whole. She thinks that I am her Ernest, and she is happy in my presence. Physically, she enjoys the extreme of health; mentally, alas! she is no more! I came with her to Paris, hoping that the change would benefit her, for Ernest lived here; but it is of no use. My prayer is that my life may be spared to outlast hers; for what will become of her when I am no more? Do you blame me for assuming the execution of the law upon that wretch? You cannot blame me. I blame not myself.

'My life is devoted to her. I honor my MAKER, who has given in CHRIST JESUS the great example of a disinterested love. Who is so

selfish as to whisper to me that 'love must be mutual?' I acknowledge the devotion of woman. I know that often she dies of a broken heart; but I *live* broken-hearted!'

Bernhardi had finished. I took his hand and pressed it in silence, and came away. The next day I left *en route* for Italy, accompanied by Dr. O. H. Partridge, then my fellow-student, now a distinguished physician in Philadelphia.

On our return to Paris, after a lapse of more than a year, I made inquiry for Bernhardi, and learned that, several months before, he had left the city with the unfortunate Rosalie, and had gone no one knew whither.

A MARTYR'S VICTORY.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

When Alaric the Goth was defeated at Pollentia and Verona (A. D. 403,) by Stilicho, the general of Honorius, and so driven for a time from Italy, the Romans celebrated that event with great rejoicing and magnificence. A triumphal procession and a conflict of wild beasts at once dazzled and gratified the multitude. The shows of gladiators were then forever brought to an end by Telemachus, an Asiatic monk, whom the people stoned to death in the amphitheatre for attempting to separate the combatants. Honorius was thus reminded of his duty as a Christian emperor, and soon after put forth an edict forbidding all such exhibitions for the future.

The streets are thronged in mighty Rome,
The gleaming ensigns spread,
While warriors march in triumph home,
With firm and measured tread;
For bowed at last and forced to yield
On rough Pollentia's crimson field,
Stern Alaric has fled,
And left his ruthless Gothic powers
All crushed beneath Verona's towers.

Those who once quailed at that dire name
May now deride their foe,
And boast as if *they* shared the fame
Of glorious Stilicho;
Of him who felt no craven fears
Rise at the flash of northern spears,
And struck no feeble blow,
But matched with trophies green and high
The monuments of days gone by.

But when the clear Italian sun
Pours down its noontide fire,
The trumpet speaks the games begun
Which idle crowds admire;
And soon from barred and gloomy caves
Driven howling out by troops of slaves,
In grim and sullen ire,
Beasts, the wild brood of many a land,
Pace with loud rage the level sand.

Gætulia's lion, freshly brought
From scorched and desert plains,
And ravening tigers, newly sought
On Parthia's waste domains;
Bears from the frozen Oder's mouth,
And panthers from the burning South,
Bred in old Nubian fanes,
Make there a stern and ghastly fray
For tribes more savage far than they.

But hark! the trumpet's warning peal
Is sounding as before,
And bondsmen clear, with staff and steel,
The red arena's floor;
The fainting brutes are swept away,
This saved to bleed another day,
That weltering in its gore;
And MEN, of martial frame and race,
Take with slow step the vacant place.

Two, chosen from the warlike throng,
Begin a deadly strife;
One a gray swordsman, scarred and strong,
One in the bloom of life;
This nursed where snows on Hœmus shine,
That torn from hills beside the Rhine,
From children, home and wife;
And high-born matrons hold their breath,
All bent to see the work of death.

Their toil was fierce, but short; and now,
Flung bleeding in the dust,
The Thracian waits, with pale cold brow,
The last and mortal thrust;
When rushing forth, till then unseen,
A swarthy pilgrim leaps between,
Strong in a Christian's trust,
And drenched with blood, yet undismayed,
Stays with fixed grasp the uplifted blade.

A light smooth cross of cedar-wood
The gentle stranger bore,
Long worn in holy solitude
On Syria's palmy shore:
'Romans,' he said, 'for HIM whose birth
Gave hopes divine of peace on Earth,
Arise, and evermore,
Servants of GOD in act and name,
Cast off these works of guilt and shame!'

He ceased: a scowl like noon's eclipse
Spreads fast from seat to seat,
And fourscore thousand hostile lips
Loud words of wrath repeat:
They rave and roar as groves of pine,
Waked on the Etrurian Apennine
When storms the tall crags beat,
Till, heaved and troubled furiously,
Breaks in one surge that living sea.

The German leaves his task undone,
  The Thracian creeps aside,
The swordsmen flee like herds that shun
  Vexed Arne's foaming tide;
But as a pharos meets the shock
Of waves on some unsheltered rock
  Where seas are deep and wide,
TELEMACHUS looked up and trod
That path of danger, true to GOD.

And when the stony tempest burst
  On his defenceless head,
He stood unshrinking as at first,
  As free from doubt or dread;
With aspect full of peace and love,
As if he came from worlds above,
  And hands in prayer outspread,
He laid him down, nor breathed again,
Whelmed by that host of vengeful men.

Yet deem thou not the martyr died
  Warring for right in vain;
HIS WAS THE PRIZE FOR WHICH HE SIGHED,
  AND HIS THE ETERNAL GAIN:
Fierce ALARIC shall yet return,
And Rome's fair dwellings blaze and burn,
  Filled with red heaps of slain;
But scenes, where man must bleed for mirth,
Shall blast no more the ransomed Earth.

PORTER PIPER.

PORTER PIPER was a genius; but do n't imagine for a moment, reader, that Porter was a man addicted to poetry, romance, or star-gazing of any kind. Porter was a man of far too much solidity to rise into the airy regions of fairy-land. On the contrary, he looked on poets, novelists and romancers with the same feelings of mingled admiration, contempt and fear with which an old owl, surprised by the return of light, regards the noisy tribe of robins, jays and wrens that flutter and twitter around him. Neither was Porter a philanthropist, nor world-improving schemer, with a noddle full of Utopias. He could see neither profit, utility, nor beauty in universal benevolence, and never were the gates of Paradise more firmly closed upon an unbeliever than were the eyes, ears and pockets of our friend against all attacks from that source. No peripatetic caterer for the stomachs and backs of the poor found grace in the eyes of Porter. No sooner did he bring his prodigious mental machinery to bear upon the gist of their mission, than they prudently vanished from his door, without waiting for verbal warning. Porter was neither historian, theologian, logician, philanthropist, statesman, philosopher, poet, painter, nor sculptor. What then was he? Porter was a mathematician. From the day of his birth he was no common

being. Omens attended his natal day, and a few weeks before that momentous occasion his mother dreamed she was delivered of a triangle. At the precise moment of his arrival 'ad superas,' or rather 'ad *externas*, aures,' all the lead pipe fell from the roof and sides of the house, and the owls in the neighboring grove struck up a most appalling hoot, accompanied by the tenor-cawing of a flock of crows that flew over the house at that time. The meek and patient ass, who had stood until then quietly in his stall, and had always been noted for the singular gravity of his deportment, commenced kicking most furiously against the sides of his stable, accompanying his exertions with a most terrific and prolonged bray; while a paper fools'-cap, which had long decorated the paternal walls 'in terrorem' to the juvenile and boisterous fry that thronged the mansion, fell suddenly down as the new-born babe was borne beneath it to the bath, and, as if directed by some unseen hand, encircled his infantine brow.

Porter, as he advanced in years, was never seen to shed tears, nor to smile, but ever preserved the same invincible gravity of demeanor. He was remarkable, too, for the slowness and deliberation of his movements. When, in infancy, the maternal breast was presented to him, he usually turned his eyes toward it with a pertinacious stare, and it was only after apparently going through a long and severe mental process that he seemed to have the least idea of the use to which it should be put. When grown somewhat older, and sent, with the rest of his brethren, to the neighboring school, he used to suffer the various tricks and petty persecutions of his more volatile mates with the most stolid and unalterable gravity. Many a time did the mischievous rascals insert pins into him, without his apparently having the least idea of what they were doing. Sometimes, when his tormentors thrust beyond all reasonable depth, he would appear to feel uneasy, and after some deliberation, would apply his hand to the part afflicted; but such demonstrations of excitement were unusual.

While his companions were engaged in ball, leap-frog, wrestling, and various other juvenile sports, he employed himself with the most intense gravity in tracing lines in the sand, seemingly engaged in the deepest meditation. When the curly-headed rogues were indulged in 'a molasses-candy pulling,' and were devouring their portions with shouts of merriment, he always seated himself in a corner, and with a solemn expression busied himself in constructing various uncouth figures with his portion of the sticks. He never played at marbles, nor any frivolous games of the kind; but he would occasionally watch the proceedings, at such times, with the most intense interest, and taking the first opportunity, would suddenly pounce upon the polished heap, and scooping up as many as he could hold in his hands, would lumber off toward one of his retreats, with an uncouth mixture of chuckle and wheeze, the nearest approach to a laugh he was ever known to indulge in. If successful in retaining his unlawful prize, he would employ himself for hours in counting and variously arranging them.

One day, Porter, while rummaging over his father's books, which

he did, rather to see in how many ways he could combine them on the floor than from any desire to make the acquaintance of their contents, met with an old Euclid. At the first sight of the uncouth figures and hieroglyphical letters that covered its pages, he jumped from the floor and shuffled about in a perfect ecstasy. Never were the fountains of his soul so stirred before. He see-sawed about the room in a grotesque attempt to dance, and tossing his cap in the air, endeavored to give it a playful kick, but failing in the attempt, came sprawling upon the floor, where he lay for some time, exhausted by his saltatory exertions, and grinning hideously.

As soon as this playful ebullition had subsided, he turned to the book, which he opened somewhat hastily, and was immediately absorbed in its contents. The food for which his mind had been craving was found at last, and he was happy. The '*καλον*' was his. From that moment his occupation was decided. His beloved Euclid occupied him night and day. His companions and the old people endeavored to argue him out of his unreasonable and exclusive devotion to this pursuit; but in vain. They might as well have reasoned with a post. Porter was impervious to argument. In fact he did not appear to comprehend what they were aiming at. He would listen at first, with a dubious air, which would gradually deepen into a stare of the most intense perplexity and wonder, and if the expostulation were still continued, his face would soon lose all expression and exhibit nothing but a dead unmeaning blank. It was useless to contend against such obstacles to conviction, and Porter was allowed to pursue the even tenor of his way unmolested; beside, it was agreed on all hands that he could dive into a proposition and extract its pith and marrow while others were breaking their teeth against the outside. Thenceforth, every table and chair was carved over with all imaginable grotesque figures, and his mother once discovered him hard at work upon her wedding ring, in an obstinate attempt to square the circle. He cleared the 'Pons Asinorum' at a stride, and plunged headlong into the deepest mire beyond, and wallowed in it as if it had been his native element. Theories, propositions, formulas and solutions, were devoured with the same insatiable relish that the ostrich exhibits while breaking his fast upon his favorite dishes of old leather and iron.

In the mean time his visage elongated; his shirt, whenever he had one, for he sometimes forgot it entirely, or perhaps put it into his pocket for a handkerchief, was beautifully variegated, with here and there a patch of whitish-brown upon what was apparently a grayish black ground, and his sturdy hairs projected from his head in every direction in the most picturesque confusion, like the lances of a troop of cavalry in a furious fight. His frame was built in the most beautiful mathematical proportion. Nearly every figure in Euclid could have been demonstrated upon the different parts of his body. His belly and shoulders were regularly perfect segments of circles; his legs formed a superb ellipse, scraping a most intimate and affectionate acquaintance with each at the extremities, but retreating apparently in huge disgust at the knees; his head was a correct cone, broad at

the base, and gradually contracting its limits and becoming beautifully less till it rose to the apex, which was decorated with a tuft vulgarly called *cow-lick*, which waved gracefully over the hairy hill beneath, like a warrior's plume. He had a huge mouth, graced with a most portentous set of teeth, forming an acute right angle with a monstrous pair of ears, whose rough and ragged sides it almost touched. He wore a rusty brown hat, stuck upon his head with mathematical precision, and a thread-bare black coat, cut in right angles, each of which was demonstrably correct; and his nose, overlapping his mouth, seemed to threaten a descent upon a huge greasy stock, buckled tightly about his neck. Such was the outward man of Porter Piper.

By dint of persevering and desperate digging, aided by a continual thunder of moods, tenses and conjugations in his ears by his instructor, and a sturdy application of the birch to that part of the 'human frame divine' which has been made from time immemorial to serve as a conducting medium to the brain, Porter mastered a sufficiency of Latin and Greek to enable him to enter college, where his father had determined to send him, wisely thinking that even if his son were an ass, there was nothing to prevent him from becoming a good mathematician.

So Porter, in the fulness of time, was dispatched to college. The evils and accidents that befell him on the road, we have not space to relate. Suffice it to say that he arrived, was examined and admitted on account of his proficiency in mathematics, although it is unnecessary to say, his examination in his other studies was far from being brilliant. The first night of his instalment, his room was entered by a marauding pack of sophomores, who saw a large quantity of rich material for sport in him, and who encased his head in his basin instead of a night-cap, put him into bed, inserted the coal-hod into his embraces, and tucking him nicely up, left him muddled and stupified, without any very clear perception of where he was or what had been done to him.

The next day he commenced the regular routine of study. He was utterly impenetrable to history, philosophy, or metaphysics, which he could neither understand nor remember, but in mathematics he bore away the palm. The brilliant logician, the polished writer, and the profound philosopher, could not compete with him a moment. Like the bat, he could see with the greater ease the thicker the darkness; but if dragged into light he was blind in a moment.

Porter was a hard student. He dug without cessation in the labyrinth of mathematics, until he reached such a depth as was never known to have been attained but by those gifted like himself. His efforts reminded one of an industrious maggot assiduously penetrating a decayed cheese. Nor was his attention distracted from his favorite pursuit by any other studies. For all but the pure mathematics he entertained the most sincere contempt; at least as far as he was capable of the feeling. Various attempts were made to induce him to read something beside propositions and theories, and Milton was put into his hands by a well-meaning friend. Porter perused it for some time in silence. At last he threw down the book with a mingled air of astonishment and disgust, and after a long and pro-

found deliberation, pronounced it as his opinion that the book was good for nothing: 'For, Sir,' said he, 'it is all assertion and not a word of proof.'

After spending the usual time in college, he took his degree with distinguished honors. Shortly after graduating, he published a work upon the 'Parabola of the Concatenary Fluxion,' which immediately attracted the attention of all the mathematical literati, and took a high rank at once. The fame of this work, and the reputation he had before acquired, induced the college to appoint him professor, with a high salary; being glad at any price to secure the services of a man so singularly adapted to his science.

His friends, after a long series of fruitless attempts, succeeded in convincing him that it would be well for him to take unto himself a helpmate. They accordingly looked about to find a suitable match for him, and pitched at last upon a lusty buxom widow of forty, the relict of a rich vintner. Porter's attempts at wooing were at first abortive. After being introduced to the lady he was persuaded to pay her a visit of ceremony. The widow received him with great politeness, and seating him beside her on the sofa, awaited the object of his mission. But in vain; for Porter, sitting bolt upright, looked into vacancy, grim and ghastly. At last, driven to desperation, she addressed him some random questions. Porter, roused, turned his huge goggle-eyes upon her with an expression of intense sagacity, and seemed about to reply. But words and sentiments were not the tenants of Porter's brain. The situation grew momently more embarrassing; neither spoke, but the widow sat as if fascinated, gazing upon the portentous pair of blinkers fastened upon her. At last, driven to desperation, he grinned, gasped, wheezed, and finally, grasping his rusty beaver, lumbered from the room with unwonted precipitation.

This had nearly disgusted him with the fair sex; but at last the importunities of his friends induced him to send her a written proposal. Accordingly, after two days' labor, he produced the following epistle:

'MADAM: My love for you = to marriage. 'Your devoted 'PORTER.'

This laconic epistle was forthwith despatched, and the widow capitulated. It was only after a long training that Mrs. Piper was able to initiate him into his connubial duties, of which he seemed not to have the least idea. But at last she succeeded. In the fulness of time a host of white-headed brats were squalling about the door, to the infinite delight of Mrs. Piper, and to the huge disquiet and vexation of poor Porter, who shambled about, sometimes tumbling over them, and occasionally treading on them, while engaged in deep meditation. In the mean time he went on writing and publishing, until he was allowed on all hands to be the Napoleon of mathematics. But all earthly things must have an end, and so had Porter. On one unlucky day he tumbled into a ditch, whose cubical contents he was endeavoring to ascertain, and received a severe ducking, which carried him off with a fever in two days. His last words were: 'The unknown and known quantities will soon be put into equation.'

S.

SUMMER RAIN.

'T is noon, but vapors dark and dun
Conceal the chariot of the sun;
The woods along the mountain's brow
Flutter their leafy pennons now;
The flying winds, with printless feet,
Are charging up the village street,
And swift the trampled dust is rolled
Behind them in a cloud of gold.

The Summer Rain has now begun,
And falling heavy, one by one,
The great drops patter on the leaves,
And tramp along the mossy eaves,
And scatter o'er the brooks and springs
Fetters of crystal, broken rings,
Which toss, and widening link again,
And bind them with a jewelled chain.

The brawny mower that sung so blythe,
In withering pastures drops his scythe;
The reaper, cutting down the grain,
His sickle, hurrying from the rain
Beneath the shade of sheltering trees,
Where Tray, the mastiff, stretched at ease
Beside the keg of cider lies,
Panting and snapping at the flies.

The old horse by the loaded wain
Pricks up his ears and shakes his main,
And snuffing o'er the hay about,
Pulls all the scented clover out;
The oxen drag the shining share
From out the stony furrows bare,
And stealing to the pasture's edge,
Go browsing by the briery hedge.

The children coming home from school
Are wading in the wayside pool;
Barefoot, with trowsers o'er the knee,
Splashing along with roguish glee:
And NED, the loitering truant, sails
His clumsy boat in brimming pails
Foaming by every cottage spout,
And urchins in the windows shout.

The rain is o'er; the clouds have shed
Their treasures on the earth, and fled;
The birds awake a jocund strain,
The laborers seek the fields again;
The earth is freshened green and bright,
The heavens are filled with laughing light,
And bannered clouds have thrown an arch
Over the sun's triumphal march!

R. H. STODDARD.

June 4, 1849.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PHANTASIA, AND OTHER POEMS. By MRS. JAMES HALL. In one volume. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

POETRY is no longer in America a sickly struggling plant; it is fast opening into splendid blossom. Poems which twenty years ago would have made a reputation are now found as usual occurrences in the pages of our periodicals, and sometimes in the columns of the daily newspapers; frequently anonymous, as if the author did not think it worth his while to be known or to be identified with them. These things tend to show that poetry is more generally cultivated and perhaps better appreciated among us now than formerly. At all events, our country can boast at present a large and brilliant cluster of poetical stars, of which it may well be proud. Particularly may we point to the genius which has been shown by our female writers, whose poems, sometimes gathered into a bouquet, and sometimes scattered like wayside flowers, adorn our rising literature.

We have been well pleased in reading the volume of poems lately published by MRS. HALL. Its typographical beauty first arrested our attention, but we soon found 'metal more attractive.' There is in its small compass much profound thought, much deep and tender sentiment, and frequent manifestations of high descriptive power. The writer's home is the realm of passion and feeling. The thoughts of other days haunt her. In the moonlight night her mind wanders back to the days of dawning life; of youth, with its hopes, joys and aspirations. She feels the bleakness and barrenness of real life, which the advance in the path of existence discloses. The first and principal poem in the collection is an exemplification of this. It reminds us of WORDSWORTH'S sublime ode:

> 'THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,' etc.

The same thought is well developed in the following stanza from 'Phantasia:'

> 'THIS is life's bitterest portion; thus to mark
> How the free heart is shadowed day by day,
> How lost its early music, as the bark
> On life's dimmed tide floats silently away;
> How the quick chords of sense, whose graceful play
> The slightest breath could waken; symphonies
> Of Memory's harp beneath morn's glancing ray;
> How things that life adorn, etherealize,
> Give place to sterner thoughts, to toil and care:
> And none go back, if they have past that bound,
> Unto the early freedom; much to dare
> And much to win remains, but ever found
> Unwreathed with the fresh bloom of that enchanted ground.'

Who has not felt the cares and duties of life benumbing the fine fresh emotions of youth, which colored every object with a rosy hue?

'But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.'

It is a part of the noble task of the poet to strive against this tendency of worldly cares, and like religion, to make men become 'as little children;' to teach them the lesson contained in the last stanza of 'Phantasia:'

'Oh, strong should be the purpose not to lose
Our holy freedom from the cares of dust;
And firm, to bid the mind triumphant choose
Its place in love omnipotent, and trust
That bends not, shrinks not, gathers not the soil of earthly rust.'

Mrs. Hall's reflective turn of thought tinges nearly all of her poetry with a hue of sadness. We would not accuse her of being

——'As sad as night,
Only for wantonness.'

We are rather disposed to think that this is a common characteristic of many female poets. They too often like to indulge in the 'luxury of woe.' Yet we confess that we should prefer to see from Mrs. Hall's pen more such lines as the following:

'For all of earth is beautiful,
Where'er the blue skies shine;
From the rosy summer flowers we cull,
To the snow-wreath on the pine:

'The stream upon its gurgling way
The willow shades above;
The still noon of a summer's day,
In some far quiet grove:

'The blue waves' music on the strand,
When stars begin to glow;
To the white glaciers that command
The embosomed vales below.'

We should be glad, had we the necessary space, to quote from some of the miscellaneous poems in this volume, especially from those entitled 'Pompey' and 'Brutus;' from 'Christmas Times,' 'When in Summer,' and others; but we must leave such selections to the readers of the volume. Where all the poems are so worthy, it is difficult to choose; yet we cannot forbear presenting a glimpse of '*Sunshine in the City*,' for its graceful and melodious flow and poetic thought:

'The sunshine in the city!
How it glares along the street,
From the red brick wall cast fiercely down
Beneath the passers' feet;
And the passers trample it heedlessly,
Nor think of the wasted ray
That might bid the buried flower revive,
And the earth-chained fountain play.'

. . . . .

'The sunshine in the country!
How life springs in every beam!
The glad young flowerets greet it
Beside the rippling stream;
And the waves of the rippling stream spring up
To meet the golden ray
That decks the green of its verdant banks,
And lightens its joyous way.'

A History of Wonderful Inventions. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood. In two volumes. pp. 345. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

This is a work which at once commends itself to every reader who would be instructed as well as entertained. The volumes possess for us unwonted interest. The first division of the work contains brief yet sufficiently full and comprehensive accounts of the rise, progress and present completion or improvements of the mariner's compass, light-houses, gunpowder and gun-cotton, clocks, printing, the thermometer, barometer, telescope and microscope; the second division treats of the steam engine, cotton manufacture, steam navigation, the rail-way, gas-light, and the electric telegraph; thus bringing down the history of important inventions to the latest, and in many respects perhaps most wonderful, of the present age. The determination of the young reader will be strengthened, by the perusal of this volume, to enlist under the peaceful but ennobling banner of science, by the remembrance that all its great names are held to be more honorable than the military conqueror, because the triumphs of knowledge and invention are gained without bloodshed, and it is their inevitable tendency to bring war to an end. The communication of mutual advantage by the diffusion of commerce; the perception of such advantage by the exchange of thought, of manufacture, of the comforts and refinements of existence, and by the cultivation of fraternal good-will, are certain results of the increase of science. We subjoin one or two extracts which will not be without interest for our readers. The following is from the article upon 'Gunpowder and Gun-Cotton:'

'Another of those terrible uses to which gunpowder is applied is the forcing open of the gates of fortified places; and a remarkable instance of the tremendous effect produced by it was exhibited during the late war in India, when Affghanistan was over-run by the British forces. The long peace of Europe had thrown many of the military engineers out of employment, and several had been taken into the service of the different potentates and princes of India. Among such as had retained some of these mercenaries were the Ameers of Scinde; and when the dispute with the British East India Company broke out they fortified Ghuznee, which was considered one of their strongest fortresses. Every effort had been used to render the place impregnable, and when their opponents approached it was fully believed by those in possession that it was quite strong enough to resist a siege of eight months, even if all the powers of artillery were brought against it, and all the balls fired, that could be found in India.

'The place was invested, and the ramparts presented a most imposing appearance; but the troops were posted, and Lord Keane, at that time in command of the British forces, determined to take the place by assault. About three hours before daylight the men were placed, and Lieutenant Durand, of the Seventy-First Highlanders, was commissioned to open the way for his comrades. The cannonade had been growing louder and louder for a couple of hours, and every moment the peals of the musketry, both from the walls and the assailants, became fiercer and fiercer. The Affghans burnt blue-lights to ascertain the position of their foes; and in one of the intervals of darkness, Durand advanced at the head of a party of men, each of whom bore on his shoulders a leathern bag filled with gunpowder. They succeeded in reaching the principal gate of the fortress without being observed: within were the Affghan soldiers appointed to guard the entrance, each smoking his pipe with the immovable gravity of Mahommedans, utterly unconscious of the tremendous catastrophe that was instantly to hurry them into eternity, and render all the precautions for the defence of the town useless.

'The bags were quickly attached to the gate; the train was laid; the fuze was lighted. Durand and his men hurried to a distance, and in the next instant there was a tremendous explosion. The gate was scattered in fragments; the solid masonry of the walls, rent and torn, became a ruin; immense stones were hurled from their places, and all within the gate met with an instantaneous death. The way was opened; Colonel Denny, at the head of the forlorn hope, dashed over the ruins; and, notwithstanding the brave resistance of the defenders, the British flag soon waved over the ramparts.'

'We are quite sure,' quotes the author, 'that if any man could invent a means of destruction by which two nations going to war with each other would see large armies destroyed and immense treasure wasted, on both sides, in a single campaign, they would both hesitate at entering upon another. We affirm, therefore, that in this sense the greatest destroyer is the greatest philanthropist; and supposing what is said of M. Schönbein's invention to be true, we think that all governments will, in the event

of differences, try all possible means of concession and conciliation before coming to a trial of strength in which the strong as well as the comparatively weak must be such great losers.' We have in the paper upon 'Clocks' this description of the one on the steeple of the Strasburg cathedral: 'It was a most complicated piece of mechanism, the plate exhibiting a celestial globe, with the motions of the sun, moon, earth and planets, and the various phases of the moon, together with a perpetual almanac, on which the day of the month was pointed out by a statue; the first quarter of the hour was struck by a child with an apple, the second by a youth with an arrow, the third by a man with the tip of his staff, and the last quarter by an old man with his crutch. The hour itself was struck on a bell by a figure representing an angel, who opened a door and saluted the Virgin MARY; near to the first angel stood a second, who held an hour-glass, which he turned as soon as the hour had finished striking. In addition to these was the figure of a golden cock, which, on the arrival of every successive hour, flapped its wings, stretched forth its neck, and crowed twice.' Without farther quotation we cordially commend the work before us to the ready acceptance of our readers.

KALOOLAH, OR JOURNEYINGS TO THE DJEBEL KUMRI: an Autobiography of JONATHAN ROBBIN. Edited by W. S. MAYO, M. D. In one volume. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM. London: DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

THIS is a very clever book. It treats of several places in distant regions that it is not too much to presume have not *often* been heard of before. For example, we can truly say that we have not a single correspondent on the Buregrab, nor in the flourishing town of Rabat, nor in the dominions of MULEY ABDERHAMMAN. We have been more fortunate, however, in securing the services of a resident of the kingdom of Framazugda, whose communications to these pages we cannot doubt will prove acceptable to our readers. But badinage apart: we have been right well pleased and entertained with the contents of this volume. The writer's style, bating a little occasional over-writing, is natural and agreeable; and he possesses the rare faculty of making the reader see with *his* eyes. Without attempting a detailed analysis of the work, for which, even were it a less difficult task to classify so great a variety, we have not the requisite time and space, we shall leave our readers to form some estimate of the writer's powers from a single extract. The following gives an account of a night-encounter which the writer's father had with a British vessel, on a voyage, in 'war-time,' to Vera Cruz, after certain specie which had accumulated there:

'IT was just at the break of day when my father, tired out with the watchings of an anxious night, had retired to his berth, that the unwelcome announcement of 'Sail, ho!' broke upon his ear.

''Where away?' he shouted up the companion-way to Mr. JONES, the first mate, who was officer of the watch.

''Right off on the weather quarter,' was the reply.

''What does she look like?'

''A large square-rigged vessel, Sir, with every thing set that can draw, from royals down. She looks like a man-of-war.'

'In a moment he was on deck with his glass, and there, plainly to be perceived in the dull gray of the morning, was a large ship, five or six miles to windward. Dropping the glass from his eye, after a momentary survey, he turned to Mr. JONES.

''Well, Sir, what do you think?'

''I think, Sir, it is mighty suspicious.'

''Suspicious! there is no suspicion about it. That is an English frigate, as plain as the nose on your face; the very fellow that has chased us so often.'

''Ay, ay, Sir, there can be no doubt of it,' returned Mr. JONES; 'you see she has got the identical brown fore-top-gallant-sail. She is coming along like a race-horse.'

''Ay, she's got a fresh breath of wind; we shall get it in a moment more, when I hope the Atalanta' (the name of the schooner) 'will show a little of her usual activity.'

"Never doubt, Sir, the old girl can show her heel to any thing in His Majesty's service, and we have tried this fellow too often not to know his rate. To be sure, if we were up there to windward, close-hauled, it would be a little more easy; but as it is, she can do it without straining.'

"Yes, she can do it easily enough, any way; and as we have headed up long enough to be clear of the reef now, we will lay our course. Ease off the sheets, and set the square-sail. We can afford to indulge that fellow in his humor for studding-sails.'

'The Atalanta fell off before the wind, bringing the frigate nearly astern; a point of sailing in which square-rigged vessels generally have the advantage, but of no use in the present case, as the schooner had the unusual quality for vessels of her class of sailing as well before the wind as close-hauled. In this way they continued for some time, the Atalanta rapidly increasing the distance from the frigate, when a sail to the leeward, and ahead, was announced. In a few minutes it was ascertained that she too was a man-of-war. Orders were given to brace up, bringing the schooner into her original position, with the wind a-beam; the new vessel to leeward; and the frigate to windward, and a little astern.

"Sail, ho!' shouted a look-out, for the third time.

"What, another? Where away?'

"Dead ahead!'

"This is something more than we bargained for, Mr. JONES!'

"Ay, Sir; this is coming thicker and faster, and considerably more of it! If that chap ahead is a JOHNNY BULL with his teeth cut, we shall be in a regular fix.'

"Well, a fix it is, then,' said the captain, with his glass to his eye; 'he's an Englishman, and there's at least three rows of teeth beneath that mass of spars.'

'The sun was now fairly up above the horizon, dispersing by his warmth a slight haze which had obscured objects at a distance, and disclosing two more sail, one on the starboard and the other on the larboard bow.

"We are in a nest of 'em, by Heavens!' exclaimed the captain. 'What do you think, Mr. JONES?'

"A regular trap, Sir; and I think the sooner we turn tail and try to creep out the way we got in, the better.'

"We never could do it. These two chaps could rub us to chips between the muzzles of their guns, without firing a shot!'

"Well, then, captain, I'm really afraid that it is a gone case with us. Oh! if we were only up there,' (pointing to windward,) 'we should be safe enough.'

"Well, we must get there.'

"It is impossible, Sir!'

"Impossible or not, we must try; they can't do more than sink us. Take in the gaff-topsails! Haul aft the sheets! Luff! luff up! Let her come to it as close as she will lie!'

'In an instant the schooner had altered her course, heading up to the wind in a direction obliquely across the bows of the rapidly-advancing frigate.

"There, well all that!' exclaimed the captain, taking the wheel into his own hands; 'now men, go below, all of you! We shall catch a grist or two of grape, and you may as well keep under cover as much as you can.'

'The two vessels were now rapidly approaching each other, the frigate steadily pursuing her course, apparently confident that the prize was within her grasp; while the Atalanta, with the luff of her fore-sail shivering, was, in the expressive language of the sailor, 'eating into the wind' at a rate which put all the calculations of her pursuer at fault. Soon she was nearly athwart the fore-foot of the frigate, and within musket shot.

'A flash from the bow-port, and a twenty-four-pound shot dashed up a cloud of foam directly beneath the schooner's bows. In an instant another, evidently aimed at her, passed a few feet astern; and in a moment more the frigate braced sharp up and let fly all the guns she could bring to bear. This manœuvre lessened her headway, and before she could repeat the discharge the schooner had got so far up to windward as to be out of range of her lee-broadside.

'Although unable to hold her wind with the schooner, and rapidly falling off to leeward, the frigate advanced through the water with a velocity that soon brought her close-to on the lee-quarter of the Atalanta. Falling off a little — which, while it made her lose ground, enabled her to open her weather broadside — she sent forth a storm of shot, which at first hurtled harmlessly over the little craft. Again and again it came, but with better aim, enveloping her in a shower of grape, riddling her sails, which were fortunately new and strong, and tearing the splinters from her bulwarks, masts and booms; but still not an essential rope was cut, or a spar materially injured, while each instant the distance between the two vessels was increasing.

"You are hit!' exclaimed Mr. JONES to the captain, observing his left hand drop from the wheel, shattered by a grape-shot.

"Ready about!' was the only reply, shouted in a tone which brought the sailors instantly to the deck. 'In a minute more we shall be within shooting distance of the other fellow, ahead.'

"Down with the helm, Mr. JONES!'

"Helm 's a-lee!'

'The jib-sheets were loosened, and the schooner came up, forereaching when in the very eye of the wind, at the rate of three or four miles the hour, and then falling off upon the other tack, in a direction contrary to that the frigate was pursuing. Following the example, the frigate also tacked; but it took her much longer, and when she came round and gathered the headway she had lost the Atalanta was more than a mile off, hugging the wind with a closeness and tenacity peculiar to fore-and-aft clippers, and chopping her way up to windward after a fashion which would have rendered pursuit by any square-rigged vessel perfectly useless. A shot from the frigate's bow-chaser sunk, its force quite spent, a few feet astern.

"Hurrah!' shouted the mate, unable any longer to control the pent-up excitement of the chase; 'hurrah!' and swinging his cap round his head, he gave it a shie over the lee quarter.

"Hurrah!' echoed the crew, with responsive enthusiasm, and imitating the monkeys in the well-known story of the sailor and his caps, they followed the example of their officer, and

in an instant a dozen tarpaulins were floating in the wake astern. Whether the Englishmen fished any of them up as he came by is not known; but at any rate, it was his only chance for a prize. At daybreak the next morning the frigate was no where to be seen, and the schooner and cargo, without any farther adventure, arrived in safety at New-York.'

This is very spirited description, and would of itself justify the encomium we have passed upon our author's style. His early education however, his Indian adventures, his leaving home, and the pursuit of professional knowledge, are all depicted with a graphic pencil. This is eminently true also of his life on the ocean, his various adventures in 'manie londs ayont y^e seas,' (scarcely less interesting than the records of 'Sir IOHN MAUNDEVILLE,') and his common-sense reflections upon the 'peoples' and manners of the countries which he visited. We shall recur again to the interesting work thus hastily despatched.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. By RICHARD HILDRETH. In three volumes: Volume First. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WITH a single remark touching the admirable typography, mechanical arrangement, and excellent paper and printing of this work, and of its style, which is simple, pure and direct, we commend the reader's attention to the following: 'Of centennial sermons and fourth-of-July orations, whether professedly such, or in the guise of history, there are more than enough. It is due to our fathers and ourselves, it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the founders of our American nation unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no fine-spun cloaks of excuses and apology, without stilts, buskins, tinsel, or bedizenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious and mistaken, but always earnest, downright, manly and sincere. The result of their labors is eulogy enough; their best apology is to tell their story exactly as it was. We have accordingly, in this book, an attempt to set forth the personages of our colonial and revolutionary history, such as they really were in their own day and generation, living and breathing men, their faults as well as their virtues, their weaknesses as well as their strength, for to know men we must know them in both aspects; an endeavor to trace our institutions, religious, social and political, from their embryo state; to show, in fine, from what beginnings, by what influences, and through what changes, the United States of America are what they are. For facts, recourse has been had to the original authorities, particularly laws, state papers, public documents and official records, printed and manuscript. Free use has also been made of the numerous valuable collections of letters and memoirs relating especially to the Revolution, published within the last twenty-five years. It has not been thought necessary to distract the reader's attention, and to increase the size and cost of the book, by a parade of references; but in all cases of citations from statutes, which are very numerous, public records, letters, and generally from memoirs and histories, the dates in the margin will furnish a guide to those who may desire to verify the quotations. To combine a mass of materials, generally dry, sometimes defective, and sometimes contradictory, embracing a multiplicity of petty details concerning numerous independent communities, into an harmonious, well-proportioned whole, all the parts of which shall illustrate each other, and, preserving the necessary brevity, to convey to the reader a distinct idea of the persons, facts and bearings of our history, in narrative somewhat picturesque and life-like, is a difficult task;' but this task is here accomplished.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON. — We have come to consider it as a 'fixed fact' that any one man of fair comprehension and a tolerable acquaintance with 'what's what' in common matters, general and particular, is in some sort an epitome of that many-headed monster 'The Public.' Sure we are, that during 'now some fifteen years wasted' perhaps, we have remarked *this;* that in jotting down in these pages, 'as they sholde comen into y^e^ minde,' the thoughts, deeply felt and truly enjoyed, whether of pathos or of humor, which we considered worthy of being recorded, we have invariably found that they were answered, echoed, reverberated, by thousands, who renewed, or re-remembered, or were reäwakened to, the very emotions which dictated the one kind or the other. So that we feel emboldened, even upon so unfresh a theme as Lord BYRON, to represent here how much *we* have been interested in a big Parisian volume, with little type, for which we are indebted to an esteemed friend, not long since returned from the French capital; in which are contained, beside the complete works of Lord BYRON, notes and illustrations by almost every person, eminent or 'notorious,' who could throw any light upon, or impart any interest to, a work as remarkable for its evidently entire authenticity as for the great variety of its matériel. The book, well embellished and illustrated, is published by GALIGNANI, and is enriched with an excellent life of its illustrious subject, by HENRY LYTTON BULWER, Esq., brother of the distinguished novelist of that name, and present minister from the Court of St. JAMES to the court of St. JONATHAN, situated on the Tenmile-Square, 'considerable' south of Baltimore, but accessible in two hours by rail-road. We shall plunge at once into the book, without much method; skipping especially BYRON's earliest life, and all particulars in relation to his twisted or club-foot, which by-the-by was the personal characteristic of four of the most remarkable persons of his time; Sir WALTER SCOTT, Marshal SOULT, and TALLEYRAND. Perhaps one of the most 'interesting' features in BYRON's early life was his passion for his first-love, MARY CHAWORTH. He himself said, that his union with that lady 'would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich: it would have joined at least one heart and two persons, not 'ill-matched in years; and — and — what has been the result?' We have for a moment less sorrow for the result, when we find this remark of his adored recorded as having been made to a girlish companion, who rallied her upon the probability of her reciprocating his juvenile passion: 'Do you think I could care any thing for that lame boy?' — a speech which 'went like a shot to BYRON's heart;' causing him, although it was late

at night when he heard it, to dash instantly out of the house, 'scarcely knowing whither he ran, and never stopping until he found himself at Newstead.' Twelve months afterward, on bidding Miss CHAWORTH adieu, with a convulsed heart but a compulsory calm air, he said, 'The next time I see you I suppose you will be married;' and her answer was, 'I hope so.' It is possible, but not we think by any means certain, that had BYRON and Miss CHAWORTH been united, a new direction would have been given to the stormy energies of his character.

It is painful to remark the value which BYRON attached to his aristocratical pretensions. To have his early poems praised by a duchess seems to have afforded him more pleasure than the admiration of a thousand untitled readers. SCOTT, we grieve to say, had also this weakness. He 'reverenced a lord.' Some authentic writer relates of him that at Abbottsford one day at dinner, while SCOTT was in the richest vein, a Lord NOBODY was announced, when all ease and freedom at once subsided, and the 'Northern Wizzard' had not a 'spell' for any one save his newly-arrived titled guest. Of the great bard whom we are considering, his biographer says: 'Half adventurer, half lord; having a right to claim a relationship with some of the greatest names in the country, and yet ostensibly connected with only a vulgar and violent old woman, in the person of his mother; having no home but a coffee-house, and little immediate income beyond the debts he could create; totally unlinked from the society to which he was born, and just launched in a career which seemed as little likely to suit his abilities as his character; 'lord of himself, that heritage of wo;' there never was a man who appeared to owe less to Providence and more to fortune, or who, by the disadvantages he was assailed with, was so cast, in spite of himself, upon a glorious career.' He was outwardly occupied at this time by his passion for a prostitute, who accompanied him in man's clothes to Brighton, and laid the foundation of reports which subsequently blackened his reputation, in frequent visits to the rooms of vulgar pugilists, and in attendance upon the intellectual entertainments of the clown GRIMALDI. 'Mortified in his person, because the handsome intelligence of his countenance rather served to call a halt in his gait into notice than to extinguish its effects; mortified in his love, since the only person for whom he seems to have felt a real affection had treated his pretensions with a contempt not easily, under similar circumstances, to be forgiven; mortified in his ambition, since the effort which he made to show the injustice of the attack upon his muse proved his sensibility to it; mortified also, in a greater degree, where he was most likely to be susceptible, having been nursed up in all those ideas of family pride and feudal consequence which poverty allied to nobility, and unexpectedly called to assume its honors, is sure to engender; never had a man more elements in his mind out of which to form a satirist than young Lord BYRON, when he flung in the face of the critics he was answering and the country he was quitting his refutation of the one and his farewell to the other.' Every body knows the extensive foreign tour which BYRON took, after leaving England, with his friend HOBHOUSE; crossing Portugal, traversing the south of Spain, visiting Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passing through Albania, Illyria, etc., over the Gulf of Acteum and the Achelous; tarrying in the Morea, visiting Thebes, Athens, Delphi, Parnassus and Constantinople; having lived with the highest and the lowest; been for days in a pacha's palace and nights in a cow-house; having stored his mind with all that adventure, nature, art and history could pour into it; having moreover stimulated and excited those passions which chimed in with the wild and wandering life he had been leading; the Childe returned to his native England with much that had been doubtful

in his destiny decided, and all that had been doubtful in his character confirmed. His welcome back was not very inviting. In a letter to a friend, written at this time, he says:

'My prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning *home* without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence.'

'A short time after his return, died Mrs. BYRON, at Newstead. She died suddenly. 'I heard,' he says, 'one day of her illness — the next, of her death.' Nor was this all: beside the loss of his mother, he had to mourn, within a few weeks, two of his most valued friends, Mr. WINGFIELD and Mr. MATTHEWS. 'Some curse,' he writes to Mr. S. DAVIES, 'hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? Come to me, SCROPE; I am almost desolate; left almost alone in the world.' 'Peace, however,' he adds, in another letter, 'peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose.'

But now, upshooting from these dark vexations, appeared the glories of his future career. He was now at the dawn of that fame which was soon to rise so brightly above all contemporary reputations. The success of the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold,' now published, was extraordinary. It was not the poem only that was admired; it was the poet himself about whom an interest was excited: 'The fictitious hero of the tale, between whom and the writer of it, we must confess, there was some kind of resemblance, was considered at once as an accurate portrait of the mysterious young noble who had just returned from the lands of romance and song which he had been describing. Those who for the first time now made inquiries respecting him, heard that he was the grand-nephew of the singular old lord who had been tried for killing Mr. CHAWORTH; that he had a ruined Abbey and a damaged estate; that at college he had been known for keeping a bear; and on leaving college, for drinking out of a skull; while numerous tales, not altogether without foundation, were circulated as to that life of licentiousness under the satiety of which his pilgrimage was said to have been begun. Upon the CHILDE these were all so much appropriate drapery, and set off with a wilder horror the enchanting young lord who wrote such beautiful poetry, and who seemed to know every thing — himself unknown. In a town always panting for novelty, and amidst that part of a town the curiosity of which is ever most alive, such a melancholy and romantic phœnix as the new poet, a gentleman who had been guilty of every misdemeanor, and as he seemed to imply, of some dark and unutterable crimes; who had been to Lisbon and to Cadiz, to Athens, and to Constantinople, regions then much more unknown and remote than at the present time; and who moreover added to all these qualifications an old title, and a declaration that he had loved very much, and was determined never to love again; having also small ears and white hands and curly hair, as he told the world Ali Pacha had told him, and a countenance peculiarly adapted to a frontispiece arrangement — was destined, for a year at least, to figure as the personage of the epoch.' Now commenced a series of gallantries with the sex, beginning with the fascinating Lady CAROLINE LAMB, with whom he wished to elope, and whose refusal to do so, together with a subsequent offence to his personal vanity, embittered him against her for life. It certainly is not a pleasant thing to be made acquainted with the fact, that 'many of BYRON's most apparently inspired love-letters, written at this time, were nothing more nor less than actual translations from '*Les Liaisons Dangereuse*,' a work which every libertine has studied, but of which few lovers have made so profligate a use.' It was the ember-

rassments arising from his irregular liaisons and an ill-regulated fortune which first induced him to turn his thoughts toward marriage. There was something of seriousness in the regard he entertained for one of his inamorata, Lady FORBES, a very beautiful woman. She was unable however to fix his wandering affections. 'I am indifferent,' he writes at this period to a friend of the lady in question, 'to all excitements. The slightest obstacles stop me. If a straw were in my way, I could not stoop to pick it up. If you think I have been trifling with you, let me be married out of hand; I don't care to whom, so it amuses any body else, and don't interfere with me much in the day-time.' His second proposal for his future wife, Miss MILBANKE, was made under circumstances not the most poetical: 'A person who had for some time stood high in his affectionate confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry. This person was Lady MELBOURNE. She suggested to him one lady, Lord BYRON mentioned another, and that other was Miss MILBANKE. 'No,' said Lady MELBOURNE, 'Miss MILBANKE will not suit you. In the first place, she has no fortune now, and you want money immediately. In the next place you want a person who will have a great admiration for your genius, and she for this has too great an admiration of her own.' 'Well,' said Lord BYRON, 'as you please;' and, sitting down, he wrote a letter to the lady recommended by Lady MELBOURNE. He received a refusal. 'Now, you see,' said Lord BYRON, 'that after all Miss MILBANKE is to be the person: I will write to her.' He wrote to her on the moment, and as soon as he had finished, his friend remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, but on reading it over, observed: 'Well, really this is a very pretty letter; it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one.' 'Then it *shall* go,' said Lord BYRON; and in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate.'

The world knows the result of this most unfortunate marriage. We have never for a moment doubted that Lady BYRON was a piece of polished ice, alive to all the true 'rights of woman,' and something more. BYRON describes even his honey-moon as 'an *effort* on both sides to be peculiarly agreeable for a month, under the satisfactory consideration that there would be plenty of time afterward to be otherwise.' 'I think,' he said also, after what he called 'the treacle-moon' was over, 'one ought to marry upon a lease,' although he expresses a belief that in his own case he might renew it. BYRON had supposed that his union with Miss MILBANKE would have added to his pecuniary resources. He was sadly misled. His long-accumulated embarrassments, added to increased expenditures, precipitated the climax of his ill-fortune. At the top-most tide-mark of his troubles, his wife quitted him forever: a pleasant specimen of devotion to a husband contending with 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!' And now it was that BYRON left England for the last time; nor did ever man who had brought such glory to his country leave it under greater disgrace. He had in the course of one short year gone through every variety of domestic misery; had seen his hearth eight or nine times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. Of his subsequent career abroad, his amours with the Venetian 'MARIANNA,' (whose beauty is said not to have been of that description which is 'beyond all *price*,') Countess GUIOCIOLA, etc., we shall not at present speak. Abused, suffering under popular perversion and malignity in multiplied forms, we yet find him hastening to Greece, to take up arms in the holy cause of freedom; contributing liberally moreover of his means, now abundant through the extraordinary proceeds of the labors of his own pen, to the same noble end. He wrote his

own destiny, when he said: 'The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me will triumph; and justice will only be done to me when this hand is as cold as the hearts which have stung me.' Byron was actuated in the course which he adopted in relation to Greece by an honorable desire for enterprise, a carelessness for death in a good cause, a desire perhaps to be restored to the good esteem of his fellow countrymen, and an ardent aspiration for the freedom of a celebrated country and a gallant people, long placed under a degrading and intolerable yoke. The particulars of his death at Missolonghi, of fever, are not unknown to our readers. There is something very touching in his last words. He was heard faintly to repeat: 'My sister — my child! These are things that make the world dear to me; for the rest, I am content to die.' He spoke also of Greece: 'I have given her my time, my means, my health; and now I give her my life: what could I do more?' Soon after, he said, 'Now I shall go to sleep;' and turning around, he fell into the slumber which can know no waking until 'earth and sea heave at the trump of God.'

We have been much interested in reading, in the volume before us, the omitted stanzas from 'Childe Harold,' originally included, but stricken out on revision. In the good-night to his native land the second of the ensuing verses followed in its order:

'My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh,
Till I come back again.'
'Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

'My mother is a high-born dame,
And much misliketh me;
She saith my riot bringeth shame
On all my ancestry:
I had a sister once, I ween.
Whose tears perhaps will flow;
But her fair face I have not seen
For three long years and moe.'

Originally the 'little page' and the 'yeoman' were introduced in the subjoined Spenserian stanzas:

'And of his train there was a henchman page,
A peasant boy, who served his master well:
And often would his pranksome prate engage
Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart did swell
With sable thoughts that he disdained to tell.
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin smiled,
When aught that from his young lips archly fell
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled;
And pleased for a glimpse appeared the woeful Childe.

'Him and one yeoman only did he take
To travel eastward to a far countrie;
And, though the boy was grieved to leave the lake
On whose fair banks he grew from infancy;
Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily
With hope of foreign nations to behold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
Of which our vaunting voyagers oft have told,
In many a tome as true as Maundeville's of old.'

Among the fac-similes of Byron's 'hand of write' is the first copy of the well known stanza in the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold:'

'The sky is changed! and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,' etc.

The fierce dashes, the sprawling blots, the sudden erasures, the ragged interlineations, the whole well nigh illegible without the printed text in juxtaposition, bespeak the fact that that stanza must have been written at the very moment when

— Far along,
From peak to peak leapt the live thunder;
For every mountain then had found a tongue,
And Jura answered through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who called to her aloud!'

We confess to a little surprise at finding BYRON so sensitive to criticism, and to all animadversions upon his writings by his contemporaries. Of the notice of his first volume in the 'Edinburgh' his biographer remarks: 'The effect which the review produced upon the poet can with difficulty be conceived. A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously whether he had just received a challenge, not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks.' Among the less sentimental effects of the critique upon his mind, he used to mention, that on the day he read it he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner; that nothing however relieved him until he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that 'after the first twenty lines he felt himself considerably better.' A scorching letter of SOUTHEY'S, in reply to some severe comments of BYRON upon his character and writings, so exasperated the noble bard that he could not wait for revenge in ink-shed, but on the instant despatched, through a friend in London, a cartel of mortal defiance to the poet-laureate; but KINNAIRD, the friend in question, had sufficient good sense to withhold the challenge. Among other autograph-letters, copied to the very acmé of perfection by the French artist, we find the following, addressed to GALIGNANI at Paris. Original letters, in the veritable handwriting of FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON, and Sir WALTER SCOTT, have been placed in type for these pages; and the following lacks only the original ink and paper, to be in the same category:

Venice, April 27th, 1819.

'SIR: In various numbers of your journal, I have seen mentioned a work entitled 'The Vampyre,' with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal annunciation of 'The Vampyre,' with the addition of an account of my 'residence in the Island of Mitylene,' an island which I have occasionally sailed by, in the course of travelling, some years ago through the Levant, and where I should have no objection to reside, but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favor me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever, it would be base to deprive the real writer, whoever he may be, of his honors; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dulness but my own. You will excuse the trouble I give you; the imputation is of no great importance; and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports, I should have received it, as I have received many others, in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided, is a little too much; particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one nor the incidents of the other. I have, beside, a personal dislike to 'Vampyres,' and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets. You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about 'my devotion,' and 'abandonment of society for the sake of religion,' which appeared in your 'Messenger' during last Lent; all of which are not founded on fact; but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal, whereas the other in some degree concern the reader.

'You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question; and have the honor to be (as the correspondents to Magazines say,) 'your constant reader,' and very obed't,

'Humble serv't,

'*To the Editor of Galignani's Messenger.*' 'BYRON.'

'It was a thought worthy of the great spirit of BYRON,' says the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'after exhibiting to us his pilgrim - 'Childe' amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay; after teaching us, like him, to sicken over the mutability and vanity and emptiness of human greatness, to conduct him and us at last to the borders of 'the Great Deep.' It is there that we may perceive an image of the awful and unchangeable abyss of eternity, into whose bosom so much has sunk, and

all shall one day sink; of that eternity wherein the scorn and the contempt of man, and the melancholy of great, and the fretting of little minds, shall be at rest for ever.' Would it not be well for all, of kindred disquietude of spirit, who are now walking

——— by the solemn shore
Of the vast ocean they must sail so soon,'

to ponder well upon these words of Sir WALTER SCOTT: 'There is no royal road and no poetical path to contentment and heart's-ease: that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and lies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the scope of our powers of attainment; to consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of ADAM; to bridle those irritable feelings which ungoverned are sure to become governors; to shun all galling and self-wounding reflections; to stoop, in short, to the realities of life; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor contemn; such seems the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have indulged, during the month, in a pleasant trip to Saratoga, Lake George, Ticonderoga, etc.; and you must permit us, reader, to mingle with our usual salmagundi a few 'incidents of travel,' which, as they gave pleasure to us, we may hope will not altogether fail to find favor in your eyes. . . . THE telegraph, rail-roads and ocean-steamers have done away with all the '*Poetry of News*.' We used to sit down of a morning, with one of the slow-and-easy 'good old-fashioned' newspapers before us, containing intelligence 'One month later from the continent of Europe' and news 'Eighteen days from New-Orleans,' and from other places, near or far, in like proportion. Then 'news was *news*.' Then we could enjoy our murders of a morning; nor was a personal rencontre between two blackguards, or an abduction, or rape, matters to be lightly appreciated. Now, to adopt a common but rather over-figurative parliamentary phrase, 'when we take our eye and throw it over the country' represented by the journals of the day, what do we encounter? In a circular radius, swept by lightning, of some two or three thousand miles, we gather up riots, executions, wholesale butcheries, awful casualties, 'DEATH'S doings' over a whole continent, and a condensed account of national crime the day before, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. Stabbing thus becomes familiar, and murder comes to be considered one of the fine arts; an indulgence in which, with due reference to 'tooling,' grouping, etc., brings notoriety, and in too many instances, 'nothing else.' Still, homicide, in its collateral effects, is we believe yet generally regarded as somewhat dangerous. People reason in this way: 'Once commit a murder, and you do n't know where you are going to stop. You may perhaps go on until you reach profane swearing, Sabbath-breaking, and finally fall into prevarication, procrastination, and other the like heinous offences against 'law and order.' . . . WILEY, publisher, Broadway, has issued the second number of DICKENS' new story of '*The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the Younger*.' It fully sustains the promise of the first part. The cuts are admirable. By-the-by, is there any body who excels DICKENS

in the brief authentic strokes by which he paints a scene, and especially in his finely-illustrative similes? We know of no one. His observation is keen and incessant. Do you remember his description of the small cactus putting forth claws 'like a green lobster?' The following, depicting an old maid who has come to live with a newly-married brother, prepared to 'kick up a muss generally,' is equally felicitous: 'On the very first morning after her arrival she was up and ringing her bell at cock-crow. When my mother came down to breakfast, and was going to make the tea, Miss Murdstone gave her a kind of *peck on the cheek*, which was her nearest approach to a kiss.' It would be difficult to give a more forcible exemplification of a cold dry 'salutation of the lips' than this: 'a kind of *peck* on the cheek!' . . . Aside from the ease and polish of the verse, there are excellent good sense and timely advice in the subjoined lines upon '*The Cholera*,' for which we are indebted to an old and always welcome metropolitan correspondent:

This modern terror of the human race
Rules in the boundless air, pervades all space;
No biding slaughter-house it calls its home,
No land so favored where it doth not roam;
From Northern climes, 'midst endless ice and snow,
To southern lands, where pleasant rivers flow;
From mountains where the mists of morning rest,
To the deep valleys of the boundless West;
From Europe's culture, taught through many an age,
To Afric's plains, where sweeping whirlwinds rage,
The foe to man, enveloped in his pall
Of murky clouds and vapors, rules o'er all;
No safe retreat from dire disease is found,
Its baneful influence rests on all around:
A change of life shall not avert alarm,
Nor abstinence constrained its power disarm;
E'en Croton's stream unmixed no cure shall be,
And starving is a silly remedy.
But there are weapons for the stout of heart,
To meet the spoiler, and repel his dart:
Flannel and cleanliness, and cheerful mind,
With temperate use of food for man designed;
The garden's gifts, by genial suns matured,
And savory meats, fresh, or with judgment cured.
By rules like these, and a physician nigh,
You may escape, and the 'foul fiend' defy;
But there are dangers, when the tainted air
Engenders cholera, of which beware!
Lobsters and fish, long tenants of the car,
And fruit unripe, and lettuce from afar;
Things out of season, feculent and stale,
Foul tenements, which impure airs exhale;
These, with inebriating drafts, in vain
Shall plead exemption from the tyrant's reign.

H.

Fear is unquestionably one of the most powerful predisposing causes of cholera. Those therefore who watch with trembling anxiety the appearance of the daily reports of the Board of Health; who fear to walk in the street, but choose rather to shut themselves up in close apartments of their dwellings; who see in visions of the night upon their beds an '*Ozone*' night-mare careering through the air, scattering fire-brands, arrows and death; such persons should heed the wise suggestions of our correspondent. And to those who, on the very first sign of the approach of the disease toward their own immediate quarter of the town, hasten at once to the country, we would say, in the words of a Spanish poet:

'Since no place there is
From Death's keen eye concealed,
Hence 't is an easy thing to see
That one who from his dart would flee
Is by his flight itself revealed.'

There is a pleasant anecdote of Macready, the tragedian, just now extant in

private circles, which has created not a little amusement among those who have had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. It has often been remarked of Mr. MACREADY, that in conversation he rarely finishes a sentence; and the anecdote in question rather ludicrously illustrates this personal characteristic. One day at a prominent metropolitan hotel he was sitting after dinner with some friends, over his wine and almonds, when a boy was admitted, who presented him a note. While reading it his countenance gradually assumed a tragic expression; and at length, holding out the letter, he said, partly to the lad, partly to himself: 'No-o! I — I — will ah-*not!* Most extro'dnary! A person — a — a woman, whom I never saw! — I can ah-NOT DO it! Sends me here —— Tell her the request is ah-absurd — preposterous! No ah-*acquaintance* with the person — never *beheld* her in all me life! Most extrod'-nary! No; ah-I will ah-NOT DO IT! Know neth-ing of her — *neth*-ing! I did, indeed, ah-once suck one or two of her —— No, me lad,' he 'concluded,' 'ah-tell her I ah-CAN NOT ah-DO it!!' The lad evanished; when it presently transpired that MRS. JARVIS had sent to MACREADY, as she does to every person of any eminence, for his testimony in favor of the manifold virtues of her 'Cold Candy!' . . . BEEN sitting in dreamful ease for more than an hour, gossipping indolently with agreeable friends, on the cool piazza which runs around the inner court of that magnificent house, *The United States' Hotel, Saratoga.* '*House*,' quotha! Why, it is of itself a village, mainly under one roof, and almost constituting one edifice. Observe the colonnade before us; there are some fifteen hundred feet of it, altogether, including the façades of the 'cottages,' which you perceive are in perfect 'keeping.' What the 'United States' was before the erection of the new hall, our readers are already aware. The addition has the 'dignity of space' magnificently developed. It is a little short of an hundred and fifty feet in length, and of appropriate comparative width. On the first floor are the bar-room and seven dining-rooms and parlors; on the second, the ball-room, one hundred and two feet by forty in length, and twenty feet high, the largest and finest hall of its kind in the Union, with twenty-one windows, eighteen feet high, opening on all sides upon spacious promenading-piazzas. The hall is also flanked at the entrance-end by three large reception and waiting-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, leaving nothing to be desired. On the third floor are sleeping-rooms, large and airy, commanding the most delightful views, looking either off upon the distant landscape or down into the umbrageous court-yard below. Some idea of the extent of the establishment may be inferred from the fact that it embraces four hundred and eighty rooms; encloses five acres; and comprises, within a trifle, two thousand feet of piazza! Associate with these attractions, if you please, the kitchen, the '*heart* of the house,' as a friend termed it, in which there is not a 'convenience' nor an 'improvement' of any kind wanting; a *chef-de-cuisine* of unrivalled skill and imagination; (we saw him walking slowly through the grounds in his robe-de-chambre, with his finger on his lip, in an attitude of study, for he was 'composing;') a larder that would put to shame that of Bolton Abbey; a wine-cellar replete with the richest treasures of the Rhine; and, over and above all, as the 'creōwnin' glory of the United'n States'n,' that noble park, with its trees of varied foliage, its gravelled walks, its rolled and quilted turf, upon which, through the heavy umbrage, the sunlight shimmers down in flecks of gold; associate, we say, these features in your mind, reader, and place our genial friend 'the JUDGE' and the younger brother of the house in the fore-ground, to make you feel the force of the 'warm welcome of an inn;' do all this, and you have before you the United States' Hotel at Saratoga. . . . WE

clipped from a country journal the other day at the publication-office, where it appeared without any indication of its source, a capital parody upon LONGFELLOW's 'Psalm of Life.' We have a faint recollection of having first read it some months ago in that lively and independent sheet, the *Boston 'Chronotype.'* As the original was written for the KNICKERBOCKER, we subjoin a few verses of the parody, which is 'intituled' '*Psalm of the Smoker*,' by Professor LONGNINE:

'TELL me not, in mournful ditty,
Smoking is a habit vile;
For it makes the dull tongue witty,
Helps the liver store its bile.

'Pipes are long, and pipes are brittle;
But only buy them by the score;
Cheap as dirt will be the spittle
That perfumes your mottled floor.

'In the world's broad field of puffing,
Would you have your pleasures ripe,
Be not simply 'up to snuff'-ing,
Be a hero of the pipe!

'Lives of smokers all remind us
We may make *our* lives a glory;
And, departing, leave behind us
'Puffs' that shall roll up in story.'

'THE POOR,' said ONE 'who spake as never man spake,' 'the poor ye have always with you.' A new contributor, who feels, in the spirit of the REDEEMER, that the poor need the sympathy and care of those who in a worldly point of view are more blessed, has in the leading paper of the present number put forth and sustained certain propositions which we deem to be worthy of heedful consideration. . . . GLANCING this evening over some old letters, addressed by the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK to his friend DAVID GRAHAM, Esq., of this city, we remarked among many other noteworthy passages the following observations touching the cholera, then (August, 1832,) widely prevalent in Philadelphia: 'My good fellow, the cholera is making dreadful ravages here. The report to-day is one hundred and fifty-four cases and fifty-eight deaths! How the sublimity of thought, the aspirations of a heaven-lit spirit panting after immortal renown, and ranging through the long vistas of memory, and the glittering empire of imagination, are dependent upon the coats of the stomach and the arrangement of the abdominal viscera? Isn't it astonishing! What are we? What our pride, our ambition, our uplifted fancies, our hates, or loves? Baubles of an hour; glittering motes in the sunbeam of health, that the breath of miasma or the cloud of the evening may smite into non-existence! I tell you what, DAVID, it makes a man *think*; but most of all, it makes him regular. Thank GOD, I always was so, and so are you; but it seems to me that if we desire the boon of life — and oh, what a gift it is! (for a living dog is better than a dead lion,) we must crucify the fleshly appetite; whereupon I have ceased to chew olives, which have been my passion, and betaken myself to rice, bread and port wine.' At this season, when the 'chances and changes of this mortal life' are deemed by many persons more than usually to abound, we have thought it not amiss to quote what has seemed to us to be timely reflections upon the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day.' One other passage we venture to present, as indicative of the strong affection which, in common with ourselves, the writer entertained for our common vocation: 'I can imagine precisely how you felt when you arrived at home and resumed the duties of your profession. If any one should ask me where I had the most enjoyment, I should say instantly, 'In my office, devising editorials, peering over the papers, and in the afternoon, cheek-by-jowl among the books in my apartments in Fourth-street; now and then, when the spell is on me, making a piece of metre for BULWER's 'New Monthly,' writing letters to cherished friends like yourself, and so forth. So, I am sure, is it also with you. Society is a good thing, but I weary of its formal routine; not that I do not have pleasure at H——'s, Madame C——l's, B——'s, etc.; but after all, my *vocation* is the most

intoxicating and yet quiet enjoyment of my life. There is much of the *otium cum dignitate* about it, which one can only appreciate by experience.' Of perhaps a thousand familiar letters from the writer of the foregoing, we have not opened one since his death. We have had a 'sober second thought' upon the wisdom of this course; and if we depart from it, it will be that what may afford pain to us will give pleasure to our readers. . . . A CORRESPONDENT, a much cleverer man, we suspect, than he assumes to be, sends us some original verses, which we are afraid cannot quite 'pass muster,' lacking, as they seem to us to do, concentration and polish. Their claim to originality, however, is indisputably well founded. Among the 'lot' is a '*Parody on Byron's Alpine Storm*,' which is faithful to the original, in *sound* if not in sense. It was written in a country 'grocery,' a sort of 'variety-store' which should 'be seen to be appreciated' by the metropolitan reader:

——'FAR along,
From cask to cask, the sweetened mint among,
Leaps the live liquor! Not from one lone jug,
But every barrel now hath lost its bung,
And 'Old Rye' answers from his musty mug,
On which 'the boys' do light 'like duck on a June bug.'

. . . . . .

'And this is to be 'tight!'—most glorious 'TIGHT!'
Thou wert not made for asses! let me be
A sharer in thy picturesque delight—
A portion of this grocery and of thee!'

. . . . . .

'Punch, cock-tails, cobblers, juleps, toddies! ye!
With night, and lustrous swigging, and a few
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me 'lovely!'

. . . . . .

'Could I unbosom and unbutton now
That which is most within me; could I screw
My 'innards' to expression, and thus throw
My gizzard up, and heavy 'horns, a few,'
All that I would have drank, and all I 'dew!'

and so forth. Who has ever seen a more outrageously maudlin attempt to dignify beastly intoxication by poetical description? The writer says, in a note to the EDITOR: 'Do forgive my levity and familiarity. I mean no harm by it; but I am naturally a fool, and it requires all my exertions to disguise it.' As PLACIDE says in 'ROSY O'MORE,' 'W'at a fon-ny fellow!' . . . IN a late number of this Magazine we announced, and described somewhat at large, a new imperial-quarto work by ROBERT DALE OWEN, Esq., entitled '*Hints on Public Architecture*,' then passing through the press of PUTNAM, in Broadway. The work now lies before us; and in its completed state justifies to the fullest extent the praise which we awarded it in advance, after an examination of a portion of the engravings, its paper, typographical execution, etc. The plan and scope of the volume we have already presented; and we have now only to add, that without exception it is in all its departments one of the most beautifully-executed volumes ever published in the United States; such a work, in short, as we may be proud to send abroad as a specimen of American book-making and printing. There are fifteen imperial-quarto plate illustrations, embracing different views of the 'Smithsonian Institution,' (a very picturesque and graceful pile, to our humble conception, from all its different points of observation,) views of the more prominent churches in this city, of the General Post Office, at Washington, etc. Of wood-cuts, large and small, including almost every needful illustration of architectural effects, as a whole or in detached parts, there are *ninety-nine*, and all executed in the highest style of the art of celature, by BOBBETT AND EDMONDS, Ro-

BERTS, HALL, and other eminent wood-engravers. By the by, speaking of architecture, it is gratifying to know, and daily to see, that the *Architecture of Private Dwellings* has arrived to so high a point of perfection in our metropolis, and in portions of the region round about. The initial and progressive steps toward this consummation were taken and continued by Mr. GEORGE PLATT; who from the most tasteful and beautiful interior decorations of several of our most distinguished mansions, in which he has been emulated, but seldom approached and never surpassed, by other and kindred artists, has arrived at an eminence as an architect of town-houses and private country-seats, of which he has good reason to be proud. The noble edifice of Mrs. LANGDON, at Hyde-Park, not to speak of others both in town and country, attest Mr. PLATT's taste and skill in this kind to a degree which must insure him farther honors and farther orders. The late editor of the Manchester (Eng.) '*Times*,' daily journal, in his 'American Tour,' recently published in London, says: 'In the enjoyment of New-York hospitality, I have seen the interiors of some of its best mansions, and their elegance, if equalled, is certainly not surpassed by any I have seen any where in Great Britain.' We have heard similar remarks made in metropolitan drawing-rooms, by travelled English persons, and other foreigners of taste and intelligence. . . . THE simpering old maid, whom OLLAPOD met on a canal-packet, and who, in answer to a question whether she had seen the Falls of Niagara, replied that she 'had not, but she had heard them very highly spoken of,' may rise up to confront us, perhaps, in the mind of a correspondent who sends us an elaborate paper on '*Lord Bacon*;' may rise up to confront us, we repeat, when we avow, that we really know very little of Lord BACON, but have 'heard him very highly spoken of.' Then again also we hav n't. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — whom we would follow into a library, and call, after him, for the books which he had named, with as much certainty of being 'gratified, satisfied' as if we were 'improving' by the elegant taste of JOHN WATERS in the selection of viands or wines at DELMONICO's, or his own matchless table — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *he* says, that

> 'ROGER BACON was a bore,
> And FRANCIS BACON gammon.'

Our friend FREEMAN HUNT, of that excellent work, '*The Merchants' Magazine*,' or the editor perhaps of '*The Law Journal*,' will be open to the propositions and 'stipulations' of our correspondent. . . . AN inexperienced correspondent, in an interior county town — 'as pleasant a place as could be got up without rivers or mountains,' whence nevertheless can be seen hills that neighbor Pennsylvania, and where are fragrant clover-fields, delicious bobolink-ian musicians, and 'as good rainy days as they have any where' — sends us the following simple sonnet:

> I LOVE in summer time a rainy day,
> When steadily and slowly patters down
> Upon the sun-parched fields and dusty town
> The welcome burden of the cloudlets gray.
> With book in hand I take my silent way
> Unto my chamber, where the pleasant sound
> Of rain upon the roof can soothe and drown
> My soul in dreamy thoughts — nor sad, nor gay.
> I wake to read, and read to sleep again;
> My dreams are filled with fancies from my book,
> Till, tired of too much ease, I wake in pain,
> And sighing it away, on Nature look;
> 'T is sunshine after storm. Who can complain,
> When greener are the groves and faster flows the brook? J. H. B.

WE deeply lament, in common with all who knew him, the untimely death, by

fever at New-Orleans, of GEORGE PORTER, Esq., for several years associate-editor of '*The Picayune*' daily journal. We knew him well; a young man of great simplicity and quiet grace of manners; a very vigorous and ready intellect; and, in all worthy things, a genial spirit: in the words of one who knew and loved him well, he was 'a kind, considerate, honorable gentleman, a man of energy and talent, whom none knew but to love and praise.' He was a younger brother of the editor of '*The Spirit of the Times*' literary and sporting journal, to whom, with his other brothers and relatives, we tender our unfeigned sympathy in their bereavement, so doubly poignant from its awful suddenness. . . . PAID a visit to-day to *Congress-Hall, Saratoga*, an old and popular house; spacious, replete with comfort and elegance; a walk along whose superb colonnades, and through the grounds, would well repay a trip from New-York; and after 'somedele converse' with Mr. BROWN, the proprietor, (a long-time Boston reader and friend hereof,) who sets a table for APICIUS every day, and 'bids defiance to the universe' in the matter of nice bed-rooms, we set out with an old and true friend to visit *The Saratoga Rural Cemetery*. Passing through the beautiful grounds of the 'Pavilion' spring, the birds all the while making melody over our heads, we entered a solemn grove of pines, in which 'mournfully, O! mournfully' the day-breeze was sighing, and came at length to the cemetery, a delectable spot, amidst musical pines and trees of rare verdure. Almost every occupied grave lot was literally a bed of flowers; of daisies, violets, forget-me-nots, blue-bells, and the like, filling the whole air with sweet odors. Here we stood by a square tapering marble shaft, commemorating the death of an old friend — with whom how many agreeable hours we have passed! — on which was inscribed:

THE GRAVE OF

William Leete Stone,

WHO DIED AT SARATOGA SPRINGS,

AUGUST 15, 1844, AGED 52.

'*I shall be satisfied when I arise in Thy likeness.*'

A more fitting or poetical resting-place for the dead could nowhere be found. The zephyrs were whispering like angel-voices in the young pines over our heads; waves of shadow were rolled by the fitful breezes over rich adjacent fields of grain; and far away to the east, through the wavering summer-rays of the noon-day sun, rose in faint relief against the horizon the pale-blue summits of the Green Mountains of Vermont. There rests our friend — the friend of 'OLLAPOD' — whom he has joined in 'the better land:'

'AT noon the wild bee hummeth
About the cold white stone,
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone:'

but there 'in cold obstruction' rests his dust, 'till GOD shall bid it rise.' A little farther on is the monument to COLEMAN, (the inventor of the 'æolian attachment' to pianos, a decided failure, by common consent of musicians and others,) of which, while it was yet in New-York, we gave a description in these pages. The passage from the Bible quoted in the inscription is appropriate: 'The singers also, as well as they that play upon stringed instruments, shall be there.' But we have had our hour of 'meditation among the tombs.' . '*Black Eyes or Blue Eyes*,' which do

you prefer, bachelor or maiden reader? We have heard many discussions thereanent in our time, but they never came to any settled conclusion. A Massachusetts correspondent has obligingly favored us with the translation of a few lines from the Italian on this theme, which seem to us to 'place the whole subject in its proper light:'

'A CONTEST of beauty may sometimes arise
Like this, not of beauty of form, but of eyes;
The black eyes are challenged at first by the blue:
'Your black eyes are mute, although fiery too;'
'And eyes that are blue insincerity bear;'
'The sable is mournful; too much so to wear;'
'The azure is change; it is fickleness even;'
'But we are the thoughts and the spirits of heaven;'
'And we — we are lightnings that flash on the even;'
'But PALLAS and JUNO have eyes that are blue;'
'And VENUS has eyes that are black and yet true.'
And more they 'd have said, for the contest grew warm,
But LOVE with her mildness averted the storm;
Thus ending the strife by a precept of Truth,
Engraved in a code by a teacher of youth:
'Nor this one nor that the first prize shall obtain,
If only the credit of color it gain;
Those eyes do in truth the most beauty impart
Which show forth the best the true state of THE HEART!'' P.

—

WHOSO journeyeth on the plank-road from Fort Edward through the pleasant villages of Sandy-Hill and Glen's-Falls, shall surely find small cause to regret the same. On the way to the first named village, after leaving 'the Fort,' we were shown, by the side of the road, the memorable and now venerable tree under which Miss MCCREA, (whose kindred fate is as well known to school-children as that of 'BENJAMIN GROUT and HILKIAH GAFFIELD hoeing corn in a field,' etc.,) was cruelly murdered by the Indians. It was an authentic object of interest, full of stirring associations. At 'the village,' a pleasant *rus in urbe*, we saw the 'Washington and Warren Bank'-ing house, now a charming private residence, with the marks of refinement and taste in the proprietor prominently visible. There was no press about the door of the mansion as aforetime, nor heard we the slow jingling of 'desperate' small change in the apartments thereof. Presently we moved onward to Glen's-Falls. . . . '*The Husking-Frolic*' is filed for insertion in the autumn, when its appearance will be seasonable. We rather suspect we *have* 'attended husking-frolics!' At this moment, closing our eyes, we are *at* one in 'UNCLE BEN'S barn. The 'heap' has vanished; the floor is swept clear, save in one corner a huge pile of golden ears vari-sprinkled with red and 'brindled' ones; when

'HARK! there is music! — yes, flowing of music, of milk and of cider,
Dancing and drinking, the young and the old, the spectators and actors,
Never not actors the young, and the old not alway spectators.'

There were 'times' in those days; innocent times too, look you, as well as pleasant. But 'it 's a good while ago, now.' . . . ONE of the very best books of foreign travel that has been published since 'The American in Paris,' is '*Mrs. Kirkland's Holidays Abroad.*' It is lively, spirited, graphic, full of information, and that kind of information which is *interesting*. Good books sometimes disappear mysteriously from the sanctum; and this blessed twentieth day of June is the first time we have seen Mrs. KIRKLAND'S work since we read it, some six weeks ago. Step in, reader, at Messrs. BAKER AND SCRIBNER'S, near our publication-office, and secure an honest perusal of the work. . . . '*The First Gray Hair*' has just been pulled out of the 'editorial head' by a lovingly-mischievous little girl, who has stolen into the sanctum, her 'custom always of an afternoon,' to wake us from an after-dinner siesta. 'Did it *hurt*, fa-ver?' was

the question, accompanied by a bubbling-up musical laugh that brought us back from the land of dreams; 'did it hurt you? It 's all *white*, like gran'ma's.' 'Ah! no, dear child, there was no 'hurt,' but it 'does hurt our feelings' a little to think, that like the first leaf from the autumnal tree, that single white hair shall in coming time find many and rapid successors. Well, let 'em come! They can't deprive us of the consciousness that we 've '*seen* the time when we were as good as ever we were!' Meanwhile, let us say, in the words of an esteemed friend — with whom this day week we 'parted on the strand,' and who is now tossing on the 'great and wide sea, wherein are innumerable creeping things, both small and great beasts'— let us say with him:

'Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly,
I sigh not over vanished years,
But let them hasten by.

'See how they come! — a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

'Oh, leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay,
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day.

'The months that touch with added grace
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see.'

'This merely personal twaddling must be very edifying to your readers!!' Thus has written a familiar friend, (a little *too* familiar, sometimes, if the truth must be spoken,) on the 'copy' slip upon which this is penned, and under the lines above quoted, what time we were 'fetching a walk' with the little people 'down by the river-side.' He may be right, however; and if he had n't put those two satirical exclamation-points ('marks of wonder and surprise,' as 'oh! the folly of sinners!' or editors!) at the end of his commentary, we might have suppressed the sub-section. But *now*, 'what is written remains.' . . . 'Glen's Falls' should be more widely known than we have reason to believe it to be. We left the coach and hastened down to see the transparent-brown Hudson pour over the huge rocks, and dash under the long bridge; a sight well worth a journey to see. In impetuosity, in the variety of its rapids and cataracts, and in picturesqueness, Glen's Falls, to our conception, far surpass those of Trenton. The scene, too, is full of romantic association; a fact of which every reader (and that means every body) of Cooper's 'Last of the Mohicans' need not be informed. There is a street-sign also of an oyster-stand and some runaway-cars at Glen's Falls, that is well worth seeing. We have examined many fine works of art in our time, but nothing that could *compare* with that! We would advise the artist to send it to our Art-Union, but we candidly believe they would n't *dare* to hang it on their walls. It would n't contrast well with the other pictures already purchased. . . . We know of no one man so well qualified to write the history of '*The Border Warfare of New-York during the Revolution*' as our friend, Hon. William W. Campbell. We have ourselves stood with him, at the home of his childhood, upon ground made forever memorable by the bloody events of Indian warfare, and have heard him relate, on the very spot where they occurred, the incidents connected with the capture and abduction, by the savages, of his own grandmother. Indeed, of the sanguinary border warfare of Tryon county, our author's family may well say, 'Most of it we saw, part of it we were.' We welcome, therefore, we need scarcely say, the volume entitled as above, now lying before us, from the press of Messrs. Baker and Scribner, and commend it cordially to a wide public acceptance. . . . A new (would-be) correspondent sends us some '*Lines while indisposed at Rome.*' It was Rome, Oneida county, reader, not the Eternal City! And his illness — 'what 'xpect it was?' *Sea-sickness on the canal!* — and his poetry is in keeping with this fact! As Captain Ed'ard Cuttle would say, 'What a brain,

what a mind he must have!' . . . WILL our friend R. H., of Belleville, Illinois, permit us cordially to thank him for his kind exertions in behalf of this Magazine? Would that we had a thousand such disinterested friends! The truth is, that nearly every one of our subscribers could add *another one* to our list, if he would *try*. WILL you try, gentlemen, friends, for the sake of one who, melting with fervent heat, 'invades the night-watches' with this little 'hint?' So shall the KNICKERBOCKER be made more abundantly worthy of your acceptance. . . . As Mr. ELLIS' pleasant post-coach approaches on the plank-road the mountain-'notch,' through which you are to 'debouch' upon Lake George, you 'do agnize a prompt alacrity,' a kind of juicy feeling about the heart, which it is quite impossible to describe, and which you would not willingly part withal. The cool bracing mountain air; the distant view of the Adirondacks, so admirably daguerreotyped by HEADLEY; the far-off Green Mountains, and the tumbling highlands in the blue distance before you, which you feel *must* surround Lake George; *these* are the secret of your emotions; when lo! by a single reverse of the kaleidoscopic-glass, a single turn in the mountain road, the scene is before you; the crystal waters of the lake — O beautiful Lake Horicon! — the mountains resting in the blue distance upon its bosom, as if so many up-rolling smothered smoke-volumes in a great conflagration had suddenly been congealed while their intermingled folds were in motion; the white 'Lake House' gleaming among the trees where it nestles in comfort and beauty; and beyond it the little village church, county edifices, and dwellings of the few villagers. But we have alighted, and are now luxuriously bestowed at SHERRILL'S, of whom, and whose, 'more anon.' . . . THE HARPERS have published, from the pen of a brother of THOMAS CARLYLE, a prose translation of '*Dante's Inferno*,' side by side with the original text, collated from the best editions. The translator claims to have given the real meaning of DANTE as literally and briefly as possible; 'no single particle having been wittingly left unpresented in it for which any equivalent could be discovered.' It is doubtless a close and 'warm' version of a hot poem, the principal scene of which is laid in a very hot place. The portrait of DANTE which fronts the title-page is a very fine one. Examine it:

> 'SEE from that counterfeit of him
> Whom Arno shall remember long,
> How stern of lineament, how grim
> The father was of 'Tuscan song.'

—

SOME of our readers will remember a capital French story, from the pen of an esteemed friend, which appeared three or four years since in these pages, entitled '*Ganguernez, the Capital Joker.*' Some such a wag it was who startled every body on the deck of the 'JOHN MASON' steamer the other day, on her way from Albany to Troy, with the inquiry, in a loud nasal tone: 'Hear of that dreadful accident to-day aboard the Greenbush hoss-boat?' 'No!' exclaimed half a dozen by-standers at once; 'no! — what was it?' 'Wal, they was tellin' of it down to the dee-pot; and nigh as I can cal'late, the hoss-boat had got within abeout two rod of the wharf, when the larboard-hoss bu'st a flue; carryin' away her stern, unshippin' her rudder, and scaldin' more 'n a dozen passengers! I do n't know as there is any truth into it; praps 't aint so; but any way, that 's the *story*.' The narrator was less successful, according to his own account, with a rather practical joke which he undertook to play upon a Yankee townsman of his, a week or two before, in New-York. 'He never liked me much, 'xpect,' said he, 'nor I did n't him, nuther. And I was a-walkin' along Pearl

street in 'York, sellin' some o' these little notions 'at you see here, (a 'buck-wheat fanning-mill,' a 'rotary-sieve' to sift 'apple-sauce,' etc.,) when I see him a-buyin' some counter-goods in a store. So I went in and hail'd him: 'Says I, right off, jest as if I'd seen him a-doin' the same thing a dozen times 'afore that mornin', says I, 'Won't they trust you *here*, nuther?' Thunder! you never *see* a man so riled. He looked right straight at me, and was 'een-almost *white*, he was so mad. The clerks laffed, they did — but *he* did n't, I guess. 'I want to *see* you a minute!' says he, pooty solemn, and comin' toward the door. I went; and just as soon as I got on to the gridiron-steps he kicked me! *I* did n't care — not *much* then; but if his geese do n't have the Shatick cholera when I get home, 'you can take *my* hat,' as they say in 'York. I was doin' the merchant he was tryin' to buy calicoes on a good turn, any how; for I 'xpect he was goin' to get 'em on trust, and I know'd he was an all-*mighty* shirk. I ruther guess he did n't *get* 'em, but I do n't know — not sartain.' . . . A CLEVER occasional correspondent sends us some pleasant readings in rhyme, under the title of '*Transcriptions from the Wrappers of Proof-sheets sent to a Connecticut Poetess*,' whom it is not difficult to divine may be MRS. SIGOURNEY. We present a few stanzas, all for which we have space, as a 'sample' of the entire production:

'WHERE the flints are made of horn,
There, oh! there let me be borne:
A precious roll of thought delicious
Is snugly hid herein:
Let 'Uncle SAM' now be officious,
And forward it with speed propitious,
And he shall have 'the tin.'

'Gentle post-man, if you know
Where the 'wooden nutmegs' grow,
That's the very place, I trow,
Where this proof-sheet is to go.
Swift as a glance from a lover's eye,
When the girl of his heart is beaming nigh,
Fly, thou steam-wing'd hippogriff, fly!'

The substratum of the lines whence the above are segregated is somewhat thin: a large piece of bread is covered with a small piece of butter. Our correspondent has done much better, and he has the ability, we must believe, to accomplish more than he has ever yet attempted. . . . 'FOUR merry men I trow were we,' who on as bright a forenoon as ever 'shon' (as the player-people pronounce it,) upon the world, went a-fishing upon the translucent waters of Lake George. The mountains resting in the distance upon the calm bosom of the lake were braided together in light and shadow, like those thunderous clouds of 'cumuli' that roll up in the west, toward the close of a sultry day in summer. Some two miles up, in a picturesque bay, we dropped anchor, baited our hooks, and with 'bated breath' cast our lines in pleasant places into the water, and waited for the luck that should be vouchsafed us. And it *was* luck! Scores of Oswego bass, sweet perch, and an occasional trout, attested the efficiency of our efforts to 'lure the finny prey.' Lure? By 'r lady, *not* 'lure;' for albeit the water was some twenty-five feet deep, we could see every fish in the neighborhood of our lines, and if they had looked up they might have seen us. We scorned any thing like an ambush, but selected our friends, and placing our hooks at their noses, left them as 'free moral agents' to dispose of the bait. Now it came to pass that while 'Old KNICK' was standing up at the prow of the sail-boat, watching far down in the crystal flood a big bass coquetting with his seductive hook, holding left handwise in the mean time by a loosened sail, the jib-halliard gave way, and the liberated

sheet came down 'by the run;' and with it, and over the side of the boat, the affrighted jotter-down hereof! Oh, how deep, how clear, how fearful, looked at that instant the matchless waters of the Horicon! 'I sink in deep waters, and the floods overwhelm me!' exclaims the psalmist; and even in that fearful moment, holding by the convulsive grasp of a single hand the gradually-yielding sail, the sacred passage came to mind. Thanks to the alertness of friends, who hastened to the rescue, 'the undersigned' was picked up, 'whiter than a sheeted ghost'—so they said. 'T was LINUS the skipper's fault. He was thinking over his experience in General TAYLOR's column in Mexico, and forgot to secure the 'jib-halliard.' Always fasten the 'jib-halliard,' or something of that sort, as near as we can recollect. . . . OH, dictionary! (to make use of a profane expression,') what does our Boudoin correspondent mean by putting so many hard words into his algebraical and trigonometrical '*Thoughts on the Planetary System?*' We began to experience a sort of mental dyspepsia before we had read the first three pages of his manuscript. What *is* our correspondent?—a sophomore student, or a dictionary-compiler, that he does n't feel, with DRYDEN, that 'it needs all we know to make things *plain?*' We have come to the conclusion that he is a 'planeticose and exallotriote spirit:' he *must* be! One or two of his longest words look a little like those employed in the bill of an illiterate livery-stable keeper, being a charge for a horse for a day, and for bringing him back to the stables: '*Anorsforada*,' two dollars: '*Agitinonimome*,' fifty cents! 'PHILO LE VERRIER,' (modest signature that!) has a writer within perhaps a stone's throw of him, an occasional anonymous contributor to these pages, who could teach him the value of what he himself exemplifies; combined force and simplicity in literary composition. . . . SITTING in the little church near the 'Lake House,' Lake George, to-day, with congenial friends, we were taken back, on the wings of memory, to the days and the scenes of our boyhood. We were once more at the old homestead, once again at the old country-church; for here were the high-back'd pews, of the native color of the wood; the pulpit without adornment; the jack-knife initials of boys, carried about by no 'wind of doctrine' heard at conventicle, but contrariwise, full of the very 'old Scratch' during sermon-time; nay, here were the very psalm-and-hymn books, in the 'dientical' sheepskin-binding of yore. But no Mother came into that homely pew with us, unfolding from around her fan the sweet-smelling white handkerchief, redolent of the aroma of dried orange-peel, that scented the very drawer whence it was taken, and taking thence sprigs of fragrant 'caraway' and 'fennel' to give to her little twin-boys; no Brother sat there, with his young heart even then full of unuttered and unwritten poetry, as he looked through an open window upon the green contented fields of summer, or surveyed on the fan the fair pictured damsel in vermillion robes and blue hat, assisting a little boy, in bright yellow round-about and white sailor-trowsers, to fly a scarlet kite with a green tail. All these associations were of the Past:

> 'OH, TIME! how in thy rapid flight
> Do all Life's phantoms flit away:
> The smile of hope, and young delight,
> Fame's meteor-beam and fancy's ray!'

'Onward driveth Time, and in a little while our lips are dumb!' All things have their season, and ripen toward the grave; ripen, fall, and cease. But we are forgetting the little church and its services. After the usual offices of the day, the clergyman, pastor of a church in an adjoining town, arose. His manner, without pretence of oratory, was self-possessed and impressive. He spoke from these words,

which are to be found in the seventh chapter of PAUL'S First Epistle to the Corinthians:

'BUT this I say, brethren, *the time is short*: it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.'

We have seldom heard a more unpretending and yet effective discourse. The speaker rose at times to impassioned eloquence. We noted, as well worthy of remembrance, the following very felicitous illustration: 'Mark, upon the stump of that mighty tree which the woodman has fallen, those hundred concentric rings. Here we may read the history of its life, which each successive year has indelibly recorded. So does each successive year record upon the heart of man its history, in characters which shall endure forever! Every event, every thought, every act, has left its mark; and under the influence of these the heart has been insensibly hardening and growing callous to all influences for good, or it has been growing tender, and more susceptible to the gentle whisper of the Spirit of Truth.' 'The steps of the present,' said he elsewhere, in the continuation of his subject, 'are crumbling beneath us every moment; the foot-hold of the past is gone; the steps of the future tremble as we attempt to climb.' In the course of his observations touching the inculcation of the Apostle, 'Buy as though you possessed not,' he said: 'You may look out upon your broad lands, and count your heaps of gold and silver, and in the pride of your heart you may say '*These are mine!*' But GOD says: 'The silver and gold are MINE, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.' A very small space of your land will soon serve for your grave; a very small portion of your wealth will purchase your shroud and coffin. But of even *these* you cannot say, 'They are *mine*;' for even these 'corruption and the worm' shall seize upon, wasting your only inheritance; your own clay shall be mingled with the common dust.' We had the pleasure afterward to find, in the person of the speaker, the Rev. Mr. EASTMAN, a 'stated preacher' of Sandy-Hill, a distinguished scholar from the Vermont University, who, had he been earlier called, would certainly well have supplied the blessing so much desiderated by Mr. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, when he was leisurely counting out the pennies and sixpences in the Washington and Warren Bank. . . . 'IN the fashionable locality of Broadway,' writes Mr. ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, a recent English traveller in the United States, whose 'Tour' has lately appeared in London, 'I found STODART, the piano-forte maker, whose reputation here is equal to his uncle's in London, when he and the BROADWOODS had almost the monopoly of the trade.' This reminds us to say, that any one curious in such matters would find great interest in visiting *Adam Stodart's Piano-forte Manufactory*, occupying four large lots of ground in Tenth-street, near Sixth Avenue, with a backward wing seventy feet by thirty, and four stories in height. This, the most complete establishment of its kind in the United States, if not in the world, is the only manufactory where STODART'S pianos are made, he having no longer a partner in business. His sales-room is at 343, Broadway. A dozen or more piano-fortes are made every week at this manufactory, which for tone, durability, brilliancy and finish are pronounced by the best musical professors to be equal to any, and superior to most others, manufactured either here or in Europe. They are sold as fast as they can be manufactured — a sufficient evidence of their excellent quality. . . . THERE is a certain friend of ours, now in an upper drawer of one of the 'bureaus' at Washington, through a sensible piece of 'cabinet'-work by the present administration, whom we should like to have had alongside of us to-day,

under the flickering shadows of leafy trees, and amidst the sound of falling waters, on the banks of a wide, clear and rapid trout-stream that runs into Lake George. Ah, ha! rather better luck than we had in the Shinglekill:

> 'WHERE the stream ran dark and deep,
> And the gray trout lay asleep,'

and would n't bite. 'How oft-times' we thought of the difference! Under a small dam, a recent 'profane improvement,' the water rolling musically over in a thin sheet of silver, amidst dark olive-colored rocks, making and enclosing some twenty slowly revolving eddies, we dropped our 'red-hackle.' Eight noble trout, that were then disporting there, in ten minutes thereafter were on our birch 'string-stick;' and so all along down, almost to the lake. How the eyes of our companion, who had been whipping the stream above, and 'on t' other side,' glistened, when, toward our appointed place of rendezvous, we raised our string of painted beauties, gleaming in the sun, for his inspection! No drawing out, C——, at Lake George, other people's trout, surreptitiously 'hooked' and reëstablished in 's native element while the owner happens to be sleeping on a log, backed by a tree! Nobody has any 'inducement' to cut up such 'rusties' *there*. Comprehend the force of the observation? 'We name no parties.' . . . THERE is something very touching and beautiful in these '*Thoughts of a Dying Hebrew*,' addressed to his MAKER:

'I HAVE known THEE in the whirlwind,
I have known THEE on the hill,
I have loved THEE in the voice of bird,
Or the music of the rill;
I dreamed THEE in the shadow,
I saw THEE in the light.
I heard THEE in the thunder-peal,
And worshipped in the night;
All beauty, while it spoke of THEE,
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself
To hear THY 'still small voice.'
I have not felt myself a thing
Far from thy presence driven;
By flaming sword, or waving wing,
'Shut out from THEE and Heaven;
Must I the whirlwind reap, because
My fathers sowed the storm;
Or sink, because another sinned,
Beneath THY red right arm?
Oh! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown,
But I will not take my curse from MAN,
I turn to THEE alone!
Oh! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh! forgive,
And what is broken heal!
And cleanse my nature from above
In the deep Jordan of THY love!'

BY an argument based upon known facts in natural philosophy, in relation to the transmission of light, it has been established, in a work entitled '*The Earth and Stars*,' recently published in London, and exciting great attention there, that:

'ACCORDING to physical science, a person dying on this earth might by the CREATOR be immediately placed in a new body, on a distant world, in such a manner that *he might see with his own eyes the whole of his own past life!* Let the soul, for example, at death, be reembodied on a planet at such a distance that the light is seventy years in passing to it from our earth, and it is evident that the first ray which reaches it there left the earth seventy years before. That is, in its new body, it may see its own birth, youth, manhood and age, in its former body; review any scene in its past career; be present at the commission of past sins; see the youthful and innocent face becoming dark with bad passions, the clear eye dulled with polluting sins.' . . . 'At any period of our existence we may be made to behold again the commission of any past sin. A thousand years hence we have only to be placed on a star so distant that its light is a thousand years in coming to us, and the sin committed a thousand years ago is again present, again visible! The Past also may not only be recalled, but it may be *kept before our eyes*. If a ray of light travels at a certain rate, as we know it does, that is, about two hundred thousand miles in a second, we have only to move at the same rate to keep any transaction fixed before our eyes for any length of time. One may be in this way placed before his own evil deed, and his eye kept upon it, as a past *recalled, and rendered permanent!*'

'These speculations,' remarks '*The Christian Inquirer*' religious weekly journal, 'may seem fantastic and wild; if so, we have in them only the wildness of mathematics, the fantasy of scientific deduction. It is perfectly idle therefore to deny a future judgment from its supposed impossibility; when, without resorting to any help but a telescope and a ray of light, the most terrible of judgments may be shown to be

both metaphysically and physically possible.' . . . WORK on, work on! friend H——R, and 'be not discouraged.' You hold a facile pen; you have a fine fancy; you have no need to 'gloom' at any thing. Kick ENNUI out of your house; shun Misanthropy as you would a mad dog; and keep your writings before the public. Remember that

> 'To have done, is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery;
> For Time is like a fashionable host,
> That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
> And with his arms outstretch'd grasps in the comer.'

'This warning by the hand of KNICK.' is not to be lightly regarded; for 'these be *truths*, look you.' . . . UNAVOIDABLE absence from town prevented our attendance at *Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick's Concerts*, which we especially regret; since we hear on all sides of the great delight she afforded 'hosts of friends,' her old admirers, 'whose name is legion,' by her admirable execution. We shall have more to say of her performances hereafter. . . . HERE you are, metropolitan reader, sweltering amidst the fervors of the summer solstice, with the thermometer at ninety-five of FAHRENHEIT in the shade, when if you would only *start*, you would be at the 'Lake House,' Lake George, to-morrow, partaking of the enjoyments we have hereinbefore endeavored to describe to you. Apropos of the 'Lake House:' let us here pay our humble tribute to its rare and various merits. In the first place, it will be conceded that its situation could not be surpassed. Secondly, it has long had the reputation, which it richly deserves, of being one of the best-kept houses in the United States. Its dimensions are of the amplest order, so that its multitude of rooms, and suites of rooms, are large, airy and commodious; and then what glorious 'look-outs' they have! There was not a part of the establishment, from cellar to roof, into which we did not incontinently 'poke.' We saw the kitchen, neat as wax, and large enough to provide dinner for an army, and furnished with every possible convenience and 'improvement;' the dairy-room, full of bright milk-pans, the cream mantling thick upon them, and close by them piles of golden butter, yielded by their predecessors; the meat and fish 'departments;' the wine-vaults, full of the 'best brands;' all and every thing, we saw; and having seen, the secret of SHERRILL'S unequalled table 'stood revealed;' a table upon which 'fish, flesh and fowl' are daily laid, cooked in a style of unsurpassed excellence; a table laid in a cool, capacious Astor-House-like dining-room, sitting in which, over your luxurious breakfast, dinner or supper, (this last with *such* preserves!) you can look out, between the courses, upon the blue-green 'untrampled floor' of the lake, or the mountains swelling gracefully beyond; thus satisfying all 'the better senses' at one and the same moment. We wish, 'let us add in conclusion,' to record it as our judgment, and we do it for the benefit of our readers, that for ease of access; for perfect cleanliness, comfort, abundance, good cookery, courteous attendance; for the *freshness* of every thing presented, and a warm welcome, the 'Lake House' at Lake George has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. . . . THE piece entitled '*Reminiscence of Scenes at Tom's in Thames-street*, although well written, hardly strikes us as appropriate to our pages. 'Old BEN' must have been 'a character.' We remember his counterpart in the person of P——, the first ale-bibber we ever knew. He was an English saddler, in the country, with a 'jolly red nose,' bulbous as a short beet, and a wig with a bob-tail cue:

> 'WITH his ale-dropt hose,
> And his malmsey nose,'

and other marked features of slovenliness and dissipation, he reminded one continually of CHAUCER's description:

'THIS man so long hath bibbed ale,
He loves it more than his victayle;
Like to an horse he snorteth in his slepe,
Ne of his tayle behind he takes no kepe.'

WE believe there is a 'compensation' in the life of nearly every man in this world. Ruminating homeward through Hudson-street the other afternoon, in the neighborhood of Saint JOHN's Square, we encountered a stalwart young man, of eighteen or twenty, with his arm thrust through an iron cog-wheel, whose upper rim seemed deeply to indent his shoulder. His eyes were a dark hazel; his cheeks were flushed with the hue of health; the day was intensely hot; the perspiration streamed from his brow, beneath his broad straw hat; but he walked, notwithstanding his load, with an alert step. While we were nearing him, a splendid carriage, with richly-caparisoned blood-horses, rolled indolently by; and we could plainly read in his countenance, as he looked at the sumptuous vehicle, that he was contrasting his own condition with that of its more favored inmates. Ah! if he could but have known *all*, as we did! There was a helpless invalid for life on one seat of that carriage, who would have 'bestowed all her goods to feed the poor,' could she have been insured, for a single year, the health of the toiling artizan who was at that moment envying her condition. And on another seat was a man rich in 'worldly gear' who was a victim to misanthropy; who 'lieth down and riseth up in the bitterness of his spirit, and never eateth with pleasure.' There *is* a 'compensation,' even in this world. . . . 'PHILIP KEEHN, Number ninety, Main-street, by Mr. CUSHLIN's French boarding-house' advertises as follows, on the tenth of June 'instimo,' in the St. Louis, (Miss.) 'Republican.' It is apparent that he understands English only 'a few:'

'WANTED—A man of thirty-six years without wife, born in Germania, and been twelve years in France; wish occupation in one's house American, or French house where the English language is speak. He prefer in a store or bar-room as bar-keeper, or in the country to work in a flower garden; in a word, where he find good occation to perfect in the English language. If the gentleman had childrens, and desires that he give theirs lessons in the Germania or French language, practical and grammatical, he do it also, or in the flute. He can give good certificats of his conduct from Germania, France and the seventeen months that he is here in America: he read and write also English; but the speaken go not yet so good.'

Yaw; und oder de *writin'* 'go not yet so goot' n'ider ash 'd will py-und-py, Mynheer KEEHN. . . . THERE is a world of true philosophy in these fine lines of a Scottish poet. We took them the other evening, by permission of a fair lady-friend, from a volume of the songs of her native land, presented by her and our esteemed friend JOHN WILSON, Esq., the eminent Scottish vocalist:

'CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' calm and tranquil mind;
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith, an' ye 'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

''Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love, as whiles no doubt ye 've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow from your e'en,
Believe it 'for the best,' and trow there's gude in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dow.

'In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses a wee drap o' rain, to Nature parch'd and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.'

THERE is a triangular island in Lake George, which seems, while you are passing it in the steamer, to belong to the main land on the west. It is thickly wooded and

is about fifteen miles in length. The only resident upon its whole surface, and he is but a recent comer, is a solitary hermit, with a half-clearing of about an acre surrounding his log shanty. Here he devotes himself to agriculture and 'the fisheries,' on a small scale, and also, and mainly, to 'self-culture.' The island is full of all kinds of game; and one summer day, some four or five years ago, a party of huntsmen landed on the widest end of it, spread out so as to have their 'base-line' take in every thing before them, and yelling like a pack of wild devils, began their onward march. The animals, of course, preceded them, their limits every moment growing narrower and narrower; and it was a sight to see, 'they say,' when the herd broke cover on the narrow point of land that runs into the lake. There were two moose, three black bears, one 'woolly horse,' some twenty deer, seven panthers, two foxes, four gaunt wolves, one 'prock,' one 'guyanosa,' and a young Penobscot ice-breaker. When this rather 'mixed company' first stood revealed, there was a manifest coolness between them; but there was no time for the exhibition of animosity. The foe was behind them; they plunged into the lake; and presently fell an easy prey to the huntsmen. . . . These beautiful lines are from '*The Fatall Death of the Emperour of Graves*,' by Markham, a quaint English writer of the time of Elizabeth:

> 'The tungs of dying men
> Inforce attention like deep harmony:
> Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vaine,
> For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in paine.
> He, that no more must say, is listened more
> Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze:
> More are men's ends mark't than their lives before.
> The setting sun and musick at its close,
> As the last taste of sweet is sweetest tast,
> Writ in remembrance more than things long past.'

The trip down Lake George from the 'Lake House,' on a most glorious June morning, was an event not soon to be forgotten. No 'dissolving views' of Swiss or Alpine scenery, that we have ever beheld, exceed in beauty the scenery of Lake George, as it grows or fades upon the eye of the voyager. In one word, it is *indescribably* beautiful; and this 'nobody can deny' who has ever seen it. The white mist-lines lying in the early morning in strata midway up the mountains, now rolled above their tops in masses of 'cumuli,' such as it would have delighted the heart of our great painter Durand to have seen; billowy clouds, that reflected not the light, nor were yet transparencies through which the light was seen; but clouds that *rolled up light in their folds*, which it permeated and pervaded, producing effects beyond the utmost reach of human pencil. And gazing at these, the fairy mountains, the emerald isles, or watching the bald-eagle soar, or surveying in the clear depths below the finny tribe disporting, we reached too soon the precipice known as '*Roger's Slide*,' where that wily foe, as tradition relates, 'slode down on his haunches,' one wild winter day, and so escaped the 'bloudy salvages,' who were in hot pursuit. Presently we were ready to debark, at the foot of the lake, for 'old Ti.,' as in this region they term the classic Ticonderoga; lamenting only that our friend B——, with his facile and graphic pencil, had not been with us to share our enjoyment. . . . '*Stanzas to a Friend going to California*' not admissible. Very poor. The rough ends of the lines, halved and 'carried over to balance of account,' remind us of a stanza in a parody on the burial of Sir John Moore:

> 'We bore him home, and put him to bed,
> And told his wife and his daughter
> To give him, next morning, a couple of red
> Herring, with soda-water!'

What 'trials' soever the gold-seeker may encounter, he will be spared the infliction of his 'friend's lines.' By-the-by, whose capital imaginary letters from El Dorado are those in the '*Sunday Times*' weekly journal? They are replete with spirit and humor. . . . 'THANKS, and acceptance bounteous,' to the fair and graceful young bride, (so newly blessed as to start with a smile at each mention of her conjugal name, so unwonted to her ear) who, after contributing by her very presence to the 'silent delights' of our pleasant party at the 'Lake House,' preceded us down the lovely Horicon. Our agreeable 'antediluvian friend' brought us the welcome poetical 'Tribute' from the 'Traveller's Book' below; and most grateful was it, at such a time, to find ourselves so kindly and tastefully remembered by one whose own happiness was so well assured:

'THESE scenes divinely fair
Are fading from our view;
Our hearts the impress there
Shall keep forever new.

'The poet's heart will beat
With rapture at the sight;
The painter's eye shall glow
With pleasure and delight.'

These too were *our* thoughts, as reciprocating cordially the 'friendly sympathy' which dictated their transcription, we glided onward over the 'azure depths' of the 'Queen of Lakes.' . . . LONGFELLOW, in his late work, 'KAVANAGH,' mentions, as the reader will recollect, a boy who promised, if his mother would not punish him, that he would 'experience religion.' He should have fallen in, about that time, with a SIMON MAGUS, mentioned by '*The Christian Inquirer*' religious journal, who is now travelling through a certain county in New-England, offering to 'convert souls at two dollars a head!' His 'custom' however is somewhat limited, he having scandalized the zealots who sustained him, 'by conduct which showed that he had not quite emancipated himself from the carnal mind.' . . . THERE appears elsewhere in the present number, reader, the 'counterfeit presentment of two brothers,' twins; one of whom has 'fallen asleep,' but the other, by the blessing of Heaven, 'remains unto this present,' and for some fifteen years has variously chatted and gossipped with you in these pages. Aside from the great faithfulness of this recent picture, as a double-likeness, we hope it will not be considered amiss for us to say, that neither painter nor engraver, both of whom, by universal concession, 'lead the van' in their separate professions, have ever exceeded the late example of their united skill which is herewith laid before you. . . . SHOULD you visit Lake-George, town-reader, observe you this *modus-operandi:* Leave New-York in the evening, in the 'NEWTON' or 'TROY;' both superb steamers, with excellent captains, and most kind and attentive second officers; be in Troy at COLEMAN'S popular 'Troy-House' for breakfast — one of *his* breakfasts; then, over a firm rail-road, under the careful supervision of Mr. SARGENT, to Saratoga; from which, if you *can* get away, take the Saratoga and Whitehall rail-cars for Fort-Edward; a trip which will prove doubly fruitful of interest and instruction, if, as in our case, the present avocations of Mr. DAVISON, the President, or of Mr. VAN RENSSELAER, the superintendent, should make them fellow-passengers with you; and at or near Fort-Edward carriages on the new plank-road will convey you, through Sandy-Hill, Glen's-Falls and 'The Notch,' to the 'Lake House' at Lake George; where, if there should be time before dinner, our friend GALE, the careful skipper, may perhaps give you a sail in his triumphant little yacht, in the naming of which you will see that he has done us an undeserved but a gratefully-appreciated honor. . . . ☞ FIVE pages, containing notices of ten new works, and a variety of 'Gossip,' including other 'incidents of travel' in our trip northward, although in type, are necessarily postponed until our next.

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From the original picture by C. F. KIÖRBOE, Esq. Engraved in the highest style of Mezzotint, by Mr. T. W. Davey. Dimensions, exclusive of margin, 24 inches by 31 inches.

A Newfoundland dog, surrounded by the advancing waters of an inundation, has got on the top of her kennel. One of the pups has reached the mother, under whom she crouches with a moving expression of fear; another is making an effort to climb up beside them; and a third, at a little distance, is striving against the stream. The greatest alarm and terror are evinced by the whole group; but the dog, one of the finest specimens of this noble animal, feeling it impossible to escape, being chained down, is howling in piteous despair. Afar off is seen an inundated village, from which a small boat is advancing through the raging flood, hastening to the rescue.

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

We have read the volume with profit and delight. We cannot adequately express our thankfulness to God for such a testimony to the value of the Sabbath. The sketch of the author's life is modestly written, and is replete with good sense, and with excellent practical suggestions to Christian parents. The essay on the value of the Sabbath is well adapted for the end proposed. It should be widely circulated among the working classes and their employers. On the particular topic of which it treats, we consider it superior to any essay within our knowledge, and even to the excellent compilations which constitute the series of "Sabbath Manuals." It is written from experience. Were it not for hindering the sale of Mr. Hueston's beautiful volume, we should republish it entire.—*Independent.*

It is a book to be read and admired, both for the circumstances of the author, her touching and instructive "Sketch," and the forcible illustration which she gives of the beauty and sweetness of a filial, fireside, Sabbath-keeping piety.—*Boston Reporter.*

This beautiful reprint of a work which has excited great attention in England, we should have noticed before. It is, as it purports to be, a defence of the Sabbath, written by a laborer's child, whose main instruction was received on the day for whose observance she so touchingly and eloquently pleads. It is written in a remarkably pure and graceful style, and the arguments and considerations which it adduces in behalf of the Sabbath, are original and striking. Its circulation, particularly among the young of the writer's sex, would do incalculable good. The prefatory sketch of the writer's life is very interesting. We should think the friends of the Sabbath would do a good service, by procuring them in quantities for gratuitous circulation.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The essay is excellent; written with perspicuity and graceful ease; and it treats the subject in a manner worthy, in point of force and truthfulness, of a mind more practised than the author's, in the science of composition.—*South-western Baptist Chronicle.*

This beautiful volume is a reprint of an English edition, which has had a large circulation in Great Britain. We understand it has done "good service" there, in promoting the better observance of the Sabbath by the working classes. May its career through the United States be equally useful.—*Christian Alliance and Visiter.*

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The history of this book is interesting. Towards the close of last year, a gentleman in Scotland, (John Henderson, Esq., of Glasgow, we believe,) proposed some prizes for the best essays on the Sabbath, especially as an institution for the laboring man, and his best earthly inheritance, and invited laboring men to become competitors. In the course of the first three months of the present year, no less than nine hundred and fifty such essays, written by working men, were presented, many of them possessing great merit. One of the best was offered by a young woman, the daughter of a laborer,—as was ascertained when the envelop which accompanied it was opened. Although she merited a prize, she could not receive it, because, by the terms, these essays were to be furnished by men. Nevertheless, a handsome reward was paid her, and the book, dedicated to the Queen, was published in beautiful style, and has had a wide and well-deserved circulation in Great Britain. May it find the same in this country.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXIV. AUGUST, 1849. No. 2.

Living Pulpit Orators.

THE REVEREND DANIEL SHARP, D. D.

CHRISTIAN DIGNITY.

It is not the most common thing in this age to meet with men in the pulpit who know how to be serious without severity, simple without insipidity, humble though dignified, at once firm and modest, courteous without fawning and without affectation, full of energy and grace. Such an instance, however, we deem the experienced and beloved pastor of the Charles-street Baptist church in Boston. In him, face and figure, mental traits and moral character, unite whatever we have conceived of manly and ministerial worth, equally poised between ignoble vacillation and arrogant self-esteem.

We think that in this divine there is a rare combination of dignity, simplicity and practicalness, which attributes, as they are habitually employed by him in sacred functions, produce and exemplify permanent power. We will briefly develop these several points.

In the first place, Dr. SHARP is by nature uncommonly dignified in character and appearance. This is not something put on, but is inherent in every faculty of his mind, and in every fibre of his body; it is 'part and parcel' of his nature, has 'grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength.' GOD made him a perpendicular gentleman, of the noblest class, and we never expect to see him voluntarily assume, in any sense, the air and attitude of a curved and sycophantic charlatan. But Dr. Sharp's dignity is not stiffness. Trees the most inflexible are generally hollow, so that their stubbornness results mainly from the want of heart. Such do not represent our friend. The mantle which invests him as a prophet covers no cold and apathetic spirit, indifferent to popular aspirations and unprompted

to great and redeeming deeds. There is doubtless much in the old Hebrew prophets that is exceedingly beautiful; many portraitures drawn with a powerful hand, many denunciations fitting to arrest the attention of the unthinking and alarm the careless. Every thing that can arouse the feelings, terrify the imagination, or startle the torpid conscience, is marshalled by them in rapid and formidable array. But this resulted not from an arrogant or hollow profession; it was the product and proof of a powerful possession. There were heart and soul in them. All adventitious circumstances and acquired resources would have been of little avail, had not each one, with a live coal on his lips, symbol of the flames within, been himself the most powerful of prophecies. What is a minister at GOD'S altar good for, if he is not the living example, the manhood, the mighty individuality of his race, that goes forth conquering and to conquer?

Dr. Sharp is dignified, but not with that sleek and pompous 'animality' that limits its entire activity to the satisfaction of selfish desires, and never acts strenuously save to obtrude itself upon the magnanimous to wound their sensibilities and oppress their rights. It is rather of that stamp which leads the unconstrained contemplator to feel himself elevated by what is noble, warmed by the presence of the heroic, charmed and made happy by the sight of purity and loveliness. In him, as in the majestic marbles of Greece, there is a severe and dignified grandeur, attained without affected sentiment or arrogant display. It is the simple reflection of native integrity and the lucid excellence of unostentatious worth, verifying the saying that 'a great river, in its ordinary state, is equal to a small one when swollen into a torrent.' Accessible to all, and dictatorial to none, the conscious possession, and yet extremely modest exercise of this grand quality, impels him to say to every young man through his example, if not by more direct paternal advice:

> 'Be grave, be majesty thy constant aim,
> That majesty, that grace so rarely given
> To mortal man, nor taught by art but Heaven.'

Simplicity is another trait intimately connected with dignity in the mind and demeanor of Dr. Sharp. His language and intention are both clear, and flow in the same channel; there is no cant or equivocation, one current passing through regions of holiness, harmony, and frank joy, the other along the hidden districts of pretension, falsehood and hypocrisy. He seems to have gathered from the descriptions of the Apocalypse, and other similar sources, the idea that it is not dissembling but plain, honest living, purity of intent and not fickle protestations, that fit a soul for a place in heaven; as the river of the water of life, that proceeds out of the throne of the LAMB, is clear as crystal, and the pavement of the city is pure gold, like unto clear glass. Such characters are not only luminous, but forcible; they are well lighted throughout, and armed even in their left hands, because they are fitly symbolized by the lamp of fire within the earthern pitcher.

To dignity and simplicity, as prominent traits in the character of Dr. Sharp, practicalness is associated and indissolubly allied. Dean

Young, whose son wrote the Night Thoughts, observes: 'There is often times a prodigious distance betwixt a man's head and his heart; such a distance, that they seem not to have any correspondence; not to belong to the same person, nor to converse in the same world. Our heads are sometimes in heaven, contemplating the nature of God, the blessedness of saints, the state of eternity, while our hearts are held captive below, in a conversation earthly, sensual, devilish. 'T is possible we may sometimes commend Virtue convincingly, unanswerably; and yet our own hearts be never affected by our own arguments; we may represent Vice in her native dress of horror, and yet our hearts be not at all startled with their own menaces. We may study and acquaint ourselves with all the truths of religion, and yet all this out of curiosity, or hypocrisy, or ostentation; not out of the power of godliness, or the serious purpose of good living. All which is a sufficient proof that the consent of the head and of the heart are two different things.' This sort of divorcement of practical common sense from dogmatical theology, every way inimical to spiritual progress and a beneficent life, has in all ages but too much characterized the instructions of the pulpit. Why were quadrupeds and birds the only animals brought to Adam to receive their names from him? Was Jesus Christ, between his death and resurrection, what he had been before his death and after his resurrection? Was his glorified body seated or standing in heaven? Was his body, which is eaten in the eucharist, naked or clothed? These questions are by no means so absurd as many others that might be adduced from musty tomes of defunct polemics, but concerning which the practical preacher now under consideration is little disposed to trouble himself or others. It is more in harmony with his moral constitution and matured convictions to believe that, 'The religion which is to open heaven in the human heart is as far away from heated bigotry as from the lowness of a worldly temper. To breathe warmth into the cold, generous piety into the abject and servile, honorable views of God and man into the dejected, timid and superstitious, should be my end. Let me live to exhibit the paternal character of God, the quickening influence of his Spirit, his willingness to raise us to perfection, the glorious capacities and destination of man, the filial nature of religion, the beauty of benevolence, of self-denial and suffering in a generous cause, the union formed by a spirit of humanity between God and the soul, the joy of high moral sentiment, the possibility of attaining to sublime greatness of character and habitual largeness of sentiment and action. Men are to be regenerated not so much by a sense of the blessedness of goodness in the abstract, as by coming to understand that disinterestedness, that union with God and his whole spiritual family, in which goodness consists. The glory and nobleness of a soul self-surrendered to God, joined to him in purposes of beneficence, swallowed up in a pure, overflowing love, must be made manifest.'

By Dr. Sharp, the pulpit is regarded as the grandest sphere of intellectual action on earth. He ever seems to enter it sensible of its exalted and solemn trusts, conscious that he has thereby assumed

responsibilities which infinitely transcend in importance those connected with any other station or pursuit. This leads him also to feel that there is no domain of knowledge, however ample or profound, that should not be explored, and no power of the mind, however lofty and powerful, that should not be tasked to the utmost in order properly to discharge functions so urgent in their requisitions and so fearful in their results. Relying primarily on Divine influence, exercised through human industry, he copiously diffuses the lessons of practical godliness among his fellow men, that he may instrumentally renovate their spirits, reform their morals, and conduct them to infinite bliss. Holiness he understands to be profound and intense communion with GOD, and the manifestation in our daily actions of GOD'S purposes and attributes. Man in this way partakes of the divine nature, not by keeping his feelings in a state of ceaseless excitement, but by causing his entire nature to unfold itself harmoniously, at the same time becoming divinely transformed in answer to prayer, and by the energies of heavenly grace. Differing widely from some of the fundamental views in theology held by the late Dr. Channing, he would yet concur with him, doubtless, in the following sentiments: 'Are we not to aim chiefly at calling forth in men a consciousness of their capacity for embracing GOD and the universe in a pure love; a love unfolding without limit in strength and vastness? Is not this perfection of soul to be brought before men as a great reality? Are they not to be taught to see the germs of it in the common affections which move them, in the moral principle, and above all, in their capacity of communion with the Infinite Fountain of all goodness, joy, beauty, life? Is it not the main design of Christianity to give a revelation of this love as the END of man, and as GOD'S ever-fresh inspiration? Is not the world within thus to be laid open, and the spiritual glory of which all outward splendor is the faint emblem made clear, until men are taught to feel a divine joy in their own nature? Should not the great aim be to awaken the consciousness of the greatness of the soul, and a reverence for the moral element in man as an emanation from the Infinite Being, as GOD'S image, voice, life within us? He who would promote this great reformation, for which the religious world is now ready, should live with a vivid, absorbing comprehension of the Divine Life. It should each day revive him, be a perpetual light to him, determine his views of society, and give a tone to every word and action.

'A new voice is needed, a voice of the deepest, calmest, most quickening conviction, in which the whole soul speaks, in which every affection and faculty is concentrated. The divinity of goodness must burn within us; must awaken all our sensibility, call the whole being into action, come forth irresistibly as from an exhaustless, overflowing fountain; must give to the voice a penetrating power, and infuse through the whole manner an inspiring animation. What is this new spirit which is striving to utter itself, to give a new manifestation of the soul in individuals, a new form to society, and to awaken enthusiasm in overcoming evil? The knowledge of the Perfect GOD as Infinite Goodness, Infinite Energy of Good-Will, All-communicating,

All-inspiring Love; is not this the great truth? Must not religion be presented habitually as such an exercise of the moral power in pure, enlarging charity as will bring us within the near and constant influence of Infinite Goodness, till the whole being is penetrated with this spirit of disinterestedness, and filled with trust, gratitude, sympathy, hope, joyful coöperation? Philanthropy, a noble, victorious benevolence, like that of CHRIST, is to be the great end; not a precise, defined virtue, but an expansive, ever-enlarging action of goodness. And this love must not be vague, abstract, spiritual merely, but wise, practical, specific, efficient, just, tender, vigorous, in all relations; of home, of friendship, of society at large, of patriotism, of humanity.'

We have spoken of three prominent characteristics in Dr. Sharp, his dignity, simplicity and practicalness. We proceed, fourthly, to remark that these attributes, in their combined action and habitual use by him, produce and exemplify permanent power.

He possesses the happy art of animating and dignifying his subject with intellectual grandeur, of impressing upon it the air of philosophic wisdom and celestial virtue. His style is imbued with that dignity which is produced by independent reflection and the free play of a self-relying mind. From man he seeks no homage, and will pay none when it is exacted by either craft or force. He is religiously resolved to

> 'LAUGH at danger far or near:
> Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear;
> Still with persevering might,
> Speak the truth, and do the right!'

The character of this divine was strikingly exemplified by another of the same name long time ago. We refer to Doctor, afterward Archbishop Sharp, when he was Rector of St. Giles, London. He was compelled by conscientious duty to resist the king, and the still more infamous tyrant, Lord Chancellor Jeffries. The history of the interview is as follows:

'In the year 1686, Dr. Sharp preached a sermon wherein he drew some conclusions against the Church of Rome, to show the vanity of her pretensions in engrossing the name of Catholic to herself. The sermon was complained of to James II., and the Lord Chancellor Jeffries was directed to send for the preacher, and acquaint him with the King's displeasure. Dr. Sharp according waited upon his Lordship with the notes of his sermon, and read it over to him. Whether,' says his son, 'the Doctor did this for his own justification, and to satisfy his Lordship that he had been misrepresented, or whether my Lord ordered him to bring his sermon and repeat it before him, is not certain; but the latter seems most probable: because Dr. Sharp afterward understood that his lordship's design in sending for him and discoursing with him, was, that he might tell the King that he had reprimanded the Doctor, and that he was sorry for having given occasion of offence to his Majesty, hoping by this means to release Dr. Sharp from any farther trouble. However it was, his lordship took upon him, while the Doctor was reading over his sermon, to chide him for several passages which the Doctor thought gave no occasion

for chiding; and he desired his lordship when he objected to these less obnoxious passages, to be patient, for there was a great deal worse yet to come.'

It is added that the sermon was nevertheless a good sermon, as temperate as it was properly timed. This instance of fidelity to righteous principle was one of the most important in English history; for that sermon gave rise to the ecclesiastical commission, which, in its consequences, produced within two years, the revolution.

The wisest of ancient legislators, laying the foundations of the state in religion and virtue, believed it was better that 'the halls should not be filled with legal tablets, but the soul with the image of righteousness.' They sought to elicit and fortify in every citizen a lively sense of appropriate self-respect, and to guard him by this feeling, not by force or fear, against all ignoble deeds. Our doctor is of the same way of thinking. He believes that 'the plains are everlasting as the hills;' and that each order of human society is equally essential to the accomplishment of the Creator's infinite designs, but that no rank or individual should be abandoned to ignorance and vice. The only levelling system he regards with complacency is that which aims to excite intellectual action in every mind, and which raises all to the highest possible attainments of wisdom and moral worth. He has no desire to see such a dead and uniform level as the ploughshare that overthrew Jerusalem, produced; when down went the streets and market-places, palaces and hovels, the temple of the Lord and the hut of the beggar, all levelled in one undistinguished mass, prone in the dirt, and no more valuable. It is not brutal force of any kind that he would see predominant, but the golden words and conservative influence of the wise, bursting every fetter and ennobling every mind. He would have all men become Christians indeed, coöperators for mutual good; as in the original enterprises of religion, the Apostle exhorted those whom he addressed to become 'fellow-workers with Christ,' in achieving the salvation of the world. The whole life of this distinguished preacher has been a perpetual commentary on the distich:

> 'Shun all excess; and with true wisdom deem,
> That vice alike resides in each extreme.'

Let us here glance a moment more particularly at the person, the manner, and the professional influence of Dr. Sharp.

Though evidently far advanced in life, he yet stands erect and tall, elastic and energetic, with all the evidences of strong and unimpaired vitality about him. His cheek, though worn, has the bright hues of health upon it; and though his head is approaching baldness, showing that time has snowed many years thereon, the vivacity of his eyes, that shoot their light from beneath somewhat shaggy brows, exhibit a mind whose faculties, all matured as they are, still glow with inextinguishable flames. He has lived a sufficient number of days on earth to feel something of their weariness, and to profit much by their instruction; but not enough to exhaust his genius or amiability, which remain entire and abundantly efflorescent. Bossuet and Milton were both fifty-nine when they composed their most eloquent master-pieces.

The author of 'Paradise Lost' had little occasion to complain of being frozen with age while depicting the love of Adam and Eve. The Bishop of Meaux pronounced the funeral oration of the Queen of England in 1669, the same year that the persecuted bard gave his receipt for the second five pounds paid for his poem. Yet Milton was young to his latest breath; and Bossuet, with what youthful fire does he speak of his gray hair!

The powers of Dr. Sharp as a preacher have for a long time been of a very high order. Many congregations, like students at a public school, are induced to listen to religious instruction as if it were only a part of the mere routine of their ordinary occupations. But not so with those who have worshipped in the Charles-street Church for the last thirty-five years. When their pastor ascends the pulpit he is wont to fix every eye and ear in earnest attention. His command of clear and lofty diction; his chaste but forcible delivery; the noble port he instinctively assumes, as the herald of intelligence from Heaven; and more than any thing else, the profound conviction which he manifestly entertains of the truth of the doctrines which he interprets, and the respectful strenuousness of his adjuration in calling men's hearts to GOD, together with the latent consciousness in every hearer of the personal worth and professional integrity of the speaker, give him every title to be regarded as an orator of the first class. He unites in himself an uncommon measure of independence and courtesy, rugged power and calm serenity:

> 'WHILE Genius, Practice, Contemplation join,
> To warm his soul with energy divine.'

In the structure of his discourses Dr. Sharp is neither profound beyond human comprehension, nor prolix beyond reasonable endurance. He does not emulate those who are described by an old preacher in the following words: 'As some mathematicians deal so much in Jacob's staff that they forget Jacob's ladder, so some physicians (GOD decrease the number!) are so deep naturalists that they are very shallow Christians. With us, Grace waits at the heels of Nature, and they dive so deep into the secrets of philosophy that they never look up to the mysteries of Divinity.' Avoiding this fault, he as little deserves to have it said of him that 'he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.' He does not set out at the beginning of each sermon as if he had a journey to perform from Dan to Beersheba, halting occasionally to expatiate on the same points in every doctrine of his creed, tracing minutely the progress of Noah's ark, and all the well-known circumstances of the downfall of the tower of Babel, together with an apt exemplification of the confusion of tongues consequent thereon. Evidently, the thin integument that divides great wits from another class is not wanting in his brain. 'A very great scholar,' is quoted by Dr. Eachard as saying, 'that such preaching as is usual is a hindrance of salvation rather than the means of it.' It is certain he did not refer to this distinguished American divine, who himself says, with Luther, 'I would not have preachers torment their hearers and

detain them with long and tedious preaching.' A man may possess great learning, doctrines the most orthodox, and a large measure of sense the most sound, and yet be without the talent of arranging clearly and expressing forcibly his thoughts in a written or extemporaneous discourse; in that case his preaching, as an old writer has said in serious jest, which was designed for edification, turns to *te*dification. Such persons are not harmless, while they are tedious; since though they elicit no life, they unfortunately torpify the understanding with a fatal chill, which is sure to descend to more vital regions. The great and good Jeremy Taylor felt compelled to say of some devotional books, that 'they are in a large degree the occasion of so great indevotion as prevails among the generality of nominal Christians, being,' he continues, 'represented naked in the conclusions of spiritual life, without or art or learning; and made apt for persons who can do nothing but believe and love, not for them that can consider and love.' This applies much more forcibly to stupid, boisterous declamation in the pulpit than to vapid manuals of devotion; the book may be thrown aside if it is uncongenial to the taste, and offensive to the judgment of the reader, but the tasteless and thoughtless sermon is a positive infliction upon the helpless hearer which he cannot politely escape.

Oratory in its truest and greatest power has its foundations in our common nature. The father of our race and judge of our souls designed not only that ideas should be conveyed through the ear to the mind, but that deep and lasting impressions should be produced on the affections by appropriate terms and agreeable tones. All nations, savage as well as civilized, are subjected to the powers of sagacious eloquence, and joyfully confess its influence, not only as the chief vehicle of instruction, but as a means of salvation. 'Manner is, so to speak, the harbinger and herald of matter, summoning the faculties of the soul to give audience to the truth to be communicated, and holding the mind in a state of abstraction from all other subjects that would divert the thoughts and prevent impression. It is not only the more illiterate and feeble-minded, not only the multitude, who are led by feeling more than by reason, that are influenced by good oratory, but men of the sturdiest intellect and the most philosophic cast of mind. The soul of the sage as well as of the savage is formed with a susceptibility to the power and influence of music, and therefore also to the power and influence of elocution. The importance of manner is consequently great, yea, far greater than either tutors or preachers have been disposed to admit. I am aware that a good voice is necessary to good speaking, but not always to *earnest* speaking. Nature must do much to make a graceful and finished orator; but still, in the absence of this, an ardent mind, burning for the salvation of immortal souls, can, by an impressive earnestness of manner, be a more intense and effective speaker, notwithstanding naturally weak and unimpressive organs of speech, than the possessor of the finest voice who is destitute of a vivacious and ardent enunciation; just as an exquisite performer can bring better music out of a bad instrument than a bad musician can out of a good one. What

may be done, where the mind is resolutely bent on accomplishing it, for supplying deficiencies and correcting faults in elocution, Demosthenes has taught us; and were half or a tenth part of the pains taken by us to obtain a powerful and effective method of pulpit address, which were submitted to by this prince of orators to become an effective speaker; were we as much set upon it as he was, and were we to give ourselves to the same means, by declaiming to the waves of the sea, or to the winds of heaven, determining to overcome every obstacle, we too should be orators, and that too in a still better cause than his.'

John Angell James, from whom the above extract is taken, is a fine critic on pulpit eloquence; and so was his renowned countryman, the great Robert Hall. The latter, speaking of the late truly interesting and much lamented Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, remarks: 'The writer of this deeply regrets his never having had an opportunity of witnessing his extraordinary powers; but from all he has heard from the best judges, he can entertain no doubt that his talents in the pulpit were unrivalled, and that had his life been spared, he would, in all probability have carried the art of preaching to a greater perfection than it ever attained, at least in this kingdom. His eloquence appears to have been of the purest stamp, effective not ostentatious; consisting less in the preponderance of any one quality requisite to form a public speaker, than in an exquisite combination of them all; whence resulted an extraordinary power of impression, which was greatly aided by a natural and majestic elocution.' In this last expression Mr. HALL has disclosed much of the secret of Mr. Spencer's popularity and usefulness: 'a natural and majestic elocution,' accompanied with a most engaging countenance and form, setting forth with simple and unaffected earnestness of manner, the grand doctrines of evangelical truth, constituted the charm, and led to the success of this most captivating preacher of modern times.'

Dr. Sharp's elocution is, like every thing else about his character, dignified and impressive; a happy medium between frigid sloth and violent extravagance. In gesticulation he is not an instance of moderation, like the one celebrated by Giraldus, a native of Wales, who relates in his topography of Ireland, that St. Kewen, being at prayer with outstretched hands, a swallow entered at the window of his cell and laid an egg in one of his hands! The saint did not drop his hand, nor did he close it, till the swallow had laid all her eggs and hatched her brood! In memory of this act of kindness and patience, continues the annalist, the statue of the hermit in Ireland is holding a swallow in one hand. Persons who have been accustomed to watch Dr. Sharp as having announced his theme and unfolded its inherent individuality and nobleness of doctrinal truth, he deliberately lays off his glasses, while premeditated argument swells on his view, and spontaneous emotion fires substantial thought, winging it with all the freedom and force of extemporaneous conception; have seen him turn from his manuscript, first to one side of the pulpit, then to another, revealing to all, eloquence kindling in his eye, flushing on his cheek, burning through every vein, vitalizing every muscle, enlarging and

beautifying his noble and graceful form with preternatural splendor, while his long speaking arms, obedient to his intense conviction and harmonious with the mellow thunder of his tones, waved an awful majesty of thought into his spell-bound audience; know, better, deeper, more thrilling, than this poor dull pen can describe, that his action is not of the kind that

> 'WHICH sheds o'er all the sleeping scene
> A soft nocturnal day.'

Whenever we visit Boston, we manage, if possible, to steal in and listen to this, from our boyhood, favorite preacher; and often, having witnessed and felt more of oratorical and ministerial excellence than is indicated above, we have come away strongly inclined to adopt the resolution of Iago: 'From this time forth I never will speak more!'

The form of Dr. Sharp's composition exactly comports with his manner, and cannot be separated from it. There is the least possible artificialness in its structure and language. His main positions stand out with a lucid and palpable significance, while even the most subdued narrative portions are in a degree luminous, 'like the white nebulous matter between stars.' By this we do not mean that he deals in a profusion of arbitrary numerical divisions, which have as little to do with true eloquence as the illegitimate children of an abbot of Noveïs were decorative of his sacred profession, concerning whom Chateaubriand testifies that he had exactly eighteen. Neither would we convey the impression that our preacher's rhetoric is vivid in spots, not by virtue of the increased brilliancy of general excellence therein, but in contrast with surrounding opaqueness; 'like a stray gleam of thought in an idiot's brain.' On the contrary, while in his manner we are not oppressed by 'the wild and whirlwind touch of passion,' but exhilarated by flexile strength and translucent majesty, so his language is throughout 'softly sublime, like lightnings in repose,' and with a pure elegance is moulded into sentences full of 'rich dark ivy thoughts, sunned o'er with love.' With all his vigor, he has no violent attitudes, no paradoxical enigmas, and no inflated expressions: the forcible naturalness of his style is equalled only by its graceful propriety and manifest purpose of achieving the greatest amount of enduring good.

All persons, in a specific measure harmonious with the temperament of each, seek entertainment and amusement. Both of these are essential to effective speaking in every sphere; but between them there is a generic difference of the broadest kind. Amusement signifies the excitement, especially the comic excitement, of our superficial powers. Entertainment signifies the delighted, the somewhat tragical exhilaration, but not too absorbing, attention of all our higher capacities. Neither the one nor the other can with impunity be indulged in long. Even the most frivolous feels that he was made for something higher than mere transient enjoyment. All men have a perception, however dim, that enterprise and thought are the destiny and peculiarity of their race. Aware of these facts,

and also impelled by appropriate religious motives, the object of every pulpit orator should always be to instruct by seeking to improve, and to entertain by seeking to instruct. Many preachers seem to be monotonous, because they recur perpetually to some central subject, while others seem to be diversified by the unceasing novelty of their subjects; whereas, as is strikingly exemplified in Dr. Sharp, it is the former who are really varied through the diversity of their ideas, and the latter who are really monotonous from the mental poverty and meagreness they exhibit amid the multiplicity of the topics they treat. It is manifestly the object of the preacher in question to instruct, to reveal to the mind of his audience the grandeurs of the universe, in illustration of the grandeurs of revealed religion. He does not aim to encumber and confuse their faculties with the paltry facts of a shallow information, but to pervade and quicken them with the loftiest knowledge; to show them the divine and blissful laws by which the kingdom of God is governed, and the plans of mercy to his creatures therein realized; to point out and explain, in modes diversified to meet the tastes and apprehension of each, the relation which man sustains to CHRIST as the Redeemer, the SPIRIT as Sanctifier, and to all the dominions of Nature and Grace through which the individual soul, upheld and perfected by divine agencies, is destined to work out its interminable and gloriously sublime career. Executing this grand embassage in the presence of the thoughtful and alarmed inquirer, his sympathetic instruction will fall gently and with soothing effect, 'like a snow-flake on a fevered lip.' It has been well said, that 'he is not the greatest man who, with a giant intellect, startles the multitude as with sudden thunder. The impression left behind is not agreeable and lasting. He who would stir up the soul must have a calm, sympathizing heart. It is this which vibrates through the human breast, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us to deeds of mercy. The man whose sympathies are with common humanity, whose heart is moved by pure benevolence, breathes thoughts that will never die. Like the silent dews, they descend in the bosom to cheer, to bless and to save. The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart. Such a writer blends genius with humanity, and is destined to sway the multitude and urge them on to deeds of mercy and unending glory.'

This may be most appropriately applied to the divine before us. In the calm joys of domestic life and the more gentle duties of the pastorate, his spirit is cheerful and placid, 'like a white dove, wing-sunned through the blue sky.' Nevertheless, he sometimes shows that he is made of sterner stuff. Whenever individual arrogance or consolidated tyranny attempts to check his free thought or control his conscientious action, then how the lion rouses within him! It is very likely that the offending party will be told: 'Ye hate the truth as snails salt; it dissolves ye;' but such repugnance, in whatever quarter it abounds, will not cripple the action of a clear-seeing and well-intentioned man. He 'scorns to forge the fetters he would scorn to wear;' and any persons who should attempt to make him either a captive or a dupe would be quite likely to have their labor

for their pains. With not less energy of indignation and argument is he ever ready to resist 'that worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.' Some of us will never forget the torrent of Christian eloquence he poured forth the Sabbath morning after the burning of the convent at Charlestown, in dignified but severe denunciation of that event. Claiming unshackled freedom for the enjoyment of his own religious sentiments, he is equally rigid and energetic in insisting on the same immunities for all mankind.

As Dr. Sharp through his own nature feels by comprehensive knowledge and deep sympathy the greatness of humanity, so is he prompt to recognise and revere every development of that greatness in his fellow men. Hence the particular regard he ever has in store for the aspiring, and the magnanimity of his conduct toward all persons of worth. Sunshine and storm have swept over him with frequent vicissitude, and have left him just where he was long ago, the undismayed and immovable friend of truth on a stormful and treacherous earth; still faithful found, in 'her midnight shadow, her meridian glow.' Out of suffering, as well as out of joy, he has raised into noble relief before the generation that has grown up under his ministry no dim example of the eternal enduring of fortitude and affection, of mercy and conscientious consecration to duty; as when, by the threshing-floor of Ornan and by the grave of Lazarus, the anger of the Lord was seen in the chastisement, and his love was manifested to the despair of men. Perpetually has he been employed, through scores of years, in sowing the good seed, and has witnessed no small share of blessing in the springing thereof, though some of it has brought forth wild grapes in the end. It was not from any malice mingled in the planting, nor by any intentional neglect in the husbandry thereof, if in the vineyard of his care there has ever appeared the deadly gourds of Gilgal. A golden thread of purest eloquence has run through the silvery web of a long professional career; but even that is dim compared with the moral sublime of his life. The writer would blot that last sentence, spontaneous in its origin as it is, fearing to offend the modesty of its subject; but to erase a truth so manifest and just would not be genial to thousands of attesting hearts. We indite what is contained herein entirely without the knowledge of our friend; and should our enthusiastic sentiments ever meet his eye, we pray him to pardon what it is hard for the grateful not to express. Hereafter, the better and more discreetly endowed may give vent to their long-treasured encomium over unconscious dust; but, claiming to be as sincere at least as they, and as conscious of indebtedness for advice and fostering care in the gloomiest hours, we venture in broad day to put on record here our filial reverence and undisguised esteem. Germs long since planted in our young heart have grown into a handful of flowers, pure, we think, and somewhat fragrant, though they are wild. These we are not ambitious to reserve as a garland for the tombstone alone, in honor of crumbling dust; but because we have thrilled under the living spirit, and been blessed with an invaluable example, we would approach with an affection kindred to his own, and lay our rustic wreath on his warm, manly brow.

The remarks just inscribed remind us of that large and beloved circle, now scattered in many families, who not only call Dr. Sharp friend or pastor, but by a still more endearing name. They best know that, whatever he may be in the public estimation, and in the exercise of high oratorical power, the aspect which to them is most divine, and will be the last to fade, is the one that mantles him in his own delighted domestic circle. Who that has ever seen him at the frugal board or hospitable fire-side, with wife, sons, daughters, children and grandchildren, all sinking, or rather elevating their relationships into the single one of mutual confidence and love, chatting, singing, reading for mutual delight, or bending together in common prayer, can ever forget the impression thereby received of home-born bliss, or could ever hope to embody it in adequate expression? Wordsworth perceived the most fitting symbol of the character we have imperfectly sketched — fidelity in sacred functions and local attachment to secluded joys — when, in his address to that choral glory of old England, the sky-lark, he exclaimed:

> 'Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home!'

Qualified beyond most men, by nature and protracted cultivation, to 'disturb the repose of the pulpit, and shake one world by the thunders of another,' Dr. Sharp's influence will continue to bless mankind long after his departure to the faithful servant's reward; even as the light of a star would shine with undiminished purity and power centuries after its extinction.

AN EVENING PICTURE.

BY JOHN K. HOLMES.

Across the tranquil waters of the night,
Where silv'ry moonbeams play,
The sweetest tones of music and delight
Are borne on airs away;
I see the bark at ease upon the breast
Of the calm river wide;
I hear the pleasing echoes that infest
That cool vale near its side;
And every thing around me, and above,
Is calm and dear and sweet;
These precious airs are but the breath of love
Borne from her calm retreat.
O, moon! bright waters! and ye dulcet strains!
Ye soothe us with delight;
While hope among our yearning kind remains,
Your power shall hallow night.

Pittsburgh, (Pa.,) 1849.

Our Spring Birds.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

'Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves of flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.'—Webster.

Thy clear familiar notes recall
The inmates of my father's hall;
The mother on whose breast I lay
Ere known was one unhappy day;
My blushing sisters, in the pride
Of beauty springing side by side,
And playful brothers, fair of face,
My chubby rivals in the race.

The Past its portal open flings,
And Memory expands her wings:
Again a rosy, laughing child,
I thread the mazes of the wild,
And mark the rounding out thy nest,
Ruffling the feathers on thy breast,
Or listen to thy mellow lay
When mourning the decline of day.

I hear thy softly-warbled strain,
And olden dreams come back again:
While airy shapes are drawing near,
The voices of the dead I hear;
I stand in thought beneath the shade
Of trees by my own planting made,
And on the river's willowed shore
Stroll with my rod and line once more.

Tradition tells a tale of thee
Forever dear to memory:
When the lost children, side by side,
In the dark wood lay down and died,
Arm locked in arm, a heavenly pair,
For earth too sweet, for life too fair,
Dropping bright leaves, their forms to cover,
Above them thou didst gently hover.

Bird of my choice! a boon I crave:
Go seek my little daughter's grave,
And warble on the oak that grows
Near the green couch of her repose;
When living, with delighted ear
She listened oft thy song to hear,
And clapped her tiny hands when spring
Brought thee from far on fluttering wing.

W. M. M.

RENDERINGS INTO OUR VERNACULAR.

FROM THE SPANISH AND ITALIAN.

Mr. Editor: a little leisure-time, a slight acquaintance with those beautiful tongues, the idioms of Italy and Spain, the possession of a small but choice library of the same, and an invincible 'cacoethes scribendi,' induce me to inquire whether some random translations, however poorly executed, will, in your better judgment, contribute aught to the pleasure or instruction of your many and intelligent readers? If the first specimen I shall offer from my collection be meet earnest of what is to come, and win your and my readers' approbation, I may from time to time knock at your door yet again and again for admittance. For the present, I look into the second volume of 'Apuntes;' and, pleased with the style and thought of Medrazo, cull a sweet flower from his fragrant bouquet. But before rendering into our vernacular the delicate production of our author, it will not be amiss to tell your readers who Medrazo is. He was born at Rome in the year 1816, and is son of Don Jose de Medrazo and Doña Isabel Küntz. Having received a finished education at the Seminary of Nobles in Madrid, he devoted himself chiefly to the study of jurisprudence in the university of Toledo, declined the chair of mathematics, finally connected himself at Madrid with the periodical press, and distinguished himself by his contributions to the 'Artista and Español.' As a sense of its appreciation of his merits, the ancient 'Academia de los Arcades' at Rome admitted Medrazo into its bosom in 1837, under the name of 'Mneseo Bètico.' Don Pedro Medrazo is, therefore, one of Spain's most illustrious authors, and the following fragment may give your readers some idea of his claims to that title.

B.

Washington, May 28, 1849.

LAURA AND PETRARCH.

We of the present day cannot comprehend those ancient loves; that timid and respectful love which endured so many years, which fed alone on the memory of the lightest benefit conferred, of the most insignificant token of preference, upon the hope of even the smallest favor; that love which was profaned by merely being breathed into mortal ear, and which the enamored confided only to their brothers, the angels, and those loves nestled at the bottom of the heart, as in an impenetrable sanctuary, closed to every profane look, and were full of consolation for every kind of sorrow; they were the motive-power of existence, the breath of life, the sacred fire of inspiration, to artist and poet. Believe not that art alone has created those celestial Madonnas, replete with candor and beauty, which so many immortal brushes have left us as a legacy; those

female faces which poetry has decked with all its spells, with all its spirituality. Believe not in this vague, mysterious, uncertain inspiration; the whole glory of the work belongs to a recollection. That Madonna before which we bend the knee, that woman veiled by the wonders of poesy, is some unknown object of a poet's love; one of those loves which he has kept concealed in the depths of his heart, without inscribing on the portrait the name of his model; deeming himself most happy if, upon his canvass or amid his verses, shall beam forth something of that light and radiance which alike caused him felicity and torment. And when the people in crowds stood in ecstasy before some picture where smiled some enchanting woman, when admiration centred upon the most delicate creation that ever poetry might conceive, 'How lovely!' exclaim the delighted visitors; and he, the painter or poet, in silence sighed, 'How like!'

Ah! we shall never know those loves again! In these our days all true passion, all profound sentiment, is deemed ridiculous. Happy lovers they who lived in the age of chivalry! — then was such love felt and understood! Then, and when manners and customs retained something of the reflection of tradition, when the beautiful sun of faith shone even in its setting — for in the days of romance and ballad respect, veneration and idolatry were the property of love — and those bewitching dames feared not to entrust them to the sole vigilance of their cavaliers in their journeys through savage deserts and deserted forests.

Oh, Petrarch! hence the noble and virtuous lady of thy heart feared not to stand alone beside thee on the bank of yon fountain; hence in the hot summer time there did ye ramble together, abstracted from the world, dreaming of felicity, and breathing love and poetry; those precious hours of delight veiled by yon embowering trees with a transparent atmosphere of freshness and verdure! Like Tasso, oh, poet! naught didst thou then ask of thy love, when thou didst hope so much, and didst promise thyself so little:

'Molto crama, poco spera, e nulla chiede.'

Yes! this love fed in such a manner, for so many years, a love which, resisting absence, lived in melodious song, mingling with the murmuring sound of Valchiusa's waters, incorporating its feeble and delicate accents of sadness, pure and aromatic as the voice of an angel who arises from the bosom of a lake, with the mysterious echoes which wander over the airy rainbows of this solitary fountain, which recalls the fount where so many sweet moments were once enjoyed, which reposes, agitated and murmuring as the rural maid who moves her smiling lips, and sleeping, smiles in dreams of innocence and simplicity; this love, which feeds on memory in the valleys of the river Colon, so sweetly exclaiming:

'Ovunque gli occhi Volgo,
Trovo un dolce sereno
Pensando; qui percope il vago lume.'

(Where'er, in thought immersed,
I turn my eyes, a sweet repose
I find, by the vague light impressed.)

This love, which the marriage even of the beautiful Laura of Noves, that love which gave no cause of fear or uneasiness to the Signor de Sade, her husband, seems to us of the present day extravagant and even impossible; sometimes it inspires only a doubt or smile of derision. And yet thus lived the poet; singing his dame, his absent mistress, the woman who belonged to another, and who only belonged to him in his verse, poor poet! The memory of a glove, which by chance she let fall, and which he had picked up, and the souvenir of that white and perfumed hand, to which he had restored it, and which, by inadvertence or for support, had once pressed his arm, was the only inspiration of his lyre; while for the heart of the lady of Sade, the memory of her Petrarch, of her poet, was a thought at once sweet and melancholy. Hence she concealed it not from her lord; hence this thought caused her no pain, when she caressed the blond locks of the children who surrounded her. The two passed their lives in the luxury of such chaste and peculiar affection, that when Laura died, her poet, mingling his tears with those of the Lord de Sade, mourned for her the balance of his existence.

Ah! when shall we experience love so pure and poetic!

LINES: THE BROOK.

Without, mid-June is blazing in its might,
  But what delicious coolness here! Its flowers
  The laurel shows from its thick glossy bowers;
Trees twine an arbor o'er so dense, the sight
Sees the blue sky in speckles, and the light
Dances like golden insects on the water.
The snowy lily, that most delicate daughter
Of all the graceful offspring of the brook,
  Stoops to the hair-foot of the velvet bee,
And now it dips, as from yon gold-green nook
  A furrow meets it, by the wood-duck's breast
  Raised, as she launches dart-like from her nest,
  And seeks yon isle of water-cresses. See
That purple shape! — the keen King-fisher dashes
  From the dead limb on which he long has stood,
Watching his finny prey; his plumage flashes
  A moment, and he 's passed within the wood
That walls the opposite bank. How beautiful
  Yon sight; the little timid muskrat swimming
  By that smooth green-sward, the full current rimming,
Nibbling the plant, or giving passing pull
  To the long vine that hangs down its green trimming;
But now his sharp black beads of eyes have caught
  My form, and he is gone. Most sweet the purl
  Of this small water-break; one sunny curl
Of foam up-rising from the plunge. How fraught
With lovely, changing things is every spot
  Of nature! God has made His world o'erflowing
  With beauty, and with lip and heart all glowing
To Him, our praise should rise, and weary not. A. B. S.

LONGINGS.

BY J. A. SWAN.

We will be strong, whatever fate hang o'er us,
In noble purpose and in truth confide;
And when heart-joys ebb mournfully before us,
Will wait with patience the returning tide.

We will be strong, nor in the night of sorrow
Be bowed to earth, as hoping no relief;
There is no night but it shall have a morrow,
And joys may penetrate the depths of grief.

We sigh for truer sympathy; we weary
Of formal friends, whose hearts beat not with ours:
Beneath their look the world seems dull and dreary;
Cold are its hills and leafless are its bowers.

We would be loved with pure and fond affection,
Which knows no shade of change and fears for naught;
And when alone, would love the recollection
That kindly ones are with us still in thought.

Would have one bosom, in whose deep recesses
The thoughts we long to speak may garnered be;
The holy secrets which the heart confesses,
Then only, when it loves most tenderly.

The soul should tell its wants, its aspirations,
That it may hear some sympathetic tone;
We gain redoubled strength by these vibrations
Of thoughts which are, and yet are not, our own.

Bright scenes of beauty, with their mute appealings,
Invite us to put on their happy mood;
But sadly beautiful are such revealings
To him who worships them in solitude.

Perchance it may not be; the things we cherish
Like shadows may appear, then pass away;
We will not droop, though all our best hopes perish,
But wait the dawning of a brighter day.

The bitter waters with the sweet are flowing;
The snake that stings bears yet an antidote;
Beside the poison tree a balm is growing,
Where there is wrong, right will not be remote.

We will be strong; will calm the heart's emotion
With thoughts of high emprise and valorous strife;
If what we long for may not be our portion,
Our longings still will lead to nobler life.

Then, Soul! be brave; thou hast thy place and station;
Thou hast thy task to do, thy prize to win;
And be thy thought, that this sublime creation
Is more sublime, that thou hast lived therein.

Cambridge, June, 1849.

INTERIOR GEORGIA LIFE AND SCENERY.

BY A SOUTHERN TRAVELLER.

MOUNTED on horseback, with coarse leggings and a heavy blanket to protect me from the weather, saddle-bags filled with clothing and provisions, and armed (as is the custom of those who travel in this section of the country) with pistol and bowie-knife, I set off alone to wander for a few days among the mountains of Georgia, filled with high anticipations of a pleasant and novel excursion.

The first day of my journey was mild and pleasant; unusually so, for January. My road lay along a bold ridge, which sloped in some places gently, now abruptly off on either side, leaving me a commanding view of the surrounding country, dull and uninteresting though it was, seeming like an almost interminable forest. Here and there in the distance might be seen the light blue smoke curling gracefully upward from some 'settler's cabin,' or a denser, gloomier mass, rising from the black and charred trunks of an hundred trees: still farther in the distance, bordering on the horizon's edge and rising in bold relief against the sky, the lofty snow-capped summits of the 'Blue Ridge' appear.

The slumbering echoes of the forest were occasionally awakened by the solitary fall of some shattered trunk, whose noble frame had long resisted the inroads of disease and decay; but now falls with dull and gloomy sound, to rouse the traveller from his reveries, and tell its tale of 'passing away.'

Toward evening I overtook a man, who from his dress, a home-spun suit, mud-color, and a broad-brimmed wool hat, I took to be a 'native.' We jogged along together, and in half an hour I knew him well: with the frankness and confidence of a southerner, he had, unasked, told me his whole history. He frankly acknowledged that he could neither read nor write; which by the way is no uncommon thing in Georgia, even among people of considerable wealth. And his greatest pride seemed to be his 'faculty for a horse swap:' in this he considered himself *par excellence*, to use his own expression, 'right smart.' Yes, and he strode a 'right smart chance of a critter,' that could n't be beat in 'them diggins,' if you 'd believe him.

Having ridden ninety miles, over an exceedingly rough road, and through a monotonous country, stopping the first night in Gainsville, the second in Clarksville, I arrived on the morning of the third day at Toccoa Falls, twelve miles from Clarksville.

The meaning of this sweet Indian word, 'Toccoa,' is 'beautiful.'

As there is no house in the vicinity of these falls, I hitched my horse to a tree by the road-side, and strolling off by a little foot-path which led to the right, I was soon on the brink of the precipice. Quietly and placidly glides on, through its many mountain windings, this 'beautiful' river until it reaches the edge of the precipice; then plunging headlong, one hundred and eighty-six feet to the depth below, gathers its scattered waters, which, long ere they reach the bottom of the fall, come dancing, sparkling down in innumerable spray drops, again flows gracefully on, to mingle its silvery waters with larger and nobler streams.

In summer, 'Toccoa' must indeed be a 'beautiful' spot, when every thing around is fresh and green; when flowers, of which there is here a wild profusion, and in full bloom, and birds are warbling their sweetest melodies.

Many are the legends related in connection with this place, among which is the following: In days long since numbered among the 'things that were,' when the Indians were the sole inhabitants of this region of country, a fierce old crone had been set to guard a score of prisoners from a neighboring tribe, until they could be taken out to torture; hearing, while her people were at war in another direction, that the tribe of the prisoners was coming to their rescue, she promised to release them on certain conditions; so, unloosing their feet, but keeping them bound together by the hands, and blindfolded, she led them through a night of darkness and a storm of lightning, thunder and rain, to the edge of this fall; then stepping suddenly and noiselessly aside, the first of the prisoners fell over, and being bound all together by the hands, one by one they were all dragged after him, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The old hag, smiling exultingly at the success of her scheme, returned through the raging elements to her solitary wigwam.

After viewing from many points the various beauties of this place, I again mounted my steed, and was soon on my way to 'Tallula,' fifteen miles distant. It was nearly all up-hill work, and the road being uneven, my progress was necessarily slow, so that when I reached the summit of the mountain, a place well known as the 'Ocean View,' the sun was fast declining behind the hills.

I had been riding slowly, almost thoughtlessly, along, little dreaming of seeing any thing interesting; when suddenly, as if by magic, the whole of this magnificent 'Ocean View' burst upon my vision so unexpectedly that for a moment I was overwhelmed. I could not believe that other than Alpine scenery could be so charmingly grand. Below and far, far around me, was one vast sea of waving pines: beautiful wreaths of smoke were seen curling up in every direction; and still beyond, 'peak on peak and Alps on Alps' arose, each rising against the other with the distinctness and regularity of the billows

of the sea; their snow-capped summits, seen far as the eye could reach, were the almost perfect resemblance of the foam-crested waves of old ocean.

This is doubtless the finest view of mountain scenery in the United States. I lingered here long after the sun had departed, till the mountains were obscured by the thickening shades of evening, and then hastened on to find lodgings for the night. A ride of a mile brought me to a log-cabin, the only house near the falls.

I was soon quite at home in my new and humble habitation, sitting before a blazing lightwood fire, conversing familiarly with mine host: around us were playing four bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little children, whose names, Tallula, Magnolia, Rolla and Cherubusco, well bespoke the eccentricity of the father. Think for a moment, reader of Cherubusco Beale! I told the father that it was wicked to impose such a name upon his child. He replied: 'What 's in a name?'

After partaking heartily of a venison supper, (which no one can cook superior to Mrs. Beale,) and drinking a gourd of water, feeling fatigued by the day's exposure, I asked where I was to sleep. They led me into an unoccupied part of the house, and up into the second loft, reached only by a ladder. I did not like its open-work looks, for the night was bitter cold, but as my only alternative was this or nothing, I wrapped myself up in my blanket, piled the bed-clothes over me a foot high, and tried to find the soft side of a corn-shuck mattress.

Lulled by the roar of the distant cataract, I strove to sleep, but strove in vain. I tried to forget my woes by counting the stars which glistened through the many cracks in the roof; but through those same cracks the wind, cold and chilling, came whistling through two holes, cut to let in the light, in which there was no sign of glass. Shivering, shaking, was my song during the whole long night, and happy was I when morning dawned.

After bathing in the pure waters of a spring, and partaking of a well-cooked breakfast, I strolled off, accompanied by Mr. Beale as a guide, to see the falls.

If Toccoa is beautiful, Tallula is truly 'terrible;' the signification of Terrora, the river which forms these falls. Here nature has lavished her beauties in the greatest profusion; exhibiting them in every conceivable form of loveliness and sublimity, entrancing the gaze of the astonished beholder, and overwhelming him with amazement and awe. There is a solemn grandeur, an unspeakable sublimity, in the scene, an overpowering of the senses, as one stands on the 'Devil's Pulpit,' a point of rock which projects over the awful chasm, and gazes far, far down into the yawning abyss directly beneath him, that must be *felt* to be truly appreciated in its terror and wildness.

Picture to yourself an immense mountain of granite, a thousand feet high burst asunder to its very base by some powerful action in nature; and through the gorge thus formed let the 'Terrible' pour its rushing waters foaming and furious over the 'Lodore' cascade, the first and smallest of the five, then gaining force as it dashes on, leaps wildly over Tempesta, Oceanna, Horricon and Serpentine successively, till finally lost to view among the mountain sweeps, its

course is onward, till it reaches that grand receptacle of waters, the broad blue ocean. Such is Tallula.

It was a mild and sunny morning when I visited these falls: the night, however, had been exceedingly cold, and the spray, which is continually rising from the different cascades, was frozen to every shrub and vine which beautify the many crevices of this mountain barrier. The perpendicular portion of the granite wall, encased in ice, reflected the rays of morning sunlight like the clearest mirror. Myriads of diamond drops seemed hanging from every bush, while the mountain rills, melted into life by the increasing warmth of the sun as it neared the meridian, noiselessly winding their way down the steep and rugged sides, might well have taken the name of Horricon, or in the more beautiful language of the Indian, 'silver waters.'

The grandeur of Tallula is even greater in winter than in summer. The volume of water is greatly enhanced by the winter rains, and although deprived of the beauty of its many flowers, yet the foliage of the principal trees, pine, holly, and mountain-laurel, is evergreen, and the splendor of its icicles 'lends enchantment to the view.'

From the Devil's Reading Desk, a point of rock below the 'Pulpit,' a fine view is obtained of three cascades: owing to the serpentine course of the river no more than three cascades can be seen from the same point. Looking even for a short time only from either of these points produces dizziness. An anecdote is related of Judge L——, who, while looking over the edge, became overpowered, and turning quickly back, grasped a tree with both arms, exclaiming: 'Thank God, I 'm safe!' Mr. Beale, with his accustomed veracity, says the tree has since died, doubtless the effects of the hugging the Judge gave it. Another is related of General C——, who in company with some friends, was viewing the falls from this place; he also became dizzy: 'brain reeled and eye grew dim;' and in turning hastily from the spot, impressed with the danger of his position, he beheld his servant, a negro, about an hundred yards from the bank, entirely out of all danger, grasping a large tree with both arms. 'There,' said General C——, 'is the only sensible man among us.' Thus must end my feeble and insipid description of Tallula, a place which ought to be visited by all lovers of the beautiful and grand in nature; a place only equalled in interest in America by Niagara and the Mammoth Cave. The poet can here find never ending themes for song; the artist an ever-changing scene to task his pencil; but both fail to convey to the mind a correct idea of its wildness and grandeur.

It was morning when I left Tallula, and before nightfall I had ridden thirty miles. No pleasant villages, with neat white cottages and ornamented gardens, so many of which one sees in a day's ride through New-England, greeted my vision; but the log-cabins of the 'squatters' scattered here and there, with an occasional frame-house of the rudest construction, were seen.

I met no one walking: all ride, however poor. Sometimes two are seen on the same animal; a man and woman, perhaps, on one poor doleful-looking mule, or on some antiquated horse, more cadaverous-looking than themselves. I met also large wagons, canvass-

covered, drawn by four or six mules, and driven by negroes. As night approached, I saw the camp-fires of these drivers, they sitting about the fire, on the ground, cooking 'hog and hominy,' cracking rude jokes, singing 'corn songs,' and laughing their loud 'Yah! yah!' as the whiskey-bottle passed among them.

Being anxious to see how the poorest class of people lived in the interior, at night I stopped at the door-way of a very small and rudely-constructed hut, and inquired if I could 'get stay' for the night. At first I was refused; but upon representing myself a stranger in the country, and fearing to go farther, as there were 'forks in the road' and 'creeks to cross' before reaching another house, they finally consented to my staying.

The cabin contained but one room, with no windows; the chimney, built of mud and stones, was, as is usual in the South, outside the house. The furniture of the house was scanty in the extreme; a roughly-constructed frame, on which was laid a corn-shuck mattress, a pine table, and a few shuck-bottomed 'cha'rs.'

I had not been long in this place, before preparations for supper commenced. An iron vessel—a 'spider,' so called—was brought and set over the fire; in this dish was roasted some coffee; afterward, in the same dish, a 'corn cake' was baked, and still again some rank old ham was fried, and the corn-cake laid in the ashes to have it 'piping hot.' This constituted our supper, which, being placed on the table, three of us sat down to partake of, while Cynthia, the youngest daughter, held a blazing light-wood knot for us to see by, and the 'gude woman' sat in the corner 'rubbing snuff,' or 'dipping,' with her infant in her arms. A pet deer stalked in through the open door-way, and helped himself from the table without molestation.

Bed-time coming, one by one the family retired to the corner, and all lay together on the corn-shucks, sleeping as soundly as on 'downy couch.' Taking my saddle-bags for a pillow, and wrapping my blanket around me, I laid down before the fast dying embers, and was soon in the embrace of 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' Morning came, and as I was to leave early, all were up 'by sun.' I asked the hostess for a wash, and the vessel which had served for roasting, baking and frying the evening previous was now brought; and, ''t is true, 't is pity, and pity 't is 't is true,' I washed myself in the dish out of which twelve hours before I had eaten a hearty supper. I paid them well, and thanked them kindly, for they had given me the best they had. Destitute as they were, they seemed contented and happy: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.'

I breakfasted at 'Nacoochee.' This sweet vale must be a charming spot in summer, when every thing is green; but now, when the grass is withered and the trees are bare and leafless, it has no beauty save its romantic situation, hemmed in completely by high mountains. On one side lofty 'Youah' stands like the 'lone sentinel,' his giant head, white with the snows of winter, lifted high into the clouds, while on the opposite is seen 'Old Tray,' the highest peak of the Blue Ridge. A brooklet winds its way through the valley, like a silver thread, so bright and sparkling.

Leaving Nacoochee, I rode thirty miles through a driving snow-storm, from which my leggings and poncho protected me. I saw several deer on the route, now standing with head erect, antlers thrown back, and nostrils distended with fear, now bounding swiftly away through the forest. A rabbit, too, crossed my path. Some superstitious hunter might have turned back at this ill-omen; but cold, wet, and anxious to reach a settlement as I was, it did not deter me.

While in Dahlonega I was interested by visiting the 'gold mines.' Here I saw the various processes by which gold is collected, both in the 'dry' and 'deposit' mines, the digging, pounding, quicking, panning, also the various kinds of rock and soil from which gold is obtained.

The people of Dahlonega, like the inhabitants of any town entirely dependant on mining for support, are generally poor, ignorant and licentious; drinking and gambling, like thieving in ancient Sparta, are here considered virtues.

The night after leaving Dahlonega I stayed at the house of a very old and very wicked wretch, who, although worth forty negroes, (at the South a man's wealth is reckoned by the negroes he owns,) lived in a log-house, and could neither read nor write. His family consisted of an idiot son and two daughters, who at supper-time sat down to eat with hat and bonnets on, their faces and hands betokening confirmed cases of hydrophobia, from evident dread of water. Rather than eat the food such hands had touched, I took from my saddle-bags some provisions which I was preserving for to-morrow's dinner, and, with a gourd of water, made a palatable meal. Frequent potations from a whiskey-bottle served to keep the old man in good humor during the evening, and his conversation was amusing if not instructive.

Hardly had we all retired to our beds, before the 'voices of the night' commenced. The geese and hogs in the yard kept up a continual cackling and grunting, which was promptly responded to by a cat and dog in the house; the latter under my bed. These sounds, mingled with the asthmatic snoring of the old whiskey-drinker, and the muttered curses of the idiot, who could sleep no better than myself, served to 'make night hideous.'

It was long past midnight, as I lay awake, that I saw the old man rise slowly and softly from his couch, and gradually approach my bed. My heart beat quicker, and I unconsciously grasped my pistol, which was by my side; for I could see no honest purpose to call him up at such an hour. My fears were soon allayed, however, by seeing him pass by me, and take from the shelf just above my head his — whiskey-bottle.

EPIGRAM: ON A TAILOR-SOLDIER.

'T is strange! 't would take 'whole cloth' to make him
Aught but the bravest wight of wights;
And yet a single *ell* could take him,
And turn his boasted fights to flights.

C

THE VILLAGE.

BY C. W. BAIRD.

THE fair full moon hath risen on high
Upon the solemn starless sky,
Alone in all her transient light,
A peerless traveller through the night.

But o'er the plain, along the stream,
And up the hill-side in the west,
The lights from many a cottage gleam,
Those humbler stars of home and rest.

Beneath the moonlight on the green
A youthful band comes forth to play;
With merry prank, and laughter gay,
Their shouts disturb the tranquil scene.

And in the path, by yonder tree,
An old man stops, and smiles to see
These flowers of spring, in all their prime,
That bloom to cheer his winter-time.

And I beside my casement stand,
A lonely watcher in the land;
But thou, my GOD! thou art to me
Home, and light, and company.

The radiant night grows late and cold;
The youthful band have ceased their din,
And in the safe domestic fold
A gleesome flock, are gathered in.

And now across the silent plain
There comes a clear familiar strain,
As all their softened voices raise
The wonted psalm of evening praise.

Life gives not twice the boon it gave;
Our cottage lights have all gone out.
I cannot hear my children shout;
The moon is shining on their grave.

And when upon the evening calm
There comes that old familiar psalm,
My tuneless voice withholds its tone;
I cannot sing it all alone!

Oh! call not up those visions fled,
Those memories of the past and dead:
But thou, my GOD! be thou to me
Father, friend, and family.

THE FIRE OF PEACE.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

THE Samhuin, literally 'The Fire of Peace,' was a festival celebrated annually among the ancient Britons. The time corresponds to our All-Hallowmas; and it is said that even now, in some parts of Scotland, it would be difficult to obtain a brand to re-light a fire accidentally extinguished on All-Hallowe'en

BE told amid the household band,
By the hearth-fire's cheering ray,
How the Druids ruled in our mother-land
In Britain's olden day.
On the Holy-eve at twilight's hour
The tapers gave no light,
And quenched were the fires in cot and tower
Through all the land that night.

For the Druid, when the morn should beam,
Would light the sacred brand,
To kindle again with ruddy beam
The hearth-stones of the land.
And when the morn in radiance broke
From gloom of night profound,
The Druid waited beneath the oak,
His brow with vervain crowned:

And up from the assembled throng
Rose many a tale of crime,
For the Druids ruled her people long
In Britain's olden time:
And fire was given again to all
Who blamelessly had striven,
But the darkened hearth and shadowy wall
Was the doom of the unforgiven.

Ah! wo for her, the true and tried,
Who in that lot had part!
With the fire of peace to her hearth denied,
And the ashes in her heart:
Wo for the mother doomed to weep
The pale child to her pressed,
As she felt the chill through its pulses creep,
And the hush of its guileless breast!

And for her who watched, though all forsook,
By the darkened couch of pain,
And tearful sought for the last fond look
From the closing eye in vain:
They dwelt where happy homes glowed bright,
Where the song at evening burst,
But no pitying hand might the fagot light
On the hearth of the accursed.

Thus, oft amid the gathered band,
Be told in this our clime,
How the Druids ruled in our mother-land,
In Britain's olden time:
And though their power has passed away
Yet still the hand we trust
Gives the Fire of Peace, in our Christian day,
To the hearth-stones of the just.

THE MORAVIANS OF BETHLEHEM.

THE following letter, describing with great clearness and simplicity the Society of Moravians at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was written just two years after the Declaration of Independence by the people of the United States. We derive it from O. E. HOSMER, Esquire, of this city, by whose immediate ancestor it was written. We are struck, in perusing it, with the strong resemblance in many respects between the Moravians and the United Brethren of the Shaker faith.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

BETHLEHEM is a pleasant little town, twelve miles west of Easton, situated on the declivity of a hill fronting the south and south-west. In the valley on the west of the town runs the creek or rivulet Monakisy, (commonly called Monacas,) and a little below falls into the Lehigh, a branch of the great river Delaware, which runs on the south side of the town. Here are about fifty houses, almost all built of stone, as are the country-houses in general in this state, and covered with tiles, beside public buildings, of which I shall give you a more particular account presently.

The inhabitants are of the society of Christians called Bohemian or Moravian Brethren, from those countries in Germany where they had their rise, and Hussites, from John Huss, a celebrated reformer of their religion, who was burned by order of the Council of Constance, whither he came under a safe conduct of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, which nevertheless he suffered shamefully to be violated, out of complaisance to the Pope. You will find a fuller account of this sect of Christians, their leader John Huss, his friend Jerome of Prague, and the wars which they waged against the Emperor in support of their religion and liberties, in Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, which you will do well to consult.

The Bohemian Brethren agree in substance in their doctrines and principles with the Lutherans, and other Protestants. Some of their descendants are said to have degenerated from the pure and simple manners of their ancestors, which has occasioned their division into two parts. The Bethlehem Moravians are of the reformed or stricter sect, which owns a German Count Zinzendorf, who was one of their bishops, for their leader, of whom you will find an account in Mosheim.

In their religious assemblies their deportment is strikingly solemn and grave. The men are ranged on a tier of seats on one side, and

the women on another tier of seats on the other side of the chapel. They come in at different doors, and retire by the same. The sexes are kept totally distinct. When they are seated, every one retains the same posture, with their eyes fixed to a steady aspect on the minister, or cast modestly to the floor. Not a smile, not a whisper, not a motion is perceived among them; all are still, solemn, attentive and devout, from the eldest to the youngest in the assembly. I was present at their evening service, which consisted in reading a chapter of the Bible and singing a hymn in the German language. Mr. Etwein, their minister or bishop, repeated the substance of the hymn to us in English afterward, when it appeared to be a very pertinent prayer in verse. They all sing, and are accompanied by the music of an organ, which is placed in a small gallery in the chapel, into which strangers are admitted to see their devotions.

In their common deportment they are cheerful, civil, polite and kind to strangers, but especially and more eminently so to each other. They are sober and industrious. In their conversation they give no titles of distinction, use no profane or scurrilous language, avoid jesting, and confine their discourse to necessary, useful, instructive, or at least innocent topics.

Their dress is plain and uniform. Their leader, Count Zinzendorf, fixed the mode, and the laws of the Society forbid it to be altered. But this is governed by the dictates of economy rather than religious or moral principle, as in this way a great saving of expense is made, which would otherwise arise from the numerous changing and expensive fashions which take place in the world. If you remember Christian Trott's little close cap, and the rest of her dress, you will have nearly the idea of the dress which is universal with their women. There is nothing very different from the rest of mankind in the dress of their men, except that they are universally plain and frugal. Both the men and women are very neat and clean in their persons, their dress, their houses and their diet.

The children remain with their parents until they are ten or twelve years of age, and are sent to public schools, where they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, the learned languages, and other parts of literature, according to their abilities, and the business they are designed for. Here likewise they are instructed in the elements of religion by masters provided and supported by the Society.

At twelve, the male children are sent to the house of the single men. This is a very large stone building with apartments to accommodate two or three hundred persons; the length is about one hundred feet, the breadth fifty; it is five stories high, with a cellar and kitchen underneath; through the middle of each story lengthwise, runs an aisle or common passage about twelve feet wide, on each side of which are apartments for the men, furnished with stoves and other necessaries. Here are likewise two very large chambers for lodging-rooms, in which are about one hundred and fifty beds, numbered from one and upward; every one has his bed assigned him. Here is likewise a common hall or refectory, where they all eat together, and an oratory or chapel where they all meet for morning and even-

ing prayers, with seats, and at the end is placed a very fine house-organ. In this house the elder single men, who are almost all artisans, work at their trades, and are furnished with tools and accommodations for that purpose; and here, likewise, the boys of twelve years old and upward are taught and instructed in the particular trades or arts they are intended to pursue. All are under the inspection of overseers appointed by the Society; all are regular in their hours of labor, refreshment and rest. Idleness is banished; all are industrious and active. Behind the house lies a large and well laid-out garden, stored with vegetables in great plenty for the use of the single men: through the middle of this garden runs the Monakisy, in which is a small octagonal island, formed by art, with an arbor, terrace and seats of green sward for the amusement of the single men in a summer's evening. The rear of the garden extends to the Lehigh.

It will be needless to give you a particular description of the house of the single women; it is the counterpart of the house of the single men, though of less dimensions, and but three stories high. It has its common bed-chambers, refectory, chapel and kitchen; in the chapel are a spinnet, bass-viol, and other musical instruments, which are played upon at their morning and evening prayers. On the walls are two pictures or paintings, one of CHRIST taken down from his Cross, and the other, CHRIST in his agony in the Garden, but neither of them very well executed. The walls are hung round with portraits of eminent women who have belonged to the Society; and some elegant specimens of penmanship, executed by the matron who now presides here. Under the direction of this matron the single women are employed and instructed in spinning of all kinds, knitting, weaving, needle-work, embroidery, tambour, and other female arts. The same economy of time, and the same industry, are observed here as in the house of the single men.

Opposite to the single women's house, across the street, is the house of the widows: this is a large, elegant stone-building, about seventy feet long, forty feet wide, and three stories high. Here all the widows of the Society, who have no families of their own, or are unable to provide for themselves, reside, and are provided for by the community; yet not so as to discharge them from the obligations to industry which are common to all.

The lane on which these buildings stand runs from the main street toward the east and terminates in a double row of cherry-trees, which form a pleasant mall for the recreation of the ladies, and in the proper season furnish them with every variety of that agreeable fruit which the climate will produce.

Adjoining the house of the single women is the church: a little back from the street, and adjoining the church, fronting the street, is the bishop's house, a very large building of stone; in this house, up one pair of stairs, is the chapel in which the village meets for morning and evening prayers. The walls are hung round with paintings representing some of the most remarkable incidents in the life and history of our blessed SAVIOUR. The chapel is arched overhead; from this arch three large branches depend, with chandeliers, which

are lighted up, and, with thirteen sconces, which hang against the wall, between the paintings, illuminate the chapel in their evening assemblies.

The inn or tavern (there is but one here) is another public building. It is built of stone, on a very broad foundation, three stories high; the apartments are large and convenient, the beds very good, and the house every way well furnished: it has a very large court-yard, a large stone-shed for horses, a range of stables seventy feet long, with a stone lodge for the hostler at one end. The stables are built with stone to the height of about four feet; above mud walls, with openings for the admission of air; they are kept clean, as are the court-yard and shed; the stables are constantly locked and secured: your horses are safe and well fed. A traveller on a long journey will always find it his interest to stop one night at Bethlehem.

Under the hill, on the little rivulet Monakisy, at the distance of about thirty rods from the main street, the tradesmen are planted, who can use the stream in promoting their particular business. Here is a grist-mill, fulling-mill, saw-mill, a dyer's shop, with fine copper boilers, set in mason-work, a tan-house and yard, a bark-house, a mill for stamping bark, another for pounding and softening leather, an oil-mill, a mill for manufacturing barley, oat-meal, split peas and the like, a skinner's mill (that is to manufacture deers' leather) and a mill to break and soften hemp, to fit it for spinning.

Here likewise there rises a large spring of fine sweet water out of the hill, which is conveyed in pipes under a pump-house, where three pumps, which are worked by a water-wheel, that is turned by the Monakisy, force the water up into a large leaden pipe, which conveys it up the hill to a large cistern in the middle of the village, from whence it is conveyed in like pipes to every part of the town, and supplies the inhabitants with plenty of good water for drinking and every other purpose.

This last is a public work, and belongs to the community, as does another building, resembling a vault, adjoining the burying-ground, into which, when any person dies, his corpse is immediately conveyed and laid out. It remains here twenty-four hours; then the village assembles in the church, public prayers are had, a sermon is preached, after which they all go in solemn procession to the vault, take the corpse, and deposit it in a grave in the burying-ground.

The graves are not opened promiscuously, here and there, at the pleasure of a relation or friend, as with us, but regularly in rows from one side of the ground to the other, with a little alley to pass in between the rows; on the south side, in the first three rows, are deposited the remains of aged and middle-aged men; then in the following rows, young men, boys and children; next elderly and middle-aged women, then young women, girls and female infants. Upon most of the graves there lie oblong stones, each about two feet long and eighteen inches wide, with an inscription mentioning only the name of the deceased, the time and place of his birth and of his death. Neither title, sentiment nor character is to be found among the inscriptions on any stone in this repository of the dead.

You go into Bethlehem by a road which leads from East to West. The first house is the tavern. Here the road turns to the South, and runs down to the Lehigh about half a mile. This last is the main street. To the east of this street the ground, about half a mile square, is covered with well-grown, thrifty apple-trees, now loaded with fruit. This orchard is public property, as is the whole farm, (except the house, plots and gardens of particular persons in town,) which contains seven thousand acres. The whole is under the management of one man, styled 'the Farmer.' He is a public officer, who directs and superintends the whole of their agriculture, sells the produce, and accounts with the community for the net income.

The grist-mill, fulling-mill, saw-mill, tannery, oil-mill, the manufactory of barley, split-peas and oat-meal, of small skins, the dying, the manufactory of flour, bread, soap, and the tallow-chandlery, are all public property, under the management of particular persons, who are public officers, superintend their particular branches, and account with the community for the net profits. These profits, with others which I cannot enumerate, are carried into their treasury, and constitute the fund from which the expenses of public buildings, and other public charges, are defrayed, and their charitable foundations supported.

Here is a botanical garden; that is, a garden of medicinal plants; but I had no leisure to examine it, and can give you no account as to what plants are cultivated in it, or as to what good purpose it serves; I only mention it to excite your curiosity when you have opportunity to obtain farther information about it.

Madder, a plant the root of which is an excellent and necessary dye, is raised here in great perfection, so as to exceed that raised in the United States of Holland and in England. I saw three plots of this plant growing, and almost at perfection, in the garden which belongs to the bishop's house, each containing about forty rods of land. Should you be curious to know more of the natural history and culture of this plant, and the manner of preparing it for use, you will find a very particular account in Miller's 'Gardeners' Dictionary,' which Captain Mortimer owns, and will doubtless be so kind as to let you see, if you desire it.

This settlement was begun in the year 1745. It now consists of no more than sixty or seventy families. The first settlers were not very opulent. All the public buildings and works which I have mentioned, and many I omit for want of time, are the fruits of order, economy, frugality, industry and virtue, or public spirit, steadily exerted by a few people in the short term of thirty-seven years.

TRANSCENDENTAL FORMULA.

O, WISE Idealist! thy truth I see:
Thou sayest, 'Me is All.' I do agree,
Reading thy sentence thus, thy All is Me.

R. A. W.

AN EVENING REVERY.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

I READ in some old book of mystic lore,
One of those *gem-books*, all illumined o'er
With vermeil flowers and azure buds, embraced
In golden scrolls around the margin laced;
Stuffed with strong words and quaint conceits — I fear
Not over tuneful they to gentle lady's ear:

To some, not all; for seated at *thy* feet,
Methinks I might that same harsh text repeat,
And even win thy smile; for, like the sun,
You gladden everything you look upon;
But to begin again 'the book,' ah me!
I cannot think of it; my thoughts are all of thee!

Have patience; well then, thus: it was my hap
To read a story of a wondrous cap,
Old FORTUNATUS', and the tale doth say
That when he would at once be far away
From where he was, 't was but to don the hood
And wish — and straight it chanced he was where'er he would.

Thus far I read, and folding down the place,
I sighed and wished mine were FORTUNIO'S case,
That some good fairy would bestow the prize,
So I might spurn the earth and cleave the skies,
Uplifted high as the dizzy heavens be,
Then downward speed to earth, and heaven again, and thee!

So sitting in the lamp-light's pensive gloom,
Methought sweet perfumes floated in the room,
Link after link of Revery's golden chain
Stretched o'er the waste that lay between us twain;
Tumultuous raptures filled me, thrilled me through,
And lo! the wish fulfilled! I was indeed with you!

I was with thee! thy presence filled the place,
And I was standing gazing on thy face;
Near thee, yet sad my spirit seemed to wait,
Like the lorn Peri at the golden gate;
But with averted look you turned to part,
And then methought the pulse had stopped within my heart.

I saw thee lift the dew-drooped roses up,
I saw thee raise the lily's pearléd cup,
I marked the loving tendrils round thee cling,
And high above the wild-bird's welcoming;
The very sky thy presence bent to greet,
The very sunshine seemed as if 't would kiss thy feet.

Then with a sigh I spake: 'And has thy heart
For me not left one little nook apart,
One shaded, secret spot, where I may come
And comfort find — and peace; call it — *home?*
Hast thou, in pity, none? or must my fate
Still be to wander on, unloved and desolate?'

Unanswered, back my fainting spirit flew;
O'er the broad page the flowery fret work grew:
The lamp waxed bright, the crabbed text appeared,
And old FORTUNIO, with his silver beard,
Gloomed in the marge amid the emblazoned flowers,
While from mine eyes fell tears like parting April showers.

New-York, July 9, 1849.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2.—Although the land we are now coasting is low, flat and uninteresting, it offers, in common with the rest of the coast, most excellent land-marks; here a striking hill or promontory, and anon 'a remarkable clump' of trees; thus rendering navigation near shore, during good weather, a matter comparatively easy. So much, indeed, is this the character of the west coast of Africa, so far as we have gone, that our officers who have sailed do not hesitate to praise its advantages in this respect, and to pronounce it one of the finest they have ever seen, for the purposes recited.

As we rounded Cape St. Paul, with a slave factory on one side and a land-mark called 'The Remarkable Clump' on the other, Quitta, a famous slave-station, opens on the view. It is understood that we are to anchor off this place for the night and exchange salutes with the Danish fort. If time be allowed us, I hope to pay the shore a visit, and beside laying in 'comestibles' for the mess—they being abundant and cheap, as we are informed—profit by the chance of seeing another specimen of African things and people. But as it is now approaching nightfall, and we shall not anchor time enough to allow a trip to shore, I suppose, unless something unforeseen occurs, the pleasure will have to be postponed until the morrow.

We dropped anchor at about six P. M., some four miles from the fort. A brig was standing in at the time, and while we were thus engaged, she saluted us with thirteen guns, and the compliment was duly returned. She is the British man-of-war 'Kingfisher,' twelve guns, commander Horton, cruising in the Gulf of Benin for the last seven months. The commander having visited us and spent some hours aboard, she got under way soon after his return.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3.—This morning, soon after sunrise, the curricle was pulled to shore with Lieutenant G., sent with the com-

modore's respects to the Danish commandant; the master M. S., Passed Midshipman A. and myself aboard. The Danish fort Prudenstein, though white and fresh-looking as you approach it, is situated on a low, flat beach, with tall and solitary-looking cocoa-nut trees to relieve the dazzled eye, and the ruins of a native village crouching at the base of its ramparts. We found it too dangerous to try landing in our own boat, so laid off at anchor until a passage-canoe, manned by some fourteen natives, came to our assistance. I should have mentioned that while we were on our way from the ship the customary salute was made to the Danish flag by the Jamestown, and duly reciprocated by the fort. The canoe that took us ashore was of a similar construction, rowed in the same manner, with similarly-shaped oars, as those I saw at Accra. I understand that this kind of pirogue is in use from St. Andrews as far South as the river Benin. The surf being heavy, and the rollers setting in with great force and rapidity, I had another opportunity of observing how skilfully these people handle their slight oars and cork-like dug-out, beaching us without shipping a spray over the wash-board. Our oarsmen were of similar appearance, used the same hissing sound and cadenced exclamations as those at Accra, and were equally noisy and scant in their costume. We passed through a long hedge of cactus, large and luxuriant, interspersed and mixed here and there with the cotton-plant, to the main entrance of the fort. We were received with military honors by the black guard, and introduced ourselves to the commandant, a young, light-haired, light-complexioned and delicate-looking Dane. He told us he was the only white man at the place, that he had suffered much from the coast-fever, and had nearly lost the use of one eye by rheumatism. His name is Neilsen. Previous to joining him at breakfast, to which he politely invited us, Lieutenant G., the master and myself, took a turn round the ramparts. We looked down upon the unroofed, battered, tottering remnants of the large native village between the fort and beach, and could realize the effects of the three brass eight-pounders upon the natives and their hovels, when, some few months back, they attacked the garrison, being themselves a thousand and more strong, and were repulsed and beaten off by the defenders, with the casual aid of some few English, French and Danish men-of-war. The cause of the hostilities of the natives was a demand for satisfaction, and force applied to back it, upon the surrounding people, for an alleged pillage of a shipwrecked Danish trader. During the continuance of these hostilities, and previous to the arrival of Lieutenant Neilsen, all communication overland was cut off from Accra, and it was unsafe to venture outside beyond reach of the protecting guns. On one occasion the late governor or commandant ventured out, accompanied by twelve men; and being surrounded by a crowd of hostile savages, he was deserted by his black escort, and left to shift for himself. Betaking himself to a parcel of hand-grenades he luckily had with him, he made good his retreat into the fort, not very distant, by throwing them among his pursuers, who, terrified by the novel and explosive missiles, fell back sufficiently to enable him to

gain shelter without injury. In this war with the natives — which, after three months' duration, terminated in a treaty whereby the latter engaged to pay fifteen hundred dollars damages — a large number of the assailants were killed and wounded, and but sixteen out of the garrison of sixty shared a similar fate. The discomfited Africans have deserted, with the exception of a few miserable families, their scorched and ruined dwellings, and placed themselves out of the range of the dreaded guns that have worked them so much mischief. There is a large and populous-looking town some few miles nearer Cape St. Paul, whence large canoes, two of which came off last night with yelling crews, made more vociferous and noisy by our return salute to the Kingfisher, while they were close alongside, have supplied us with sheep, pigs, poultry, yams, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, etc. To that place I suppose many of the ejected dwellers near the fort have retired. The view from the ramparts extends over a flat and uninteresting prospect, the fort being situated on a narrow and sandy strip of land, with the sea in front, and in the rear the salt lagoon, extending some two hundred miles and more on both sides of the Volta to Wydah and Lagos. The eye discovers nothing to relieve it save a few solitary-looking, straggling cocoa-nut and palm-trees, all the rest being shining hot sand and sparkling water. The distance from the ocean to the salt-lake is only a few hundred yards, and in the latter there is said to be most excellent fishing. A more uninviting spot of earth I have never as yet seen; and it pained me much to find this poor young commandant suffering prolonged martyrdom far away from friends and home, in the midst of people of another color, and treacherous and hostile dispositions. But he tells us that he is to be relieved in a few months, to exchange for a situation at Accra, where he may procure medical aid and enjoy the society of white men. Thus is he not so badly off as we at first supposed; running no risk, if appearances are to be believed, of going farther and faring worse.

When it is considered that chickens here cost only one dollar the dozen, ducks two dollars, pigs one dollar each, sheep two, and you may purchase nineteen dozen eggs for three dollars, and pine-apples and cocoa-nuts at exceedingly low prices, it must be conceded that the surrounding country is highly fertile and productive; quite the reverse of what we would infer from the sand-bank immediately around the fort. Well may it be styled 'The Garden of Africa;' although the degraded specimens of humanity may not bear comparison with the animal and vegetable. This being the dry season, and a great deal of evaporation having taken place under the influence of the hot winds and sun, the salt-lake is very low, and a large quantity of salt is manufactured from its deposits. So that it seems this long inland sea is useful for other purposes than procuring slaves, and might in more industrious and capable hands be made a very profitable source of riches, by contributing a supply for the consumption of the people of the interior, who look upon and prize salt as a great luxury, and, according to travellers' tales, eagerly barter their

best productions in exchange; and, to denote a man of substance and importance, use the expression that 'he eats salt.'

Owing to the late war and the destruction of the village, we saw but few natives, male or female. They are, I believe, under the dominion of their powerful neighbor, the King of Dahomey, and resemble those I met at Accra, although by no means so well-dressed and good-looking. One thing that struck me as curious was the method they have of carrying fruits and vegetables in the water. The articles are placed on a broad piece of scooped-out wood, and the owner, fish-like, betakes himself to the surf, and swimming easily and swiftly, pushes it before him, and so conveys it a considerable distance out to sea. In the case I allude to a couple of fellows were returning with their empty raft, one seated on it, paddling with his hands, and the other astern, striking out manfully, and shoving the odd-looking contrivance through the heavy breakers, with as much ease and unconcern as if denizens of the deep and proof against the hungry sharks, said to be plentiful hereabout. Natives were also casting hand-nets close in shore, but we did not approach near enough to discover whether they were successful or what kind of fish they bagged.

Soon after our departure from the ship the anchor was got up, and she stood off and on until our return; but the breeze having deserted us in the mean time, we were soon almost in a dead calm, which fortunately, however, freshened in a few hours to a nice little wind, before which we are now gliding pleasantly and steadily on our course. Our thermometer ranges to-day between eighty and eighty-four degrees, and the sun and air are close, hot and oppressive. For the first time since leaving America I tasted a piece of water-melon, presented to the commodore by our pilot. It is not to be compared to our own in flavor, but from its rarity and home associations was really a treat. It is grown, I am informed, on this part of the coast only.

I must not omit to mention that it was off Quitta that Purser Spencer, son of the late Secretary of the Treasury, breathed his last, having taken the fever off Cape Palmas, while on board the Marion. He is interred at this remote and desolate spot, cut off in the flower of his days, and Danish liberality has erected a tomb over his remains.

Among the natives who visited this ship while I was ashore, were two or three who spoke and understood a little English. One of them, 'They,' was bearer of a letter of recommendation from the ward-room of the Abeille, wrecked near Quitta, for the services he had rendered on that occasion. The attention having been particularly attracted to the river Volta, so little known, and around which gathers so much of mystery, these men were asked to give all the information they possessed on the subject. It would seem that the substance of their answers was that the Volta is a large and long river, to ascend which would occupy a space of time not to be computed by days, but years; that its course is to the eastward, and its source so remote, according to the stories they had heard, was among

very lofty mountains, through two of which it flowed in its commencement. Thus, if any reliance can be placed in these rather marvellous and ill-digested statements, this river must flow through Guinea and Soudan, and take its origin in that vast chain of mountains which range athwart the heart of Africa, and generally known as 'The Mountains of the Moon,' passing through Houssa, Bornon, Darfu and the Gallas country, even to the source of the White River, a branch of the Nile, and to the supposed cradle of the mighty fertilizer of Egypt itself. Hence it may be a matter of speculation whether the Volta be not a branch of the Niger, as it is stated to pass among lofty mountains, to take a long space of time in its navigation, and to run to the eastward. To say the least, the ignorance of travellers as to its course and whereabout, beyond the fifty miles it has been explored, leaves the matter open for theories; and it may not be a wild one to suppose that it is more important than it has been considered, and well worthy geographical and scientific exploration.

Friday, February 4. — With alternate calms and light breezes, we made our way along the coast, passing the slave factories at Little and Grand Popoe. Little is there to attract the mariner upon this low and monotonous tract of country, and the only vessels we saw as we passed along, were an American and a Hamburg brig, off Popoe. We approached Wydah with a fine breeze, and came to anchor at four o'clock P. M., some three miles from the town. We found at anchor two Hamburg brigs, a Sardinian brigantine and a schooner of the same nation. The Wydahn flag, blue and white and blue again horizontal, is flying ashore, to inform us that we are now at a spot where the European has no sway, but the power of an African potentate is submissively acknowledged. This country is under the dominion of the great monarch of Dahomey, whose capital, Abomey, is some hundred miles or so inland. The principal personage in the town is, as I am informed, a Señor de Sonza, a Portuguese, who is the particular favorite of the Dahomian monarch, and a large and successful slave factor, and has to be consulted for permission to visit the place. Several of our officers being desirous of paying the visit, have been allowed to do so by the Commodore, who to that effect has made application to the Señor, or other principal inhabitant, for the desired indulgence. If it should be granted, and we linger long enough to enable the gentlemen to visit the place as proposed, I shall have to depend upon them for an account of what they see, hear and think. For, owing to duties on board, and certain risks and difficulties attending a trip on shore, I have determined not to venture, particularly as the adventurers will have to spend a night among the natives, and so perhaps pay too dearly for their whistle. I have no doubt, however, those who give themselves the trouble will find much to amuse them in this focus of the slave-trade, and strange men and customs.

The appearance of so much of the town as is visible to those approaching from the sea is by no means striking or picturesque. The

neighborhood, as is all the coast hereabout, is flat, sandy and but partially wooded. Several large and white-looking, and even brick buildings with red-tiled roofs, peep forth from among the groves in which they are embedded, and were the rest of the settlement similar, and as respectable, the distant spectator might fancy himself in the presence and vicinity of a large, flourishing and comfortable city. But the chief value and importance of Wydah consists in the facilities it offers for the protection of the slave-trade, from the existence of that long salt lake or canal, which communicates, as I have stated, with the Volta, and the security, ease and success which this circumstance and others confer upon the business elsewhere so often perilous and uncertain. The supply from the constant quarrels and forays of the neighboring ferocious tribes, and the aid and countenance of the despot of Dahomey, must be considerable and unfailing, and the trade would so seem to flourish despite the vigilance of the British and French cruisers, who not having their hands tied as we have, and greater rewards and inducements, keep up a sharp but ineffectual surveillance over this portion of the coast. A proof in point is furnished by the master of the American brig, Bridgetown, who followed us from Grand Popoe. He states that within a few weeks the slavers have got off from this place or immediate vicinity two schooners or American-built pilot-boats' loads of Africans, say four hundred head each! A profitable piece of business, and one that can and will be often repeated. The Americans had been no doubt previously disposed of, and at the time of their slaving-expeditions, under another flag. With them, had we been there, our laws, treaties and regulations would not have allowed us to interfere, even when actually caught in 'flagrante delictu.'

History informs us that *Guadjo Trudo*, the sovereign of Dahomey, extended his dominions to the sea by the conquest of Wydah and Ardra, in the beginning of the last century, laying waste the country and converting what is represented to have been previously a garden, into a desert. The town of Wydah is said to contain over seven hundred inhabitants, and the neighborhood produces all the necessaries of African life.

Saturday, February 5. — To-day has been indeed a dull one. We are rolling about uncomfortably, with a warm and clammy atmosphere to melt and debilitate us. As yet no answer has been received from De Sonza, and the proposed visit will have to be postponed. Though little or nothing has occurred among us to vary the usual routine of ship-life in port, yet we are not lonely at our anchorage. Six vessels are keeping us company at our rolling tacks, three of them Hamburgers, two Sardinian and one American. During our cruise on the coast, we have met more trading vessels of the first named nation than any other. So the trade between that city and the west coast must be frequent, steady and profitable.

This evening, about three o'clock, the expected answer from the Wydahn dignitary was brought in a large canoe of the Accra build, and a polite invitation extended to such officers as might be disposed to go

ashore, with an assurance of a kind and friendly reception. So the affair will come off to-morrow morning, when a passage-canoe will be sent for the officers, who intend to profit by the opportunity. I wish them a pleasant and instructive visit, and a safe and speedy return. Three of the natives, who brought the answer to the Commodore's letter, came on board, and being introduced into the cabin, cut a droll figure in their very scanty costume, and with their uncouth appearance and behavior. The Commodore was enabled to carry on a little conversation with them through an Italian sailor who spoke Portuguese, our head Krooman, Tom Johnson, being unable to speak or understand their dialect. Noisy, active and dirty as their more northern countrymen, although somewhat accustomed to their appearance, songs, gestures and movements, I still gazed on them with interest and enjoyed the peculiarity of the spectacle.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE HAND OF A SLEEPING INFANT LYING OUTSIDE THE COVERLET.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Oh! magic piece of flesh and blood,
Thou little baby hand!
Thou wieldest no diviner's rod,
Nor sage enchanter's wand:
And yet, as here my loving eye
Doth fondly on thee dwell,
Thou lay'st on my devoted heart
A most entrancing spell.

A precious thing of love and life
Art thou, sweet baby hand!
For me, thy tender tiny grasp
Is strong as iron band.
And when thou wand'rest o'er my cheek
With little fond caress,
I ask not Heaven with dearer joy
My raptured heart to bless.

How gently spring the fingers small
From out the snowy palm!
Their little restless, aimless play
Stilled in repose so calm.
How pure the white unsullied flesh,
How spotless and how fair;
With what serene tranquillity
It lies in slumber there!

And yet, as on that fairy shape
I gaze with moist'ning eye,
I can but ask my beating heart
Its future destiny.

What is its mission here on earth,
What will it do or dare?
What hidden purpose to fulfil
Was made that hand so fair?

Will it do battle for the right,
And overthrow the wrong,
And be, in high and holy hope,
Unwavering and strong?
With all the sorrowing and distressed
Will it take kindly part,
And be the angel messenger
Of a benignant heart?

Will it from out the sacred place
Be lifted up in prayer,
That Heaven may smile on those whom God
Hath trusted to its care;
May open wide the portals bright
That lead to endless life,
And bear the feeble on their road
Through earth's tumultuous strife?

Shall it in battle e'er be found,
That innocent young hand,
To wield a brightly-gleaming sword,
And hold a bloody brand?
Shall it, to stop a brother's breath,
Be stretched in eager fight,
Quenching from out a brother's soul
The heaven-descended light?

Or will it, ready slave of Mind,
Follow the track of thought,
Giving a shape and form to hopes
And fears that Mind hath wrought?
Will it explore the darksome depths
Of law's perplexing maze,
Or give to the poetic muse
The incense of its praise?

Oh! sweetest thing of all the works
God's praises that repeat,
How stainless is thy gentle touch —
How calm thy pulses beat!
All powerless for good or ill,
Those little fingers rest
In feeble, tender helplessness
Upon that sinless breast.

But the far future hath a time,
With hope and promise bright,
When every pulse shall feel its power
And every nerve its might:
Then, when the manly, fresh young heart
Is panting for the fight,
Oh! THOU, who hear'st a mother's prayer,
Direct that hand aright!

February 2, 1848.

BALM OF GILEAD: AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

BY JUNIUS JUNIOR.

Not many doors from the shop of the pleasant subject of this brief article, there resided another person, a druggist like himself, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy. Many were the jokes they used to crack together, and much fine sport was the result of their joint efforts. Both knew well how to compass amusement without losing that respect for themselves, as well as others, which is the proper safeguard, and should be the constant companion of the merry.

This friend of Mr. B —— was an Englishman, and the wholesale agent for '*Solomon's Balm of Gilead*,' a famous quack medicine of that day; and Mr. B —— received the nostrum from him for sale in more moderate quantities. Frequently, when these companions had returned thirsty after a ramble, they would tap a bottle of the Balm of Gilead, and mixing it with water, drink it off. It was agreeable to the taste, and being not more powerful than mild brandy, made a pleasant beverage. On such occasions his friend, the agent, would observe: 'Put that down as 'leaked,' Dick.'

Solomon's Balm of Gilead was probably the most successful nostrum ever offered to the public. The proprietor became immensely wealthy, and built a palace in the neighborhood of Liverpool. The Balm of Gilead was in the full sense of the word, a 'Quack Medicine.' Agreeably aromatic, slightly stimulant, but otherwise inert, with marvellous pretensions, boasting innumerable cures, and harmless in its effects, it was a pleasant humbug. Yet for many years it received the patronage and praise of the hysterical old women and ricketty daughters of the aristocracy of England, who in vain sought, in this pleasant dose, the health, cheerfulness and beauty, which are only to be procured by air, exercise, an interest in the affairs of mankind, and moderate labor. In this country also, the 'aristocracy,' or those who aspired to that distinction, were our chief customers for it. Indeed, its price put it beyond the reach of the poor. A bottle holding a pint, was sold for ten dollars; and one holding a gill, for three dollars. But the poor, as well as those in moderate circumstances, had no need of such a remedy; not being often afflicted with those terrible nervous diseases, which are the offspring of idleness, gluttony and ennui.

This pleasant quackery of the sagacious but unprincipled Doctor Solomon is, however, by no means a type of all nostrums, although it must be confessed that there are yet many of them which have little or nothing of skill or merit to rest upon, but only the unblushing pretensions of their proprietors.

The conscientious Mr. B—— never recommended the 'Balm of Gilead,' and often seemed to sell it with regret, especially when he

supposed the purchaser unable to afford it. In such cases, where he could do it without giving offence, he would dissuade the applicant from its use. Mr. B—— was not only a pleasant man, but he was an *honest* one. This was the secret of the confidence of the public, and of his prosperity. Let those of his successors who read this 'make a note of it.'

Among his customers for this wonderful remedy was a farmer, who came to town once in three or four weeks, and purchased several bottles at a time. He had become quite persuaded of the truth of its pretensions, and infatuated with the medicine. Mr. B—— often wondered who this farmer could be, but no remark of his customer betrayed his name or residence. To all Mr. B——'s ingenious inquiries he turned a deaf ear—and paid his cash. After he had paid hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars to Mr. B—— for this pleasant but inert cordial, there came into the store one day two very respectable ladies from the country, who desired to have some private conversation with Mr. B——. With his invariable politeness and urbanity he led them into his back-office. The result of their conference I afterward learned.

One of these ladies was the wife of the farmer, the other her friend. They had heard of the character of Mr. B——, and appealed to his generosity to find a remedy for the infatuation of his customer. They informed Mr. B—— that he had sold his cattle, his horses and a part of his farm to procure the means of purchasing this delusive compound, and they seriously feared the ruin and destitution of the family. They earnestly implored Mr. B—— to refuse, or in some way to prevent, the sale to their relative.

With that generosity which they had been told he possessed, notwithstanding the tempting profit of a continued sale, he promised to comply. He advised them to return home, to keep their interview a profound secret, and leave the rest to him.

After they had departed, he cautiously removed the printed stamp which covered the cork, then the sealing-wax, and lastly the cork, from two of the ten-dollar bottles, into each of which he put a quantity of tartar-emetic, and then ingeniously replaced the corks, stamps, etc. In due time the farmer called for one bottle. He appeared to be short of cash. Mr. B—— gave him one of those prepared for him. A few days afterward he returned, with sad complaints of the effect of the last bottle, and took another, hoping it would prove better; but this was not likely to be the case, as Mr. B—— gave him the other bottle which had been compounded in a similar manner.

A longer time elapsed than usual before the farmer again called. When he did so, he held a long consultation with Mr. B—— on the altered effects of the medicine, which appeared quite inexplicable and not a little distressing to him. Mr. B—— hinted that 'probably the medicine had had its full effect, and that his disease had taken some other turn.' This appeared to be believed by the farmer, but he concluded to try one more bottle. This also had been 'prepared' for him. He took it, with but languid hopes, and never returned for any more of his favorite, but now changed and discarded, cordial.

About a year after selling the last bottle to this customer, the farmer's wife again called, to return her grateful acknowledgments to Mr. B ——, who had so ingeniously counteracted one delusion by another, and had thus saved an amiable family from ruin. The stratagem had been completely successful: the farmer had given up the use of 'Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead,' and all was now well.

STANZAS: DREAMS.

Wearied and worn with musings deep,
Hearing no sound save the rustling of leaves,
Watching the net-work the spider weaves,
The poet sank down in sleep.

Evening's shadows dimmed earth and sky,
Darkness, in vapors apparelled, drew near,
Bearing strange sounds to the slumberer's ear,
And visions to mock his eye.

Night bears on her forehead a frown;
The hurricane's voice is surly and hoarse,
As it shakes the trees in its wrathful course,
And hurls their proud branches down.

Beauty and song and harmless mirth,
Joyous young forms in the innocent dance,
Happy young hearts in love's rapturous trance,
And peace on the sleeping earth.

Savage cries from the angry crowd,
Bayonets bristling, and murderous lead,
Vows of grim vengeance breathed over the dead,
Liberty bursting her shroud.

Full of joy are the harvest-fields,
Merrily carol the laborers blithe,
Sturdily wielding the keen-edgéd scythe,
And reaping what nature yields.

Prayer in the holy house of God,
Hearts of humility, penitent tears,
Hopes of forgiveness contending with fears,
And thoughts of the grave's green sod.

The funeral-bell's solemn tone:
Mourners bear slowly the tenantless frame;
Tears to his memory, pride for his name,
And hope for his parted soul.

A vision of future delight:
Beauty in all things, and all things in One;
Morning's first welcoming smile from the sun:
The end of the dreaming night.

G. M. Radcliff.

BEDÀWEEYEH.

BY H. BEDLOW.

THE shadows on my path were long —
I journied as the day was closing;
I heard the reapers at their song,
The shepherds by their flocks reposing.
She stepped from out the waving wheat,
With braided locks, robes loosely flowing,
And paced the road with sandalled feet —
The weary road that I was going.

Though faint, aweary, travel-worn,
She, smiling, looked so kind yet queenly,
As mists scroll backward from the dawn,
All gloom furled from my heart serenely.
Vague sadness unto joy gave room
Before this fair and gentle comer,
As to the sunshine, woodland gloom,
When autumn sighs through all its summer.

The Syrian sun had kissed her cheek,
Now swarthy as the tents of Kedar;
She was the daughter of a Sheykh,
And stately as the mountain cedar;
Yet timid as the startling deer
Among the crags of MOAB's mountains,
Or young gazelles which feed in fear
Among the lilies 'round the fountains.

Shaped like the almond are the eyes
Whose darkness kohhl made not the deeper,
O'er which faint lines of brow arise,
Curved like the sickle of the reaper.
Her arms were decked with golden bands,
And one sustained an antique pitcher,
Poised on her stately head: her hands!
Could hhen'na make their hue the richer?

With downward eyelids paced she by,
Her dark locks bound with glittering fillet,
Graceful as when, the harvest nigh,
Bends to the breeze the rustling millet:
The amorous wind betrayed her form,
And toyed with all her robes, impassioned;
I felt my wayward blood grow warm,
She was so exquisitely fashioned.

While, as the shadows longer grew,
And gloom fell on the golden tillage,
When fragrance rose as fell the dew,
And fainter gleamed the distant village,

She journeyed by the nodding wheat,
With braided locks, robes loosely flowing,
And paced the road with sandalled feet —
My heart went with the maiden going.

And when the land grew dusk and dim,
And in its glimmering distance hid her,
And every plumy palm looked grim
Around the domes and mosques of Lydda;
When homeward weary camels stalked,
With clinking bells and harvest-laden,
And with their flocks the shepherds walked,
And with her gleanings came the maiden:

Till one by one the throbbing stars
Stood 'twixt the night-fall and the splendor
Where vanquished day, through crimson bars,
Glared on the dark — to them more tender;
Till with the night-drops dripped my locks
I lingered on the road to Lydda,
And drew not nigh nor tents nor flocks,
But wandered where the gloom had hid her.

The Arab maid, with cheek embrowned,
Yet pleasant as the tents of Kedar,
Dark eyes with meaning so profound,
And lips that had the hue of cedar:
The maid that bore the antique jar,
The Moòslim maid, the Bedàweeyeh,
Some other may be fairer far —
It has not been my lot to see her!

I dreamed of kisses sweet as wine,
Lips cooler than Siloah's water;
Clasped in her arms, which, like the vine,
Gave love for strength that did support her:
Of love where airs breathe nard and balm,
And bulbul's sing 'neath fig and myrtle,
Sweet clime, where springs the pine and palm,
And groves are choral with the turtle.

With scrip and staff, a weary hhajj,
I could have toiled through sands to Mekkeh,
And worn the palmer's holy badge,
And brought back blessed gifts to deck her:
I could have changed my sterner creed
For Islam's faith in bright hhoóreéyeh,
And deemed my heaven fulfilled; my meed
But one, and she, my Bedàweeyeh!

Such joy through all my being run
At sight of her, Ishmael's daugher,
As when through desert sand and sun
Worn Hagar saw the gushing water:
I could have toiled, as Jacob did,
A shepherd, for the maiden Leah,
And tilled the earth, or fed the kid,
So had I won my Bedàweeyeh!

ORIGINAL TURKISH SKETCHES.

BY OUR ORIENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

AYAS BIN MONAVICH BIN KARA was a person possessed of great talent and perspicuity, was well versed in the abstruse sciences and works of history and narrative, and of quick and correct discernment. Among the samples of his judgment it is related that one day a guest came to visit him and offer a complaint, saying: 'I deposited with such a monk a purse of gold, and departed on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Latterly I returned, and when I asked my money of him, he denied having ever received it. What shall I do?'

The Cadi answered: 'Have you spoken of this to any one but myself?'

The guest answered in the negative.

'Then go,' said the Cadi, 'and some two or three days hence come to me and receive an answer.'

The Cadi then sent to the monk, and invited him to his presence; which invitation he accepted, and received from the Cadi marked attentions and regard. Afterward, turning to the monk, he said: 'I am compelled by business to leave this country, and have a few purses of money which I desire to deposit with you. As there can be no person more honorable than yourself, GOD alone shall be a witness between us. To-morrow I will send them to you, and it is your duty to take good care and guard over them.'

After this the monk departed, and on the morrow the guest again appeared for his answer. 'Go,' said the Cadi, 'demand your deposit, and if he refuses it, tell him that you will complain to the Cadi, and let us see what will be the result.'

The guest, as directed, went to the monk and demanded his deposit. The monk, smiling, replied: 'My intention the other day was only to test your temper, and not to deny the pledge. See, here it is,' and handed him his purse of gold. The guest returned to the Cadi, and after overwhelming him with thanks and expressions of gratitude, went to his business.

Some days after this the monk revisited the Cadi, and was received with the grossest reproaches and abuse, the Cadi exclaiming: 'So, hypocrite! your villanous conduct has let the world know your character for duplicity!'

The Cadi's method for obtaining the guest's purse of money was applauded by every one. May GOD have mercy on them all!

THE Ameer of the Faithful, Mutasim Billah, one of the caliphs of the Abassides, was a most just and equitable sovereign, as well as a man of much courage and lion-heartedness. He carried on a con-

tinued war against infidels, and for amiability of disposition followed in the footsteps of his upright predecessors. On the decease of this caliph, the avaricious unbelievers, thinking it a good moment to make an attack upon the faithful, collected all their forces, and took council upon their future operations. 'Great divisions,' said they, 'exist among the Islamites; and as they are each engaged in their own pleasures and amusements, now is a good occasion to attack them.'

With this idea they resolved upon hostilities. Now one of the chiefs of the unbelievers was an aged man, of great intelligence and experience, who, from being their elder, directed them in their undertaking. His co-religionists arose and proceeded to the dwelling of this individual, who, when they asked counsel, answered them: 'Your enterprise is neither just nor worthy, and would be rejected by sensible people, for it has been seen in numerous works that, notwithstanding the people of Islam are apparently divided, when opposed they unite and act together. Therefore you had better attend to your own affairs, and give over this wild undertaking.'

They followed the old man's good advice, and were governed by his counsels.

One of the Abasside Caliphs, Memoon, was celebrated for his superior knowledge of sciences, the excellence of his moral qualities, his eloquence, and for his profound sense of justice and equity. He was accustomed to travel about his provinces, and by inquiry learn the condition and state of his people.

In the 204th of the Hegireh, he took his seat upon the throne of the Caliphat. It is written in the work of that very correct historian, Ibin el Juzee, that Yahiza bin Ektem, relates as follows: 'I was once with the Caliph Mamoon, in Damascus; it was near the time of paying the troops their monthly pay; and he, the Caliph, desired to make war; but upon examining his treasury, he, finding that it did not contain sufficient money for that purpose, was greatly distressed. One day he was seated near a reservoir of water with his brother Mutasim Billah, and several of the most notable gentlemen of Damascus, engaged in conversation, when the two money-cases arrived, and were brought into his presence. The Caliph turning to Yahiya bin Ektem and the others, said: 'Come let us have a look at the cases, and make merry the hearts of those who have brought them.' With these words he arose, and followed by his companions, proceeded to a high seat, where he reposed himself. Many other individuals also followed the Caliph, to see the money-cases, which were opened before him with much state and ceremony.

The Caliph turned to Mohammed bin Daoud and said: 'Since our treasure has arrived, and so many persons are assembled to see it, it would be a pity were we to take it and enjoy ourselves in secret; particularly, since, it having been the object of their attention and cupidity, they would return dissatisfied. So he commanded that every individual, each one according to his condition and grade, should be pre-

sented with from one hundred thousand pieces of gold, down to five thousand and two hundred, as a royal gift. Now when all those around him had each received this amount, and their number was noted, it was found that they had received in all one hundred and fifty-eight thousand pieces of gold. With the remainder the Caliph ordered the soldiers to be paid, after which, saluting the people assembled, he returned to his royal abode.

Now, from this incident, judge of the power and majesty and the grandeur of the house of Abbas.

One of the Abbassides, Mustaeen Billah, was considered as one of the most noble and generous among men, and one of the most just and valiant of that house. One of the great men of the state, named Ahmed bin Hemdoon, relates that Mustaeen Billah erected a most beautiful palace on the banks of the Tigris at Bagdad, and that his respected mother had a carpet woven for it, on the silk of which she had worked in gold and silver thread the figures of all kinds of animals and birds. The figures were all of the purest metals, their eyes rubies and turquoises and other precious stones; indeed, so rich was the carpet, that she had spent the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dinars upon it, and the instruments and other articles, necessary for its construction, were registered, the whole costing twenty thousand dinars.

When the palace was finished, his mother made it known to him, saying: 'I have a request to make of you; come some day with your suite and inspect the palace, amuse yourself, and afterward do as you like best.' Mustaeen Billah neglected to go that day. Ahmed bin Hemdoon narrates: That one of the Caliph's suite named Atargee Hashemee, told him, that the palace was actually strewed with jewelry, and that they ought to go to see it. So, adds he, Atargee and myself went and the door-keeper let us in. We had never seen any palace so ornamented before. Among other remarkable things was a gazelle of gold; its eyes were red rubies. This I took and put into my sleeve, and thus left the palace. We went before the Caliph, and commencing to praise the palace and its incomparable carpet, and the other strange things that we had seen, begged him before giving any part of it away to pay it a visit. While yet praising it, Atargee remarked, that I had captured a gazelle; so, I took it out from my sleeve, and shewed it to all present.

The Caliph, addressing the courtiers around him, said: 'Those of you who love me are at liberty to go and take from the palace whatever you please.' So we all arose and proceeded to the palace, where we filled our pockets and breasts with the most costly things it contained, after which we returned to the Caliph, who was in excellent spirits and evinced his gayety. The other persons present now said: 'What is our crime, O! Emir of the Faithful?' on which he answered them: 'Go, you are all at liberty to do the same;' at which they all arose and plundered the palace; the delighted Caliph at the same time observing them from a window. The courtiers and

other persons present became rich, and the Caliph noticing that one of them, named Ibin Mihleb, bore away a package of odoriferous musk, and another of amber, exclaimed: 'Where are you going?' to which being answered: 'To the bath,' he was greatly pleased, and ordered all his servants to go also, and dividing the carpet among themselves, be merry.

In this interval, his mother arrived and said: 'Could I have only seen you once on that carpet, my labor and pains would have been amply requited.' The Caliph, touched with her tenderness, ordered the whole expense to be paid her out of his treasury, and that another carpet, just like the former, should be made, for which he allotted one hundred and thirty thousand dinars. A richer one than the first was therefore made for the new palace, with other furniture correspondingly valuable. After this the Caliph, attended by all his courtiers, spent some time at the palace in merry enjoyment, and there gave permission to them to take that carpet likewise, adding: 'Our portion is health, without which, wealth and riches are worthless: let our friends and followers partake of whatever is ours.'

So great and generous a prince was Mustaeen Billah.

It is related in the history called the 'Mirror of the Age,' that there was in the government of the Abbassides a man among the ranks of the Princes of Arabia, who was famous for his hospitality, generosity and liberality, and one whose door was ever open to the needy. This person's name was Maan bin Zaid. His jurisdiction was extended, and his courage was renowned from the region of Damascus to Bagdad.

This Ameer was once amusing himself with a few friends in a most incomparably beautiful garden, when a poet of much celebrity and talent came in search of an opportunity to make known to the Ameer an injustice which he had suffered. None offered, or even when any one was found who could present him to the Ameer, a pretext was wanting to excuse his visit. Finally, as there was a reservoir in the garden, the source of which was beyond the walls, the poet, taking a smooth piece of board, wrote on it the following lines explicative of his feelings, and putting the board into the stream, let it be borne down to the reservoir. It so happened that the Ameer was seated near the reservoir, and when the board reached him, seizing it in his hand, he read: 'Oh, generosity of Mâân, make my necessities be heard; for I have no other intermediate than thee between me and Mâân.'

The worthy Mâân exclaimed: 'Hasten; go and see who is beyond the enclosure, and bring him before me.'

Immediately some of those near him sprang to their feet, and finding the poet, brought him before the Ameer, who treated him kindly and civilly. The Ameer inquired after his health, etc., and after quieting his mind, asked him how many days since he had come to the city.

'It is three days,' answered the poet, 'that I have been endeavoring to speak with you.'

'Please pardon our negligence,' continued the Ameer; at the same time, endeavoring to conciliate his good will, he ordered the sum of three hundred thousand aktchas to be presented to him, as an indemnity for the delay.

That day the Ameer spent in merriment, and at night returned to his residence. On the following day he caused his guest the poet to be inquired after, and invited him to accompany him to his garden, where he feasted him, and after evincing his respect for him, presented him with the sum of one hundred thousand aktchas more.

Finally, for three days the poet received the same treatment, each day being presented with a like sum, greatly to his astonishment. At length he wrote Mâân a letter full of thanks and good wishes, and on the following day set out for his own country; so that when Mâân sent again to invite him to his presence, he had disappeared, leaving only the said letter; from which it was evident his modesty had constrained him to depart. At this Mâân was grieved, and made an oath, swearing that if the poet had not departed he would daily have given him a hundred thousand aktchas until not a coin remained in his treasury. 'Strange,' added he, 'that he should go away before informing us of it.'

In a work entitled 'The Annals of the Generous,' it is written, and is a fact therein well narrated by that correct historian of past times, Abdallah bin Jaafeer Radavee, that one day he and Abon Dahich Ansaree and Hassan were journeying from Mecca the venerated to Medina the enlightened, when they were overtaken by a heavy fall of rain. While in search of a place of shelter, they perceived in a plain near to Damascus an Arab's tent, to which they bent their steps, hoping therein to find an asylum. An Arab coming out, he invited them in, and they spent the night there. The Arab killed a goat, his wife prepared it for her husband's guests, and spread before them a good meal. That night they ate and drank with pleasure, and slept comfortably; and on the morrow, desiring to depart, Abdallah said to the Arab: 'You have been good and kind to us; we therefore request that some day when you come to Mecca you will be our guest, and allow us to do as much for you.'

This request he strengthened by entreaty, and the Arab answering 'On my head and eyes be it!' they departed.

Now some years after this incident the Arab became reduced to poverty, and the world was subtle to him. So his wife one day said to him: 'If we go to Medina, perhaps the persons to whom we ever offered hospitality may succor us.'

'But we are ignorant of their names,' answered the husband.

'Inquire for Ibin ed Deyar,' continued she; 'I saw signs of generosity in their faces, and hope your visit will not be fruitless.'

The Arab therefore mounted his female camel and proceeded to Medina, where he inquired for Ibin ed Deyar. It so happened that Imaam Hussain was just then passing; and when the Arab inquired of him for his old guests, he answered that he was his uncle's son, and inquired: 'How do you happen to know him?'

The Arab answered by saying that once he had been his guest.

The Imaam, on hearing this, exclaimed: 'Welcome, oh, Arab brother! he has often spoken in praise of you;' and calling a slave, ordered him to conduct the Arab to his own dwelling, where he showed him every attention, and presented him with a hundred camels. Soon afterward the Imaam Hassan arrived, followed by a train of servants, and he added a hundred camels more to the gift. Abdallah bin Jaafeer Radavee next came in, who gave him his hands in salutation, and presented him with a hundred thousand dirhems, sending fifty thousand more to his wife. Immediately after this Abon Dahich Ansaree entered, who excused himself from doing what his friends had done, but ordering the camels given him to be brought before them, he loaded them all with dates of Medina.

Finally, the Arab left Medina rich and happy, and returned to his tribe with great state and magnificence, and was never more troubled with the inconvenience of adversity.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

When the purple tinge of day
Fades amid the golden even,
And like light upon our way,
Brighter, better thoughts are given;
Links that form a chain to Heaven:
When the stars with silver light
Sparkle on the brow of Night,
Glancing on the waves below,
That in beauty glide along,
Gushing 'neath the radiant glow
Into bursts of low-toned song,
And the softly wailing breeze
Stirs amid the chestnut trees,
Comes a vision unto me:
Eyes of violet lustre deep;
Hair that floats so goldenly,
'Mid whose waves the sunbeams sleep;
Mouth that wears the same sweet smile,
Like the gentle starlight beaming,
And my thoughts are sad the while,
Monuments of past hours seeming.

Ever as the shadows fall,
And the gathering twilight throws
Darker hues upon the wall,
And the sunset deeper glows,
Glows the brighter ere it fades
Into calm and quiet even;
Mingled are the lights and shades
Of the thoughts to that hour given.
Now that soft and gentle hand
Once again is placed in mine;
Memory, with her golden wand,
Brings the love of 'auld lang syne,'
Pure and high in its firm trust,
Lingering like a golden ray,
Though the hope so fondly nursed
Passed like fading light away.
Eve! thou thrilling, solemn hour,
When thy shadows gather round,
Bending 'neath an unseen power,
Heeding neither sight nor sound;
Rover on the golden wing
Of sweet Fancy's pinions bright,
I, with trembling joy, can bring
Buried treasures to the light.

Those who still, a faithful band,
Gather round our household hearth,
That 'neath Love's pure banner stand,
Winning me again to earth;
I can love them none the less,
That because at silent even,
When I see that golden tress
Which with trembling hand was given.

Earth fades quickly from my sight,
And the fair, the early dead,
With that seraph brow of light,
Comes to me with noiseless tread.
Ah! it is a vision, gleaming
On my sight but for a space;
Even with that sweet smile beaming
Vanishes the cherub face.
And again 't is dark and lonely;
I 'm within the silent room,
Where that rapturous dream hath only
Power to chase the gathering gloom.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

HAIL! all hail to the star-spangled banner of pride,
Deathless flag of the great and the brave;
While with England's own right-royal standard allied,
In fair concord and peace it shall wave.

Boast your proud independence, your sun-rising birth,
All your glory and liberty boast;
Tell it out to the ends of the wide-listening earth,
And that Land which still loves you the most.

For no jealousy more can disturb or destroy
England's pride in her world-renown'd son:
All her millions of hearts would fain bound to your joy,
All her millions of hands grasp your own!

Tell it out then to all the wide lands of the world,
Tell it *most* to that Land o'er the Seas,
Which shall best hail the flag that in freedom unfurled
With her own, rules the billow and breeze.

Mighty England seems leaning in love o'er the sea,
(As winged bark after bark seeks your strand,)
Giant heir of her Greatness! — she honors in thee
Her own image of strength and command.

Yea! best mirror'd in thee she exultant beholds
All the pomp of her own earthquake march;
And her flag, and the star-spangled banner's free folds,
Light together Eternity's arch.

Perish ev'ry vile thought of dissension and doubt;
Perish, perish each foe that would light
E'en one spark of foul discord, or mix with the shout
Of your gladness one breath that would blight.

Boast, ay! boast of your freedom, your glory, your power,
All the triumphs that gild your career,
Till the dread tempest-breathings that hail this proud hour,
Loud-resounding, seem rocking the sphere!

But boast *not*, oh, boast not still too much that ye gained
O'er the sons of your fathers — the day!
'T was those old lion-fathers that taught ye, and trained
In red Victory's immortalized way.

Bless the hour! — be it blessed as the *last* one of wrath,
As the *first* of fair Fellowship's peace;
And press on — ye two mightiest of Lands! — in the path
Of those triumphs that never shall cease.

Science, Commerce, and Art! — *their* proud triumphs in sooth
Shine all earthier achievements above;
While the victories of each seem as victories to both,
And defeat claims *more* homage and love.

In the dizzying magnificence ev'n of your flight,
While together ye sweep toward the sun,
In the far-soaring grandeur and pride of your height,
Still the awed nations shall see ye as One!

Like those stars* that so high overhead shine in power,
They seem mingled and merged to the sight,
Lo! Columbia and Albion the rest shall o'ertower,
Till they stream, in one blaze to unite!

Away with all whisperings of envy and hate,
All ranklings of injury or wrong!
Glorious nations! — apart, how transcendently great,
But combined, how invincibly strong!

Even now, great America! speeds to thy strand
One who seems like a guest from above;
In his high hallowed fame he has sought thy brave land,
To be met by a whole host — of Love!

Mild ambassador! — conquerors and chieftains avaunt!
From the Prince of all Peace 't is *he* comes;
Th' everlasting green olives to waft and to plant
'Twixt two worlds — in your hearts, hearths and homes.

And e'en now a fair vessel from England speeds fast,
To bring greetings fraternal from far;
Blessings, prayers and kind wishes have flown with the blast,
'Stead of thunderings and threat'nings of war.

Ev'n this hour a proud vessel *to* England departs,
To bear on, o'er the blue tossing brine,
The hopes and the feelings of thousands of hearts,
Which in deep ties of friendship entwine.

* The Nebulæ.

And e'en now to the tones of a woman's meek voice*
How your noblest of hearts have throbbed high,
Lofty Land! From this moment you 've bade us rejoice
In a new, dearer, soul-binding tie!

Hail! thou generous America! hail evermore;
Thus thou 'st vanquished us, yet once again!
And thy high-minded sympathy thrills to the core
Of a land where 't will deathlessly reign.

In humanity's cause, what true zeal hath inspired,
Oh, how nobly thou 'st answered th' appeal;
For our heroes, what brave brother-feeling hath fired:
All praise to that truth and that zeal!

If we fettered thee once, thou hast fettered us now,
In the holiest and loveliest of bonds:
Lo! a voice from our homesteads! — a voice soft and low,
And this whole mighty nation responds!

Who can dream of past strifes? who can dwell on a thought
That could mar such a beautiful PEACE?
Be each hour with pure joys of fraternity fraught,
In perpetual, heaven-honored increase.

Then all hail to the star-spangled banner of pride,
The bright flag of the great and the brave;
For with England's own right-royal standard allied,
Still in concord and friendship 't will wave.

Ye might sever the links of the chain ye abhorred,
But, great Heaven! what can ever unbind
The electrical chain, and the heart-wreathing cord
That unites through the Soul and the Mind!

Of two proud, mighty people's great LOVE there is framed
One eternal, unchangeable yoke;
And magnanimous words have in thunder proclaimed
It shall never be loosened nor broke.

On the necks of Earth's two mightiest nations 't is laid,
To teach love, faith and peace to that Earth;
Till the last dread eclipse shall her regions o'ershade,
Can it fail in its weight or its worth?

Then away with all memories of bloodshed and wars!
Let them fade, from this day, from this hour;
On yon flag I will mark but the heav'n-glancing stars,
Not the earth-blazoned ensigns of power!

* LADY FRANKLIN.

I will dwell not on themes of vain strife and distrust,
Seraph-tongues whisper themes far more fair;
Seraph hands point where MATHEW, the sainted, the just,
Is made glorious America's care!

And that noblest response to a heart's solemn cry,
Ere yet breathed by a nation beneath;—
(Gallant FRANKLIN! methinks that immortal reply
Must yet reach thee—in life or in death!)

Let *that* grow to the soul, let *that* flash on the tongue,
Of great England's true sons evermore:
Could one broad bridge of gold o'er old Ocean be flung,
No, not *this* would it link shore to shore!

Let *that* live in the heart, let *that* burn to the thought,
Of true Britons eternally still;
And all shame on the soul that can fail to be taught
With a kindred emotion to thrill.

Hail! Americans, hail! honor, glory and praise
To the Lords of the New World be given:
Wave your star-spangled flag, for now fresh midst its rays
More direct shines the true fire from heaven!

And forgive the faint voice that is falteringly raised
In the midst of your whirlwind-acclaim,
To honor your far-flashing standard emblazed
With all trophies of glory and fame.

Let that voice from the Land of your forefathers greet,
(May no dream glance toward Her as a foe!)
Let this heart, that adores her, still venture to beat
With your own, in proud Sympathy's glow.

Starry Queen of th' Atlantic! for England and thee
Smiles One bright guardian-genius august;
Yours one language, one aim, O ye First of the Free!
Yours one mission, one charter, one trust.

Freedom, Progress, Religion and Knowledge still join
Your illustrious march through all time!
Till creation seems bade, by commandment divine,
Round your joint steps to flush more sublime.

Hail again to the star-spangled banner of pride,
That Firmament Flag of the Free!
While with England's magnificent standard allied,
Leagued—they queen it in pomp o'er the sea!

The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '76; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. I. AUGUST 1, 1849. No. 2.

☞ We must apologize for any deficiency in *The Flag-Staff* to-day, as our wife has been sick, and we have had to cook our own vittels, as our help has gone to see her cousin in New-York, and had not returned at the time of going to press; which will account for the lack of editorial, which our next number will remedy, and bring 'The Flag-Staff' on its legs. We have had to be cook, devil, bottle-washer and all.

N. B.—We hope our delinquent subscribers will remember our forlorn estate. Corn, hay, oats, grits and shorts taken in exchange. Only to think, fellow citizens; if every subscriber would get five others in the circle of his acquaintance, the usefulness and vital energies of 'The Flag-Staff' would be increased like a Phœnix! '*Nouz Vomica*,' as the French say.

Mr. Jones' Fourth of July Oration took us all by surprise. We knew he was a good schoolmaster, and kind to children, but never gin' him credit for such powers. We had not the least idea of it; but he proved himself on that anniversary to be a rousing son of thunder; and we wonder the roof of his mouth was n't all dried up; and as we come out of the church we said to him, taking him warmly by the hand: ' 'T aint gin' you the bronkeetis, has it?' To which he replied, confidently anticipating our congratulations, and returning the pressure of our hand with a look which indicated that he had *done* it: 'Dear Sir, very respectfully yours.' A mixture of humor and off-hand pleasantry.

A most remarkable coincidence happened. While he was a-talking about the American eagle, a tolerable-sized bird of that specie come and lit onto his crown. He at oncet took fire from his subjeck, which was inflammatory. His wife screeched, the band struck up 'Hail Columbia,' the ladies waved their hankerchifs, the old revolutionary sogers shed tears of joy, and amid the cries of 'Three cheers for our country!' 'Feed the bird!' 'Great American eagle!' 'Zachary Taylor!' 'Shoot him!' and so forth, and so forth, Mr. Jones stood up onto his legs, stretched his arms out to their full capacities, and with his eyes burning like coals of fire, 'The Constitution of the United'n States'n is safe!' says he.

An Anecdote.—We dono *when* we was so amused as we was lately. We was ridin' into a stage-coach t' other day, when all to oncet it stopt. One ole gen'lman poked his head out the winder: 'What 's the matter?' says he. It was by a tavern, and a beggar-man looked up; we never shall forgit his phizage: 'White swellin'!' says he.

Another Revolutionary Hero gone.—There don't seem to be no end of these gen'lmen. We do n't wish to hurry them off the stage; far from us; welcome to stay:

glad to see 'em; paternize them as long as they *are* here; but seems to us they *do hang on*. One was drownded last week in Samon's mill-pond. He duv off a high post, and hit his head onto a log. When he come up there war n't no life into him; and buried with military honors. Another who lives near to us died day before yesterday from eating cucumbers; and others are in the poor-house. *Sic transept gloriam mundi.*

—

Mrs. Butler's Readings.—This lady read a play to Bunkum a-Monday week. She done it with transcendant loveliness. Hampered as we are with incessant toil in our office for your instruction, kind readers, (delinquent subscribers included,) it was a soothing quietus to our jaded faculties. We rose on her inflections, sank in her die-away, startled at her terror, blackened in her scowl, palpitated in our heart at her cadences, and swelled to bursting with her rage; and rose, sank, floundered and foundered in the storm of her tumultuous passages. When we returned to our office we said to Mr. Thomas: 'Put us to bed! We cannot take off our coat!'

—

Musical Criticism.—On last night M. Screitch Oüel played the violin before a select few. The last time we heard this difficult instrument was in the hands of Cuffi. Apart from the ruddy flesh-color of the style of playing so prevalent nowadays, we thought we perceived a sombre cast of intonation which marks the school of Banjoelli. His fingering we thought a trifle defective in the management of the second joint of the little finger, although some intuition would soon bend that to at least a warrantable degree of curve. We say this without at all meaning to reflect on Mr. Oüel, whose playing-hand no doubt conscientiously follows the school in which it was fetched up, and is far from meaning to do wrong. To compensate this, his slide is wonderful; and in some instances we thought he would be flat down, lapsing considerably beyond the slight *tromulo* which would have been sufficient. We would recommend a shake-and-a-half more in the *à fortiori* passage of the *caveat* to *Luscreechia*, and a little more firmness in the *cadenza;* as this is only in accordance with the tictacs of the very best violin-players during the last fifty years. It is, however, a mere shadow on the general sunlight of that exquisite *caveat*, for which we thank our friend for rendering it so well as he done it. In handling the instrument, M. Oüel is, in the upward stroke, firm and judicious; his downward stroke might be praps a leetle whittled away, we think; not, however, without danger to the equipoise. No musical arrival in the last year has produced so much excitement in Bunkum, the Puffingtons not excepted. We have only one fault to find with him: he wants *tact*. His short advertisement we could not print at the amount offered; but he sent us a free ticket.

—

Murder is where a man is murderously killed. Murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the killing that makes murder, in the eye of the law. Fellow-de-Sea is another thing. — Lord Bacon.

Be virtuous and you will be happy. Cato.

New Publications.

FESTUS: A POEM. Printed first in London, and a'terwards in the United'n States'n. In one volume. pp. 187½.

WE have received the following critique of the above, also written in blank verse:

'T IS a great poem. Tallest man in a crowd
Is BAILEY, and that crowd the men of an age,
Lesser or larger. MILTON, broad of shoulders,
Without no eye in his head, but eye in his soul,
Sweeping a circle big as a cart-wheel:
AVON, sweet bard! with natur' in his train,
And so on, many others. Let that pass.
With FESTUS we pull up; put it into our pipes
And smoke it; chew it like a cud,
Put it in our cheek like a quid,
Roll it like a sweet morsel under the tongue.
'T is true we oft have seen the devil's pictur',
But never herd the ole gen'lman speak so well,
As if he sot in his own parlor talking,
And a-puttin' on the angel; light in visage,
With a heart as black as soot, and his long tail
Like a Mandarin's cue tied up.
Stupendous FESTUS! full of great big thoughts,
Hurled and detached like masses from the mainland,
Brooded over by a spirit bold and daring,
MR. BAYLEY!

CLARK'S KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE FOR JULY. In one volume. pp. 96. Published by Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, (not the Texas General,) at Number 139 Nassau-street, New-York.

THIS periodical Magazine comes out with a pictur' of the man himself, HYPERIUM'S curls onto it, and a small black watch-chain, and his signatur', with customary bird's-claw, underneath. It 's as like him as two peas; featur's extr'ordinary correct, but somehow or nother it only looks like him as Lake Meopac without no breeze onto it looks like Lake Meopac when there *is* a little breeze onto it. He was in a very sedative humor, guess, when that was taken; but a single hair-stroke would 'gin it all it wants. Gash that crease in the forward a little deeper, Mr. CHENEY — no matter if the blood comes — and chisel out that nick in the corner of his meouth, and then you have him in the attitude of telling that story about Mr. MACREADY; and if Mr. MACREADY do n't laugh when he sees that, we do n't know. Very much obliged to him for the compliment of copyin' out a large portion of the 'Flag-Staff.' Let him keep on in the way he 's been a-doin' in his 'Editor's Table' the last fifteen years or so, and he 'll get the love of community. We was told last week by Mr. SMITH, that some of 'OLD KNICK.'s admirers in the city was about to present him with a elegant editor's chair for him to set into, and a han'sum' editor's table for him to write onto. Hope it is true, and that we shall be there at the time they 're handed to him, for there 'll be elegant speakin'. We will contribute, even out of our not very full puss, the price of one year's subscription to the 'Flag-Staff' for that chair and table. If he ever comes to our office, we will, to make use of a 'umerous expression, give him three *cheers!* He always means well.

POEMS: by J. SOMEBODY, Esq., Author of 'The Owlets of Goose-Creek,' 'Get-u-gohma, or the Yelled-to-Death of the Wyckenquok,' an Indian Legend, etc. New-York: SMITH AND SMITHSON.

WITH a most elegant snow-white bespangled paper cover, delicately stitched, with a wide margin, plenty of blanks, and of a luscious workmanship, indicating the extreme modesty of Mr. SOMEBODY, who deems his poems to be such refulgent gems that they must have a settin' to match. We suspect Mr. SOMEBODY will turn out to be NOBODY. This remark is severe, but it is deserved.

LOVE-SICK TALES: Collected from all the Magazines. By ELIZABETH SPINSTER.

A LABOR of love. Time would fail to characterize the volume as it deserves. We therefore pass it by, and *en passong*, as the Frenchmen say, we must say it is quite passable.

Communications.

MR. EDITOR: *Sir:* — I notice that the Rev. Mr. HANKS in the '*Ark of Noah*,' speaking of my invention of the Bobble, alludes to it as the work of *a* Mr. GUMS. I beg to inform him that *the* Mr. GUMS who done it is well known to community, and to the continent of Europe; and with all due respect to Grammar, the definite article might be as well applied to him as others worthy of *the* same notice.

Truly yours,
PHILIP GUMS.

THE definite article is so small a matter about which to quarrel about, that we trusted to see it righted, especially as we think that *the* GUMS, is better grammar than *a* GUMS, and sounds better, and looks better, and in fact *is* better. Howsomever, for to compromise

the matter, we propose that he be simply alluded to as *Gums.*

ED. B. F. S. AND I. E.

MR. FLAG-STAFF: I am stopt of my rest o' nights by my neighbors' dogs, roosters a-crowin', and a little screech-owl onto a bough. With the dogs, it is 'ki-i! ki-i!' the whole blessed nocturnal watches; with the roosters, an unceasing 'dhudal-dhu!' till DAN PHŒBUS' luminary, and the little owl most dismal. The dogs I *won't* stand. This is to give my neighbors warning that if they don't tie their curs' throats tite and hermetically seal them, I shall herewith enter upon a crusade with six-shooters, following it up with sharp sticks and warm applications. A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: — If you think the enclosed copy of verses will do credit to your paper, you are welcome to publish them. Please send me a dozen or twenty copies for my friends, and put it in a conspicuous place. It is my first attempt in print, and if you see any thing in it commendable, please say so. It has been much admired by those who have read it in ms. I should feel much reluctance to venture with it in print, had I not been pressingly requested to do so by a number of friends, who think it will subserve the cause of letters. I beg to premise, that it was written in great haste, and is not so good as the author can write, if needs be. I expect a compensation. Please say, in answer to this, whether you wish me to write for your newspaper, as I have a large collection of mss., which will be offered on reasonable terms, both poetry and prose.

P. S. Would you have the kindness to exert your influence with the Bunkum bookseller to publish a uniform edition of my works?

DEAR SIR: I open this again after it is closed, to say if you will send me the proof-sheet, and also direct attention to it in a little editorial, as it is my first attempt in print, you will oblige, WILLIAM G. NOKES.

Of all the girls in Rosendale,
The fair SUSANNA beats them all;
When at the ball, or on the green,
The fair SUSANNA meets them all.

No word of mouth, no tongue can tell,
Her sweet ingenuous, modest grace;
When blush on blush comes rippling o'er
SUSANNA's charming face.

Her form is straight as Indian reed,
And all her footsteps lightly fall;
SUSANNA will make hearts to bleed,
If men have any hearts at all.

Oh! could the beaux exact the bliss
To sip her lips of honey-dew,
A shining guinea for each kiss,
Methinks there would be money due.

For oh! they 're ripe, and oh! they 're red,
But sighing is of no avail,
They higher hang above our heads
Than all the grapes of Rosendale.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF BUNKUM: *Monthly Meeting.* — Old Mr. SNAPS read a paper on the philosophical connection there is between 'Historic Lore and the development of a nation's Principles.' It lasted for two hours, during which, it enchained the audience in the stillness of death, from which the bursting of all the guns in the arsenal wouldn't wake them. The main design of it was to make a *great effort*, and to show the intellectual strength of Mr. SNAPS. The effect was profound. Those who remained awake at the end of one hour, were seized with a violent fit of coughing, which afflicted them to a really painful degree. But the orator, with a kindly sympathy for them, was tender enough to wait until they had partially recovered, which time he spent in gargling his mouth out with a glass of cold water. He then proceeded to a consummation, not until he had built up and compacted his subject with all the nails, and screws, and metaphysical hammers, so that it cannot at all be moved, but stands forever, *monumentum ærius* — a brazen monument.

Mr. DUMBIDIKES followed in an elaborate essay on the clam-banks of Long-Island, with an allusion to clamb-aches, and respect to DANIEL WEBSTER, all of which was

well received. He explained why it was that the abdomens of the soft-clam-eaters on the south-side rose and fell with the tides of the Atlantic. It was the simple principle of expansion and contraction, arising out of supply and demand. Neither electricity nor magnetism had nothing to do with it.

Mr. VON WIEBEL notified the society that he had received a present of a couple of old chairs from Amsterdam, and they were now brought in in a shackly condition. On motion it was resolved, that the thanks of the Society be returned, and that they be deposited in the cock-loft till wanted.

Mr. FLIPKINS read a paper on Putty, its discovery, early uses, fluctuations in the price of the same, and the present mode of using the article in putty-guns. All those who heard the essay will not soon forget it. It was on a subject that will *stick*, to make use of a facetious remark.

Hymenal.

MARRIED, on Tuesday morning, by Rev. JEREMIAH DIKES, Mr. LION to Miss LAMB:

YES, the days for which we sighed,
Are coming without sham,
When warring hearts shall be allied
The LION and the LAMB!

By the same Mr. FOURTH to Miss July:

O! singular coincidence.
To marry FOURTH to Miss JULY,
Leading us to conclude from hence
They could n't, apart, to the realms of glory fly.

Wisconsin papers, and those throughout the United'n States'n generally, please copy.

Obituary.

DIED, at his late residence on Sky Hill, JOHN SMITH, at the ripe *ætas* of fifty. He never travelled ten miles from his domicil in all his life, and got his living from selling cabbages, and his death from eating them. He has deceased, 'greatly regretted by a large circle of friends.'

'An honest man is the noblest work of GOD,'
POPE PIUS.

On the sixth instimo, CHARLES GRIMLEY, aged thirty years, a few months, a few hours, and a few seconds old. CHARLEY was a sad boy, but

'No longer seek his merits to disclose!'

On the 1st prox., WILLIAM, son of the Editor of this paper, aged three months, just as we are going to press.

SWEET infant flower, too whilom snatched away,
To grace a blooming coronet on high.
Printer's please copy.

Answers to Correspondents.

'TOMMY.' — *In answer to 'TOMMY,' who wants to know how much tail for his kite, we have only to say, pattin him on the head with the hand of our mind, make the tail according to your kite, my boy, or if you have only so much rags, then your kite according to the tail.*

'X. Y. Z.' — *We can procure you a jackass, but none with such long ears by half a foot as you want. There are plenty of jacks with ears long enough for a reasonable man. Write your wishes by the next post.*

'UMBRA.' — *'Our suffering Sir.' Tell us who took your umbrella, and we shall see what we shall see.*

'V. Z. Q.' — *Your request is inadmissible. We can't lend you our tooth-brush for a day's journey. We have had experience in that way. Mr. Thomas borrowed it, and kept it a week.*

'C. P. A. B.,' *threatens to pull our nose if we do not apologize. We have only to say,' My dear Sir, we* WILL *grease our nose with the oil of an apology.'*

'TOPER.' — *If your taste is constitutional, better swing off altogether. Any how, if you tipple brandy and water in the morning, you 're a gone case.*

'STUTTERER.' — *If you cannot propose to the girl without making yourself ridiculous, let your eyes speak; squeeze her hand; and ten to one she won't say 'N-n-n-o.'*

'PISCATOR.' — *Very well. If he do, then he do; let him do.*

'JACQUES.' — *Certainly.*

'MILTON JUNIOR.' — *Very happy to read your Epic, and publish portions. Review it in 'Flag-Staff.' Praise good passages; run down poor ones.*

'SCOGEY.' — *Thank you. We think we see ourselves travellink fifty miles in order 'to read over together' your 'series of prose skeeches suitable for the 'Flag-Staff!'' When the 'Flag-Staff' is in want of your pieces we will let you know.*

'JASPER.' — *My friend and pitcher, where are your ears? We did n't do it.*

'MACHEATH.' — *No Sir: Your play has got double entonders into it, and we never will recommend it to the managers. Them vile entonders is doin' more to keep away decent people from the theater than a little. I do n't mind lookin' at a bad ca-racter; but a vile sentiment or indecency, like essence, leaks right into the marrow-bones of the soul. We like to see a good play, and we like to see it as it is writ, scenery and lights included; but we never, never will encourage play-writers or play-actors in their panderings to make a pit of mere boys in their shirt-sleeves squawk right out. Let them crack their pea-nuts in the interludes of decency, say we. Good mornin', Mr. Macheath!*

Advertisements.

BUNKUM MUSEUM.—EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION! Fifty Thousand Curiosities added! We have now a splendid

CAT HARMONICON,

the only one in Christendom. Mr. PHILIP SQUAWKER, the ingenious mechanic, invented this instrument from a critical comparison of the various notes of house-top cats with the notes of the gamut. Their tails are thrust through holes in a deal-board, (TOM's bass and TABITHA's treble,) and fastened to a key-board, on which Mr. SQUAWKER plays, as on an organ. Also, a

GOOSE,

born without any teeth. Splendid

WAX FIGURES,

comprising POLLY BODINE, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, BURKE the murderer, and General WASHINGTON. Also, a

LITTLE HOG,

which would have saved a whole Irish family from being starved, but he got out of the pen and fled to the sea-coast. Newts, Snakes, Alligators, Dead Sea-water in bottles, and Tomahawks. A COW WITH THREE LEGS and the beautiful MISS ANGELINA will dance the Polka every evening. Also, Statuary and Portraits by distinguished masters.

LIKENESSES CUT

by Master GOODBOY's big toe.

PERSON'S WEIGHED,

together with other curiosities, too numerous to mention. Reverend the clergy invited to attend free gratis. Nothing theatrical. Also, to give out in their pulpits that we expect to have a

LEARNED GOAT

to read writing, now on his way from Poughkeepsie, and two dozen

INDUSTRIOUS FLEAS.

☞ The SWEARING PARROT, however amusing he was to the younger portions of community, has been discarded from this establishment, as the proprietor wishes it to be conducted on virtuous principles, conducive to good morals. The first time he said 'DAM!' we turned him off; confidently appealing to the public and the approval of our own conscience for reward.

Admittance, twenty-five cents. .1tispd.

JOHN SCISSORS respectfully informs the people of Bunkum that he has opened a Hair-Dressing Saloon, where, in addition to clean brushes and taking nobody by the nose in shaving, those who have their hair cut will not be BLOWED ON. Professor SCISSORS claims the first honor of the abolition of this nasty custom. The hairs will be wiped away by a soft brush.

Ladies with beards will be shaved by Mrs. Scissors every Saturday afternoon. tf.j27.

TIXICUM TONIC.

CERTAIN CURE FOR SENSE OF GONENESS.

THIS invaluable Tonic has now been before the public for a quarter of a century, and a century would fail to tell the good it done. A friend in whom we can put every confidence writes from Maunch-Chunk, in Pennsylvania:

'YOUR Tixicum bitters have riz me right up onto my legs. From being a most heart-rending sight, sallow, and with a pain in my back, and with one of my large toes out of joint, they builded up my natur' till I could stand as firm as a stone-fence. Your Tonic is the best-tasted thing for a drug I ever seen. I must inform you that that horrible *Sense of Goneness* at the pit of the stomach, to which purgatory is a mere solitary touch, and crackers only afforded a cotemporary relief, has winged its everlasting flight. These attacts of Goneness for many years could n't be described by any dismal language which I am capable of. They leave all attempts at description and scenery far in the back-ground. Sir, you will believe me when I tell you that my stomach felt as hollow as a bucket, and like a wilderness country with nothing into it but the hooting of owls. Ardent spirits would 'a gin' me temperary relief; but I am a reformed drunkard; and having delivered lectur's in that capacity, and collapsed once or twice in my effort to shake off this nightmare omnibus, besides all eyes of society fixed on me, I consider King Alchy out of the question. If you had looked at my countenance when I was sufferin', you would 'a thought I was a lunatic hippocondrick and paralittic combined in one miserable mass of dejection; and like a poor dog, with my tail under my legs, I would have bit the head off of the best friend I had on earth. Though brought up pious in my youth, yet when these fits was onto me I have been known to cuss so as to be a nuisance to the neighborhood. Three bottles of your Tixicum Tonic went right to the spot, and relieved my cussing. I said to my wife, it was like bottled sunshine to my constitushun, and sent a gleam of light all through me, with a peculiar tinglish sensation of the intestines, as if a hundred little pitchforks was to work; very pleasant; and I kept crying out: 'Go it, my little fellers! Make hay while the sun shines! Sharpen up the p'ints! spit onto 'em! Prick it in, but do n't spile the superficies! How 'll you swap for needles? Ginger is no touch to you! Waxinate the whole inner man; no fault found, and a wote of thanks passed!' In this childish way I used to go on, making a speech to them bitters, while they was a-doin' their work; and all the while my countenance one glow of satisfaction, as would ripen a corn-field. Set me down for ten bottles of the Tixicum, and make the mixtar' a little hotter yit. If the cause of humanity and the human species will be at all reinstated by what I have said of your Tonic, you are welcome to publish it as the only thing which did JOHN TAPEWORM any good. That 's a fact.'

THE above glowing tribute is one of a thousand from ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, doctors of law, foreigners, individuals, mechanics, and all clalses. $500!—FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS forfeited if it do n't cure, by those who continue to use it long enough.

From an old lady, aged seventy-five, residing at Tipton-on-Turns:

'DEAR SUR: I have been subjick for fifteen years to *tumo*, and kept a-cryin' out: 'I'm a-Dyin'! I'm a-Dyin! I'm a-Dyin'!' and told them to drive a Nail in my Hed, meanin' a Pin in my Cap, and 'I want to see Doctor MILLER, Doctor MILLER, Doctor MILLER, about the line of my Inheritance!' My sensations began with a *titatistizaristum* in the back-part of my Hed, and see a little turkle onto a string. There was a parcel of little fellers sort of dancing on the spine of my back; amartish feeling at the tip of my Finger-Nales; could n't get no rest nights; tried STOUGHTON'S Bitters, Calamy-jollupe; did n't do no good. Began to grow wust about the fust of Febuary. Thought I felt a crawly sensation on my Hed, and got alarmed; fell into hystericks, and my friends thought I 'd arrived at my latter eend. But man's extremity GOD's opportunity. Was advised to try your Tixicum. I tookt one swallow, and I gagged; but by perseverin', it warmed me all through, and my valable life is now spared to Posterity with a Prospick of many Dayes. Those *ginglimus* twitchings, and a running of mice down my back, your Tixicum cured it. Mrs. TEAZABY come in one day, and says I, 'My dear, GOD's will be done!' says I. Says she: 'It's all nervous.' Says I: 'Hold your Tongue!' says I; 'it's an Insult; you want to see me dead; you all want to see me dead. You 'll have your wish!' and very much excited. Then she speaks more sensible, and says she: 'What 's it like?' and says I: 'Fire-crackers in my Hed.' Then says she: 'Let me advise you to take RASKEL'S Tixicum Bitters. Cured the widow GOOSEBERRY'S zig-zag pains, Rusty-nail in her foot, and two of her toes much disordered with corns.' At last I consented, Dere Sur, and stand on Terry-Firmy; and to my Certin Nolledge it cured a child of worms. Please accept this Gold-Peace included of Five Dollars for Respect out of Gratitude; and when I get sick again I shall Use It, and be very glad to see you when you come this way, and Bring me somethin'. I thank you to cure me of Hard of Hearing, and LORILLARD'S Best Rosecented Mackaboy Snuff. Be sorry to give it up; can't do it; won't hurt me. Please say so, If it won't hurt me, as I know it won't; and Please say so.

'From Yours to serve,
'JEMIMA VERIGREEN.'

FOR SALE OR TO LET for a term of years, for filthy lucre, in open violation of the most sacred sensibilities of the human heart, that the eyes and feelings of society at large may be familiarized to our TRAFFIC, the following poor unfortunate creatures, on whom Providence has laid its heaviest hand, and whose afflictions *may* be alleviated by being gazed at, to wit: A DWARF, so exceedingly small, compared with others of the same breed, that we have christened him Monsieur DWARF DWARF; a perfect little gentleman, free of limb, and plays well on the Jews-harp. Supposed to have been checked in his growth to cater to the growing taste and to supply the market of monstrosities. Sheds a few tears, sometimes with apparent bitterness, but generally very pleasant, except when he is a little cross, when he is soon whipped into training. Also, a SNAKE-MAN; his head flat, his tongue forked, and his body slim. Oh! a horrible object, and fust-rate for exhibition; and feels his affliction most bitterly, which makes him look more snakish still; and a certin fortune for any owner of a museum or travelling exhibition. Come and see the gentleman! One moment's conversation with him will justify the brag which we confidently now make, that he is a NONDESCRIPT AND A CUR'OSITY. Also, a BABY IN A BOTTLE with two heads; 't was born so, and we've kept it in sperrits. ($50.) Also, a few MONSTROSITIES, calculated to improve the moral sense of community. Call soon, as they may be disposed of at auction, the owners going to Europe. Apply to

SELLUM AND DAMDFOR'T.

Raskal, July 10, 1849.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF AND INDEPENDENT ECHO is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the KNICKERBOCKER office in New-York. It goes in with a strong team for the Principles of '98 and Constitution of the United'n States'n. For further Particklers see large head. All kinds of job-printing neatly executed with despatch. Horse, wool-carding, cloth-dressing, grist-mill, and other hand-bills, printed on the shortest notice. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, an Apprentice. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once a-week to Babylon, Pequog and Jericho, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. Store-pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, beans, grits, hay, honey and shorts taken in exchange. WANTED to hire, a new-milch farrer-cow; give eight quarts night and morning; ALSO, to 'change milks' with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a-week.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

WHAT moralist shall make distinctions nice,
When Virtue touches on its neighb'ring vice;
When self-will'd obstinacy firmness seems,
And with the praise of courage rashness teems;
When Avarice the garb of Prudence wears,
And sour Intolerance timid Virtue scares;
When the reluctant gift from man shall claim
The homage due to Charity's blest name,
And base Hypocrisy pursues its trade,
In fair Religion's beauteous robes array'd?
Then learn to know fair-dealing from deceit,
Nor take for current coin its counterfeit;
Be it the part of wisdom to discriminate
'Twixt Virtue's self and that which doth it imitate.

P. H.

TO A DEAR SISTER.

'I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew,
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief,
Whose balsam never grew.' — EMERSON.

In Memory's rich mosaic,
Those hours are glowing still,
When you and I went wandering,
By woodland rock and rill.

Two merry, reckless children,
That saw not in the air
The future storm-clouds looming up,
O'er all the azure there.

If either found a king-cup,
The sunbeam's laughing bride,
Our El Dorado seemed the flower —
We sought no gold beside.

But flowers we used to smile with,
Now waken tears instead;
There's no such sunshine in us now
As then that smiling fed!

The spring in our young spirits,
Too early it took wing,
And where were summer's radiant hours?
Should winter follow spring?

Alas! I see thy dark eyes
Fill fast with burning tears;
We both have buried folded buds,
To bloom in other spheres!

As melts the lovely snow-flake,
As fades the rainbow's bloom,
As dies the dearest melody,
As flits the faint perfume:

Those delicate dreams of Being,
Those fairy infants fell,
Ere the angels, that had led them here,
Had whispered their farewell.

And now for other sunshine,
And other bloom we look,
Than those our joyous childhood found
Beside the woodland brook.

Ah! let us bless the Winter,
Though dark, though cold it lowers,
That leads where Heaven's eternal spring
Is breathing o'er our flowers!

P. S. C.

THE HUNGARIAN LOVERS.

BY MRS. C. W. DENISON.

ALMA.

To-NIGHT the moon rolls heavily
Along the sky;
To-night, our bridal was to be:
He is not nigh:
And oh! my GOD! what may I see
To-morrow?

The cold wind rushes down the hill;
Why linger here?
Its kiss upon my cheek is chill
As Death's last tear:
But yesterday was WALSTEIN by,
Clad for the fight.
The light of battle made his eye
Unearthly bright.
Though high his soul with hope, his fate
May leave my poor heart desolate
To-morrow!

Hark! 't is his step — not dead! not dead!
He lingers still:
Thank GOD! his blood has not been shed
On Buda's hill.
Be brave, my heart; hath reason fled?
A soldier's grave may be his bed
To-morrow!

O! hope is sweet; but I would hush
Even its breath:
Its faintest whisper, like the blush
Of shame, were death
To me; 't would fire my throbbing brain,
And then, —— oh! what if he be slain
To-morrow!

WALSTEIN.

My ALMA! 'neath this blessed light,
With ring and vow,
I was to call thee bride to-night;
I 'll wed thee now!
And thou shalt be, amid the strife
On Buda's brow,
A soldier's, a Hungarian's wife,
To-morrow!

Give me thy hand; the fitful stars
In their pale path
Shine coldly down, and gloomy Mars
Keeps watch in wrath;

Yet from their home, all shadowy now,
They 'll witness this
My first, my last, my holiest vow,
And thy pure kiss.

The moon is hidden, for a cloud
Hath veiled her in a floating shroud:
She 'll part its drapery soon; her beams,
Soft as the smiles in happy dreams,
Like hand-maids on my bride shall wait;
Then falter not — 't will be too late
To-morrow.

ALMA.

Yes, WALSTEIN, take me for thy wife,
Though this may be
The last time we shall meet in life:
GOD dwell with thee!
I 'll call thee mine; then give thee up
For Liberty;
And though 't will be a bitter cup,
We *must* be free!

See, flashing by the Danube's side,
The fire of war!
The Russian keepeth watch in pride
Along our shore:
The rattle of their clanging steel
Is sweet to me;
For, WALSTEIN, by yon Heavens! I feel
We *shall* be free!

Go forth; forget me in the field;
Or, if thy thought
Reverts to ALMA ENGELSIELD,
Remember nought
But this: fall dead before thou yield
To hated Russia!

The war-cry on yon battle-ground
To me will be a glorious sound;
If thou shouldst fall, I 'll watch and weep
Above thy hallowed grave; my sleep
Will be as soft as if my rest
Were taken pillowed on thy breast.

Strike every tyrant down! Were I
A man to-night, I 'd joy to die
For my poor country.

WALSTEIN, go;
No sigh I give, no tear shall flow:
Behold, I smile! though death should claim
Him whose I am in heart and name:
Go! and redeem thy country's fame
To-morrow!

Washington, June 27, 1849.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NAUTICAL ROUTINE AND STOWAGE: with Short Rules in Navigation. By JOHN M'LEOD MURPHY and W. N. JEFFERS, Jr., Passed Midshipmen, United States' Navy. In one volume. pp. 144. New-York: HENRY SPEAR, corner of Wall and Pearl-streets.

IF any of our readers would truly realize the thousand important matters that enter into the almost sublime art of navigation, we would commend them to an examination of this extremely well-executed and profusely-illustrated volume. We speak now not so much of those who are more particularly interested in the subject-matter of the work, sea-captains, merchants, underwriters, etc., to whom of course it cannot but prove invaluable, as to the merely general reader, who has stood perhaps a hundred times and surveyed the multitudinous cordage, pencilled against the sky, dotted with blocks and tackle, and crossed and recrossed with the hempen filaments, in our noble packet-ships; or has felt, while at sea, the almost supernatural power by which the huge fabric was borne across the trackless waste of waters to 'the haven where she would be.' The work is thoroughly practical, a great portion of the matter which it contains having been gathered at sea, preserved in notes, and afterward carefully arranged in form. Particular pains have been taken to render the article on '*Spars and Rigging*' as thorough as possible, and to refer to every improvement in marine equipments. The best and most experienced riggers have been consulted, so that the author has been enabled to combine the opinions of men of the highest professional standing. The subject of '*Stowage*' is treated at large; and it is one of great importance; for 'the most trivial variation in the disposition of the weight with which a vessel is charged has been known to effect a material variation in her stability, floatation and velocity.' The facts and directions in this department of the work are drawn from the most authentic sources, and embody the rules and practice observed by the best stevedores of the present day; a class to which the knowledge of this branch has been hitherto almost exclusively confined. There is a chapter upon '*Evolutions*,' many of which are entirely new, and 'from the *lips*, not the *pens*' of some of our most intelligent practical American merchant sailors. The division of the work which treats of '*Navigation*' is exceedingly well supplied. The rules and rigid methods for determining positions at sea are collated from the very best authorities, and embrace all such methods, observations and remarks as tend at all to elucidate the subject. No pains nor expense have been spared to make the voluminous tables as correct as they possibly can be made. They were read four times before stereotyping, and three times from the plates, and then sent to the author, who revised them by those of the highest authorities. The methods of reducing the elements in

the nautical almanac, for finding the latitude and time, for rating and keeping account of the chronometer, of clearing the lunar distance, etc., are of kindred accuracy, while the typography of the tables is of great clearness and beauty. The '*Nautical Routine*' cannot fail to acquire an immediate and extensive popularity.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE. By JOHN RUSKIN, author of 'Modern Painters,' etc. In one volume. pp. 189. New-York: JOHN WILEY.

THE American publisher has performed what we cannot doubt will prove an acceptable service to the public in issuing this work; although it is not probable that in all cases the writer's views will be embraced; on the contrary, in this comparatively new country, where true architecture, like every thing in the nature of true art, is of slow growth, there are many things laid down which if appreciated will be condemned, but which will be much more likely not to be appreciated at all. We avail ourselves, with much condensation, of a clear exposition of the character of the work given by our contemporary of the '*Albion*' weekly journal, leaving our readers thereafter to seek, in the pages of the book itself, for a more complete development of its contents:

'THE quaint title of the work requires a word of explanation. The Seven Lamps are neither more nor less than guiding spirits, or ruling principles, under whose influence the author contends that all architectural works should be designed, executed and regarded In some instances, it seems to us, that his peculiar doctrines are pushed out to absurd extremes; in many the plain truths forcibly laid down are equally worth the notice of those who plan, and of those who pay for buildings. Church architecture occupies a very large, in fact the principal part of Mr. RUSKIN's attention, and being himself evidently imbued with strong religious feelings, he sometimes so blends Art and Religion together, that it is difficult to separate them. The Seven *Lamps* described and illustrated are those of Sacrifice. Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience. In the first named, Sacrifice, a somewhat far-fetched effort is made to inculcate as matter of duty the employment of costly materials and expensive labor in the construction of sacred edifices, on the ground that the costliness is sacrificial, and is acceptable to GOD under the New Dispensation, as it was expressly commanded under the Old. The second, the *Lamp of Truth*, is to be ever before the eyes of the Architect, warning him from wood painted in imitation of marble, and from buttresses that can palpably afford no support, or that obviously are not wanted, if they could, and from many such like architectural deceits, to enumerate which we have not room. So severe is Mr. RUSKIN on this point, that he even objects to the use of ornaments *cast*, in place of those wrought by hand, because the latter give evidence of cost and labor. This is trimming the second lamp, to bring it up to the standard of the first. We like the third division of the book, that treats of Power, better than any of the others. Form, situation relatively to surrounding objects, and the wondrous effects of light and shade, are set forth as mainly productive of powerful effect. The treatment of the *Lamp of Beauty* is far less satisfactory, tinctured as it appears to be with some of Mr. RUSKIN's peculiar views. He reprobates the prevalent custom of applying decorative art to the purposes of ordinary life. We congratulate ourselves upon its application twenty times a day. (And so do *we*, and every *other* man of sense!) It is difficult to explain in a few words the meaning of the Lamp of Life. We take it, however, as expressive of that *vitality* which we recognise in all truly great works, speaking alike in the design of the genius who planned, and in the bold, vigorous execution of the workman, as though one thought had animated both the hand and the head. Occasional deviations from strict rules are instanced by the author as specimens of the earnest vitality of the architect, and the deep expressive cutting in some unimportant decorations as the effect of the same principle operating on the mason. The *Lamp of Memory*, the sixth, should prompt such historical symbolizing of the decorative parts of architecture, as may be both useful and becoming. This has been done to a great and unnoticed extent in many of the best buildings of the middle ages. By a slight straining also of this point of the subject, the architect is urged to a prospective as well as retrospective exercise of memory. He is bidden to think of those who are to follow, as of those who have preceded us.'

The work contains an abundance of admirable hints to professional men, and ample entertainment to others. There are fourteen illustrations on stone, copied from the artists' sketches. They are coarse, but exceedingly vigorous, the style of his drawings being characterized by strength rather than finish.

HOLIDAYS ABROAD, OR EUROPE FROM THE WEST. By MRS. KIRKLAND, Author of 'A New Home,' 'Forest Life,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 635. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

WE had in the July number a brief 'say' touching these instructive and entertaining volumes, which doubtless before this are in the hands of thousands of our readers; but this very natural circumstance must not prevent our presenting some of the few extracts which we promised to lay before the reader. There is not a little difficulty in choosing; for MRS. KIRKLAND has such a 'knack' at making her readers see with her eyes, and to establish her book with you in the light of a person speaking to you, that one who reads her volume for review will find, when he has finished, dog-ears and pencil-marks as 'thick as leaves in Vallambroza,' and will realize effectually *l'embarras des richesses*. We have therefore little farther to say of 'Holidays Abroad' than this: that if the reader would obtain clear and vivid pictures of all that would naturally strike a sensible and observant American in England, France, and Italy, and the multitudinous sights, manners, customs, etc., of the peoples of their capitals, this is the very book 'for his money.' MRS. KIRKLAND praises genially and condemns frankly what she likes or disaffects, uncontrolled by the fashionable admiration or unfashionable dislike of imitative tourists, or what less independent minds regard as 'the world.' Here is a graphic sketch of one of the 'lungs of London;' and we wish it might be the means of awakening our 'city fathers' to the necessity of reserving, while yet there is 'ample room and verge enough' on Manhattan island, similar park space, for the regalement of the tired denizens of this great metropolis:

'BY far the most magnificent thing in London is her chain of parks, unequalled in the world. The taste, the liberality, the wealth displayed in the appropriation of these vast areas in the midst of the great metropolis, is surprising, and certainly gives the stranger a higher idea of the grandeur of London than any other single thing about it. Our notion of a park, at home, is of a level spot of a few acres, crossed with gravel walks, and surrounded by a handsome fence, with, perhaps, a pretty fountain in the centre, and some seats for the nurses and children who are its principal occupants. But the parks of London are slices of the veritable country, hill and dale and lake and river included. Gigantic old trees, single and in clumps and avenues, give shadow enough for beauty and comfort; good roads afford drives for the wealthy and indolent; long stretches of green sward, the most delightful riding-ground for the young and the active: now you come upon a sheet of water, covered with beautiful gaily-painted boats, and stocked with water-fowl; now upon a botanic garden, full of rare plants. Amid all this, you find at all hours of the day multitudes of people; smiling parents and children, taking the air; working people going to and from their labor; gentlemen riding leisurely along, followed by servants in livery; ladies enjoying a canter, which excites to the utmost the glowing English complexion. But in the afternoons, from four to six, nothing can be imagined more gay and exciting than the scene exhibited, especially in Hyde Park. The Ring, a long drive, is filled with splendid carriages, equestrians, and promenaders. Among these, may often be seen one or two of the royal carriages, with their gay scarlet liveries, attended by outriders and equerries; and Her MAJESTY and Prince ALBERT, sitting as gravely, side by side, as any king and queen in the story-books, return with scrupulous politeness the salutations of the gentlemen on foot who usually stand while the royal equipage passes, and lift their hats to the QUEEN.'

'The chain of parks most frequented, comprises Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and the Green Park; but Regent's Park, a little separated from these, is a magnificent expanse of verdure, surrounded and dotted with handsome residences. The occupants of those houses enjoy the advantages of both country and city life, and need hardly resort to more rural scenery for the summer months. The area includes the Zoological Gardens, and other places of beauty and amusement; but the true charm lies in the trees, the grass, the water, the quiet, and the human faces one meets in traversing the walks. Nothing we saw in London made our own dear city of New-York seem so poor in comparison as these parks! Why can we not have equally ample and delightful ones, as our city stretches northward toward Harlem? There is still abundant space, and all the capabilities in the way of wood and water, and inequality of surface, that can be desired. Surely our citizens, who come in crowds to look at the great and beautiful things on this side of the water, cannot be satisfied that New-York, more likely, perhaps, than any other city to outvie London in many important respects, shall remain so immeasurably behind her in this. After once seeing these lovely oases in the wilderness of streets, one can never be content with the scanty patches of verdure, beautified though they be with fountains lovely as the Diamond of the Desert, that form the only places of afternoon recreation for the weary, the sad, the invalid, the playful.'

Our author, in common with the English themselves, for the custom has often been ridiculed in the London journals, condemns the narrow-minded custom, so different from the continental practice, of exhibiting such places as Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's, Greenwich Hospital, and the like, for hire. The reader will remember poor Hood's description of an admiring visitor at Westminster Abbey, lingering after service, in a solemn reverie, which is broken by one of the ciceroni, with:

> 'Service is done; it 's tuppence now
> For them as wants to stop!'

The view from Richmond Hill, so famous in many a novel, diary, biography, autobiography, and memoir, is dashed in with a rich brush:

'We drove round by Richmond Hill on our return, and from that lovely spot saw one of the exquisitely soft and golden landscapes for which summer England is so famous. The air was in a fine noon haze; the sunlight a little softened; the water covered with sparkles, and the green that of the fresh grass about a hidden brook. Scattered trees of great size enrich the gentle slopes, and fringes of forest vary the lines of the horizon. The Thames lies at your feet, crossed by a beautiful bridge; villas and grand old mansions give the scene the charm added by association with the splendors of past and present time. All breathes of Thomson and the Seasons, for he has wonderfully embodied the place and its genius in his poem. Rural nature, in trimmest trim, carefully weeded of every rudeness, and disposed with theatrical exactness as to effect, smiles on through the seasons, and through the landscapes that inspired them. The painter looks in vain for the 'brown tree,' or the rough any thing. But Richmond surveys an expanse whose beauty is that of the gardens of delight in eastern story, unrelieved by contrast and suggestive only of repose and luxurious ease. The drive through the Park reminded me of our Western 'openings,' but it differs from them essentially in refusing admittance to hackney coaches.'

Mrs. Kirkland paid a visit to Dickens in his sanctum, which we are glad to find he has the good taste to keep in order; thus gainsaying the mistaken notion that a literary man must necessarily be a sloven in his own especial apartment. Many a 'screed' have we had from 'Devonshire Terrace, York-Gate, Regent's Park,' where we hope one day to have the pleasure of taking the writer by the hand:

'A chatting subject just now in London is the amateur plays, for the benefit of the curatorship of the Shakspeare House. Mr. Dickens, who is to be stage-manager, is the main-spring of the affair, and so much engaged that he could not come to dine, where we had expected to see him, a day or two since. But we saw him at his own house, in his own pleasant library, looking out upon a bosky green garden, and furnished with all that makes libraries comfortable and attractive. It was with no little gratification that I seated myself at the desk where so many delightful things have been written, and looked about upon the appliances which helped to give us 'Dombey' and the 'Cricket,' not to speak of the earlier stories, that date further back than Mr. Dickens's residence in Devonshire Terrace. All was arranged with the business-like order and neatness which is said to characterize every thing done by Mr. Dickens, who completely refutes the vulgar idea of the irregularities of genius. He received us with cordial frankness, and asked, with eyes full of fun, 'How are you pleased with our country?' The question of which he complained so much during his visit to the United States.'

The amateur plays came off finely; 'but Mr. Dickens,' we are told, 'was all in all. He toiled incessantly in the cause, and was the only good actor in the company.' Our author and her party had the pleasure of a breakfast with Mr. Rogers; of whom she observes:

'We found him in a quiet parlor, rich in gems of art from cornice to floor, and looking upon a garden whose shrubberies against the morning sky made fresh pictures within the window-frames. Oh, this 'giving' upon gardens! what an inestimable addition is it to splendor and comfort! In this, bow old, crowded, sophisticated London, as we are wont to think it, excels our cities of the new, roomy world! Nobody that can afford any thing, does without trees, shrubs, and flowers. Nobody shuts out real foliage with curtains on which mock greenery is painted. Not only in the lovely suburban villas with which London is girded,

> 'Like the swart Indian with his belt of beads,'

but in the very thickest of the close-packed streets, is this a coveted feature of home; of the cosy sitting-room, or the snug library, or the cheerful breakfast-parlor. The visitor walks to the window, at once, though the walls may be hung with landscapes, and the tables loaded with all that foreign travel has obtained of rare and beautiful.'

Among the eminent guests at the table was Mrs. Opie; of whom Mrs. Kirkland says:

'It was affecting to see the good understanding that subsisted between our host and this distinguished lady; and to think that they alone, of all that company, had known face to face the great ones of a past generation. They could talk with each other familiarly of people whom we would give so much to have known — Scott, Byron, Southey, and many, many more. They have a world of the past to retire to when this grows vapid; and when we consider the term to which their years have reached, we cannot help feeling as if the great future were theirs too, still more emphatically than ours, although every day's accident show us how little youth or health or strength has to do with the prospect of long life. For my own part, it pleased me to consider Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Opie as exemplifying the conservative power of mind; for a certain amount of brain-work is essential to health and longevity; partly, perhaps, because intellectual pursuits aid us so materially in bearing up under the lesser, and even the greater troubles of life.'

Here we are, not half through the first of the two volumes before us, yet here we must stop. The reader has heard nothing of Paris, so inferior to London in the grandeur and solidity of its public edifices; nothing of the score of minor continental cities; nothing of Rome itself, so picturesque and replete with association; but 'are not all these things written in the book' whereof we have been speaking, and may they not at any time be compassed by a small amount of the current coin of this republic? As Polonius says, 'Take this from this, if this be otherwise.'

Agnes Morris, or the Heroine of Domestic Life. In one pamphlet-volume. pp. 143. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

Of this work, which we have not read, a correspondent, whose own writings have proved acceptable to our readers, thus speaks: ''Agnes Morris' is a simple, plain, unpretending story of city and country life. Without laying any great claim to originality of plot, brilliancy of style, depth of thought and observation, or new delineations of character, it is a winning book, and I found it impossible to lay it down till I had reached the 'Finis.' It comes under the list of *pleasant* books; such a book as one loves to read leisurely, at any time and in any place; a slight, indolent and sketchy story, interesting from its naïveté and good humor. The characters are rather outlines than full-length portraits. Dr. Noggs, the village physician, a kind, loveable, but odd and eccentric old man, struck my fancy, and I fell in love with him at first sight. Mrs. Boggs, a low, vulgar dowdy, the rich widow of a deceased tallow-chandler, is finely drawn. Observe this description of her house:

'Ellen was carried from Lilburneville to Philadelphia by a trusty person, who went to that city on business. He left the child at a large house in Vine-street, and he saw the aunt to whom she was given for a little time, that he might be able to tell her friends something of her new home and care-taker. He was shown into a front-parlor to wait for the lady. The room was very hot and oppressive, and all the furniture was red, and seemed to increase the heat. The sofa was red velvet, and so were the chairs. The carpet was like a flame. Heavy red curtains, with yellow borders, concealed the windows; and there were pictures, doubtless of the deceased uncle and the lady who was now his widow, and they were red and glaring. The lady was painted with a blue and yellow turban; but her dress was red velvet, or the artist intended it for red velvet. These pictures were very dreadful, but they seemed perfectly in keeping with the room and its furniture. The portrait of the woman was that of an Amazon; and the gentleman could not help hoping that the aunt was not the original of the picture. But he did not hope long; the lady appeared, as gigantic in her proportions as her representative on the canvass; her face as coarse as the coarse daub of the artist; the red was as palpable and *promiscuous* on her face and nose as the painter had made it. There was one relief: she was dressed in black, with a widow's cap. This *was* a relief; a kind of unexpected decency, that one feels very thankful for.'

''For my single self,' I can say, that I hope to hear farther from the author; and I think 'Agnes Morris' may safely be commended to the readers of the Knickerbocker, as a work well worthy their attention.'

SELECTIONS FROM CATULLUS, for the use of Classical Students, with English Notes. By G. G. COOKESLEY, M. A., one of the Assistant Masters at Eton. Revised, with additional Notes, by C. A. BRISTED, B. A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 160. New-York: STANFORD AND SWORDS.

AN edition of CATULLUS is a novelty in this country. Our old-fashioned notions of propriety have hitherto kept the bard of Verona at a distance, and it has been thought that the privilege of listening to his sweetly-warbled hendecasyllabics might be more than counterbalanced, on the part of the young, by the risk connected with it. This was all correct enough, as long as no edition could be obtained which might safely be placed in the hands of the student, and in which CATULLUS, the *poet*, might alone appear, not CATULLUS the mere sensualist and debauchee, who had so often misemployed his time, and suffered his brilliant talents to run to waste. The desideratum, we are happy to say, is now supplied, and supplied, too, in a very satisfactory manner, by the joint labors of an English and an American scholar. We think, however, that it would not have been amiss if a still freer use had been made of the pruning-knife. For instance, on page 20 a Sapphic stanza occurs, which ought certainly to have been omitted in part, and the first line of which, if alone retained, would have answered sufficiently well as an introduction to the succeeding stanza, where the beautiful image of the '*prati ultimi flos*' is found. So again, the forty-second and fifty-fifth, as well as one or two other pieces, might have been omitted without any injury whatever to the volume. These, however, are venial matters, now that a learned professor at Harvard has gravely entered his protest against taking any such liberties with the ancient writers, whereby 'the curious student' might be disappointed, and 'the freaks of a gamesome imagination' covered over.* The mention of Harvard reminds us of what we had forgotten to state before, namely, that Mr. BRISTED is the same young scholar who, not long ago, gallantly stormed the Æschylean entrenchments of that once far-famed seat of learning, and before whose prowess the '*Dessum* proceres, *Agamemnoniæque* phalanges' retreated amid loud outcries, and in no little confusion. Mr. BRISTED pays, we perceive, one or two passing compliments, in the course of his notes, to his old antagonists of the line of the Pelopidæ, very much with the air of CATULLUS, looking for his stray friend CAMERIUS, and longing for the pleasure of his society again.

The text of the present edition is in general a very fair one, and displays great judgment and good taste on the part of both Mr. COOKESLEY and Mr. BRISTED. No rash changes are introduced, no conjectures adopted without careful examination; indeed, we think they rather err on the side of too much caution, and adhere to the ordinary lection in many cases where a new reading might be given with perfect propriety. The text of CATULLUS is in a very unfortunate predicament. His poems were first discovered about the beginning of the fourteenth century, at Verona, by a poet named BENVENUTO CAMPESANI. None of the MSS. at present known ascend higher than the fifteenth century, and all of them appear to have been derived from the same archetype. Hence, as might be expected, the text is very corrupt, and has been repeatedly interpolated. In editing CATULLUS, therefore, any remarks about the agreement or disagreement of MSS. can have but little weight, and we have been somewhat surprised at finding such remarks occasionally made in Mr. COOKESLEY's notes. Poetic feeling and correct taste will do more for settling a disputed reading in CATUL-

* FELTON'S ARISTOPHANES, Prel., p. XI.

LUS than any manuscript or collection of manuscripts. Mr. BRISTED is a poet, and ought to have exercised a poet's privilege, even at the risk of differing *toto coelo* from his brother editor of Eton. We will take the liberty of suggesting one or two emendations from different sources, and hope to see some of them at least adopted in a future edition of the work. In *Carm.* II. 7, the true reading is *in*, not *ut:* in XL. 11, the enclitic *que* must be changed to *ad*, and the previous line placed in a parenthesis: in XII. 14, the true reading is *Sætaba*, as is shown by coins: in XVII. 19, we must read *Ligeris;* LANDOR's argument in its favor is quite satisfactory: in XX. 3, there is no difficulty whatever, if, with MURETUS, we refer *sinistra* to *populus*, and of course shorten the final syllable: in XXXI. 13, SCALIGER's beautiful emendation of *ludiæ* for *Lydiæ* (which Mr. LANDOR, in the excess of his transports, seems very much inclined to filch from him,) ought certainly to have been mentioned: in XLV. 8, there can be no doubt as to the superiority of the emendation proposed by VOSSIUS, namely, *sinister ante:* in LI. 8, the celebrated imitation of SAPPHO, we must differ from Mr. BRISTED, and regard *voce loquendum* as the best mode of supplying the blank, and most in accordance with the Greek: in LXIV. 310, on the other hand, we agree with him in giving a decided preference to *Ambrosio*, the emendation of VULPIUS, over the common reading *at roseo*, which COOKESLEY, much to our surprise, has retained in the Eton edition. Mr. BRISTED's note on this lection displays taste and scholarship: in LIII. 5, where LANDOR attempts to be witty at the expense of 'good Herr DÖRING,' the true reading is not, as the former maintains, *salapusium*, but, as SALMASIUS clearly shows, *salopygium*, from the Greek σαλοπύγιον, and the third syllable is actually long, notwithstanding LANDOR's flippant assertion to the contrary.

The notes to the volume are in general very creditable to both editors, and will prove, we have no doubt, a valuable aid to the young student. We think, however, that they might have been more copious. There are several matters in the poems of CATULLUS which we should like to see more fully dwelt upon, and several others on which no notes whatever are given by either of the editors, although in our humble judgment actually requiring them. Take, for instance, the beautiful epithalamium on JULIA and MANLIUS; how many allusions does it contain, not only to the mythology, but to the nuptial ceremonies of the Romans, on which the student would naturally seek for information, and an acquaintance with which is so necessary for a proper appreciation of this charming piece. In complaining of the brevity and comparative scantiness of the notes, we have in view, of course, not those scholars who use pocket-editions of the ancient authors, unsullied by a single note, (for these favored mortals get their knowledge of classical matters by a species of intuition,) but those hard-working students who desire something more than a mere superficial smattering, and who find a body of good notes of great service in aiding them to work the mine of ancient intellect. We have also another complaint to make, and that is against the *arrangement* of the notes to this volume. They are placed at the bottom of the page, instead of being at the end of the book, where they ought to be in every edition of a classical author that is intended for a text-book in lecture-rooms or schools. Why did Mr. BRISTED alter the arrangement which COOKESLEY gives in his Eton work? Was it done in order to suit the man of literary leisure? We should think that the claims of the practical teacher, in the present instance, ought by all means to have been preferred.

The notes, as far as they go, are very satisfactory, and give manifest indications of taste, judgment and scholarship. Mr. BRISTED's contributions place him in a very

favorable light, and afford abundant promise of very efficient aid hereafter to the cause of sound learning in our country. The attention which he has paid in particular to metrical matters shows good training, and is extremely encouraging amid the night of clouds which so many American scholars have managed to throw around these topics. What would an Etonian, for instance, say to the seven-footed hexameter of the Boston JUVENAL, or what would he think of some among us who insist that because we have lost, as they maintain, the sounds of the ancient vowels, we have lost along with them the quantities of penults, and that (shade of VIRGIL!) it is a matter of perfect indifference whether we say *habēbam* or *habĕbam*?

That Mr. BRISTED's CATULLUS will become very popular in some quarters admits, we think, of no doubt. That it will be attacked in others is equally clear. As he enjoys, however, the reputation of having completely demolished his former antagonists, any onslaught from them, in the present case, will be regarded by the cognoscenti as rather complimentary than otherwise. But still, since such a state of things will in all likelihood occur, we take the liberty here of anticipating less friendly critics, by pointing out a few blemishes in the notes, which may as well be removed in a future edition of the work. In the introductory note on *Carm.* 1, there is a misprint of the word 'spondees' for 'trochees:' in the note on IX. 2, Mr. JOHNSON adopts the explanation of MURETUS, which is not only far-fetched, but decidedly unpoetical and wanting in good taste. The reference is simply to number of friends, and *millibus trecentis* is the dative, not the ablative. Setabis (p. 21) answers to the modern *Alcoy*, not to *Xativa*. In XXII. 11, *mutat* is not put for *mutatur*, but is used absolutely. In the dactyl *tē mī ă*, (p. 55,) the long vowel in *mi* loses one of its two component short vowels, by elision, and retains the other; so that an elision actually takes place. In LXIII. 40, *album* is not 'quiet,' but 'clear' or 'bright.' The word *stipendium* (p. 84) always has the initial syllable long; and, on the other hand, *profundo* (p. 86) has the first syllable uniformly short in LUCRETIUS. The *carchesium* of an ancient vessel (p. 88) was the part of the mast immediately above the yard, forming a structure resembling a drinking-cup, (whence its name,) into which the mariners ascended in order to obtain a distant view, or to manage the sail, or else to discharge missiles. The δόμος ἡμιτελής of HOMER (p. 122) denotes a house wanting its lord and master. In such abbreviated forms as *vide'n*, *audi'n*, (p. 145,) the vowel in the last syllable is not long, but short. It is long in the full forms, *vidēsne*, *audīsne*. At XL. 1, some account should have been given of the new and more correct mode of reading Greek and Latin Sapphics, (CANNING's 'Knife-grinder' to the contrary notwithstanding,) which has been lately introduced by Professor KEY, of London University, and the claim to the discovery of which gave rise to the memorable warfare between him and DONALDSON of Cambridge. The remark on page 38, that Synapheia, or continuous scansion, is a law in Glyconic metre, is not correct, and is contradicted in fact by several verses on pages 58, 60 and 61. COOKESLEY's explanation of the Galliambic metre needs revision, and his scale is at variance with his own words, that is, if he has been rightly copied in the American edition. The molossus in the first place must be a spondee, and so also in the fourth place, and the pyrrhic in the third place must be an iambus.

These, however, are little matters, and by no means detract from the general merits of the volume. We do wish, however, that Mr. BRISTED had employed a more careful proof-reader. Errors of the press meet the view on almost every page, and produce not unfrequently strange discord among the sweet numbers of the poet. The

only probable cause that we can assign for this is, that the types of our friends STANFORD AND SWORDS, having been long accustomed to do good service in grave patristic and orthodox theology, felt a little out of their proper element when brought into sudden and unexpected contact with that gay LOTHARIO, the heathenish CATULLUS, although arrayed in modernized and straight-laced habiliments, and that even the staid proof-readers themselves were somewhat shy of taking our bard by the hand. The bibliopoles of Cliff-street would have managed matters much better; for as they have a larger circle of pagan acquaintances, the sight of a heathen would have occasioned no alarm whatever among them, many of their proof-readers being regular dissenters, (the same of course as low-churchmen or pagans,) and therefore on the best possible terms with the queer old fellows of former times.

To conclude, we hail this work with a feeling of sincere pleasure, and consider it highly creditable, as we have already remarked, to the taste and scholarship of both Mr. COOKESLEY and Mr. BRISTED. And when a new edition is called for, which we hope will soon be the case, we would advise Mr. BRISTED to add to the volume some selections from TIBULLUS and PROPERTIUS, especially the former, whose sweet elegiacs are meet companions for the strains of CATULLUS. An edition containing extracts from these three poets, and supplied with a good body of notes, which Mr. BRISTED is so well qualified to give; printed, moreover, from a fount of less refractory high-church types, and having passed the ordeal of proof-readers more *Catholic* in their feelings toward the poor bards of heathendom, and exhibiting in their typographical movements a more *Romanizing* tendency, cannot fail to prove a very acceptable contribution to the cause of American literature.

A COMPENDIUM OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By Dr. JOHN C. L. GIESELER, of Göttingen, Germany. Translated from the German by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL. D. In two volumes. pp. 793. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE present is the fourth edition, revised and amended, of the above-named work. It is described in a well-written prefatory notice, as being marked by peculiar excellencies. The text is very brief and condensed, marking the results at which the learned author has arrived; while the accumulated materials in the notes enable the reader to see at once the basis on which the statements of the text rest. If the student be not convinced of the correctness of the assertions made by the historian, he can easily draw his own conclusion by the help of what is presented to him. The work is characterized by immense research, and by striking impartiality. In the latter respect, indeed, the author has been blamed by some, his spirit of impartiality preventing him from expressing a decided opinion, where it would be desirable to throw the weight of his authority into the side of truth. There is also an air of dryness diffused over the work, inseparable perhaps from its exceeding brevity, but also indicating a deficiency in vivid sketching. The excellencies, however, far outweigh any minor faults that may be supposed to belong to it. Its rigid impartiality is its chief recommendation; and the abundant references and quotations in the notes supply the want of a library such as very few have within their reach. The work in the original consists of several volumes published at different times. The first division of the last volume, containing a portion of the history of the Reformation in different lands, appeared in 1840. In 1844 and 1845 a fourth edition of the first volume was published, one part in each year, greatly improved and enlarged. The translator has adhered closely to the original text; his simple aim having been to give the sense of his author.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW-YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME. — Our true KNICKERBOCKER citizens cannot fail to be deeply interested in the perusal of an unpretending but extremely useful and entertaining volume, now lying before us; the '*Manual of the Corporation of the City of New-York for the Year* 1849.' The work, like its predecessors, has been compiled by Mr. D. T. VALENTINE, so long the indefatigable and justly popular clerk of the Common Council. Minute and accurate accounts of all receipts and disbursements; all public offices and officers; all municipal departments, specific or collateral; every species of local information, in short, which could be wanted by the citizen or be useful to a stranger; are here brought together and rendered immediately accessible by a clear and simple arrangement and classification. But the charm of the volume to us, consists in its records of the *Olden Time in Manahatta;* into which we shall at once plunge, without any very special regard to regular collocation of incident. JACOBUS VAN CORTLANDT, in 1698, we suspect was not much of a tory. He was brought before His Excellency, RICHARD EARL OF BELLAMONT, and the Mayor and Aldermen, upon two 'severall informations of seditious words uttered and spoke by him:' 'One whereof was at a Comittee of Comon Councell, where it being proposed that a Town-house should be built for the accommodation of the Assembly of the Province, and of the Courts of Justice, and it being debated what part of the Town would be most proper and Comodious for the same to be built in, the said CORTLANDT Excepted against its being built on the upper end of the Broad-street in this City, (which had been agreed to by the Major part of the said Comittee,) saying, that was too high a part of the Town for the Town-house to be built in, for that it would be too much under the awe of the ffort; that an Assembly could have no ffreedom of debate where they were lyable to have the house beat down about their eares from the ffort. Then Mr. Alderman LEWIS and Captain BYRANG, one of the Comon Council being called upon by his Lordship, did declare before the said CORTLANDT, that he had sayd the foregoing words in their hearing.' Another accusation was based upon a 'deposition of FFRANCIS WESSELLS, sworn before the Mayor, which Imported his discouraging the said WESSELLS from giving his Vote for Mr. GRAHAM, the Attorney-Generall at this next Election of Assemblymen, for that the said Mr. GRAHAM would be for settling the revenue in the crown.' Touching all which the said JACOBUS VAN CORTLANDT 'went about to excuse himself by saying that he Thought he might Lawfully oppose the settlement of a Revenue, that this province might be eased of that Burthen as well as its neighbors.'

There was very little satisfaction got out of JACOBUS on that occasion. It is not a very pleasant thing to read accounts of the barbarous punishments visited upon offenders here in the latter part of 'sixteen hundred' and the early part of 'seventeen hundred.' A ducking-stool stood in 1690, in front of the old City-Hall; and in 1703, a cage, whipping-post, pillory and stocks were erected near the same spot. A windmill stood at that time where Dr. SPRING's 'Brick Church' has so long reared its shingled steeple; and not far distant, on 'The Common,' ('the place where the *negroes were burnt* some five years before,') a gallows was erected. There was a slave-market at the foot of Wall-street in 1709, 'at which place all negro and Indian slaves to be let out to hire, or to be sold, took their stand.' Broad-street in 1665, run down to an inlet from the East-River; and we find the citizens petitioning the burgomasters and schepens to decree the erection of 'a hoist,' by which the yachts, sloops and schooners could be laden and unladen! One can form some idea of 'De Heere-straat,' or Broadway, from the following ordinance, promulged in December, 1697:

'AN ordinance for lighting the streets, afterward generally enforced throughout the city, was put in operation in Broadway: 'It is resolved as to the regulation of the lights to be put out in the darke time of the moon within this citty, and for the ease of the Inhabitants, that every seaventh house doe every night in the darke time of the moon, until 25 March next, cause a lanthorn and a candle to be hung out on a pole every night. The charge to be defrayed in equal proportion by the inhabitants.'

In 1653, 'in apprehension of an invasion from New-England, the inhabitants threw up an embankment and constructed a line of palisades on the present line of Wall-street, from which the name of that street is derived.' About this time JAN VINGE complains to the burgomasters that in the erection of this palisade wall, (of posts set six feet apart and sided up with boards) his land was laid open, and his crops exposed to the cattle! In March of the same year the 'General Session of the Councillors' took vigorous warlike measures against the reported approach of the English. Citizens were directed to keep watch by night, the old mud fort was ordered to be repaired, and Captain VISCHER was requested to 'fix his sails, have his piece loaded, and keep his vessel in readiness!' Equally vigorous measures were adopted in the war with the Indians in July, 1656. While the brave 'HARD KOPPIG PIET' STUYVESANT, with PAULUS LEENDERIN VANDERGRIST, and other gallant officers, were gone out against the Swedes on the Delaware river, the Tappaan Indians fell upon the hamlets and farms of the Dutch settlements, robbing and firing the tenements, and murdering the inhabitants. Many escaped to the city, and the magistrates, on the twentieth of September, resolved to raise up the palisides to the height of at least ten or twelve feet, to prevent the '*overloopen*, (jumping over) of the savages.' Thereafter, all Indians were forbidden to be admitted with a gun into any fortified place; and they were to be informed of this ordinance 'in the Indian tongue, and in the most civil manner.' It is pleasant to find, that all the petitions offered for freedom to worship GOD, in various places by different religious sects, (including Quakers,) were at once granted by the Dutch authorities. It was not exactly so 'other-where,' during that and later times on this continent. Public executions must at this period have been sad spectacles to witness. In April, 1712, 'TOM, the negro man, slave of NICHOLAS ROSEVELT,' having 'nothing to the contrary to say for himself,' it 'was considered by the court that he be carried from hence to the place from whence he came, and from thence to the place of Execution, and there to be burned with a slow fire, that he may Continue in Torment for eight or ten hours, and continue burning in the said fire until he be dead and consumed to Ashes.' Soon after, MARS, another negro slave, 'for that with force of arms in

and upon EPHRAIM PIERSON, that is to say, with clubs, staves and other weapons, did beat, wound with evil intent, so that of his life he did dispair, and of other harms to him did,' was sentenced by the same 'worshipfull courte,' to be 'stripped from the middle Upward, and tyed to the tail of a cart, at the City-Hall and be drawn from thence to the Broadway in the said city, and from thence to the custom-house, thence to Wall-street, and from thence to the City-Hall again, and that he be whipped upon the naked back ten lashes at the corner of Every street he shall pass, and that he afterward be discharged from his Imprisonment, paying his fees.' Not long after another negro was condemned to 'be hung up in chains, alive, and so to continue without any sustenance, until he be dead.'

We wonder if it is generally known, that Buttermilk channel, 'which now admits of the safe passage of the largest merchant ships, was formerly a mere creek, fordable at low water, and that the *first female* born in the ancient colony of New-Amsterdam was ferried over it in a tub?' This is an authentic fact. Judge BENSON, the valued friend of the late PETER VAN SCHAACK, of venerated memory, stated that he well remembered the time when 'this channel was fordable at low water; that the gradual extension of the wharfs into the East-River, on the New-York and Brooklyn shores, had contracted the river, and the volume of water thus forced through Buttermilk channel had deepened the passage so as to admit at that time of the transit of small craft.'

On the twentieth of August, 1655, P. STUYVESANT issued the following proclamation of a day of fast and supplication, 'by order of the Honorable Director-General and Supreme Council of New-Netherland:

'WORSHIPFUL, RIGHT BELOVED:

'Considering, on the one hand GOD's manifold mercies and benefits which in His bounty He hath, from time to time, not only exhibited but also continued to this budding Province; and on the other hand, the resolution and order of the Supreme Authority of this Province adopted and executed for the further benefit and security of this Province: We, the Director-General and Council of this Province have, above all things, deemed it necessary to order and prescribe a General day of Fasting, Prayer and Thanksgiving, which order we hereby send to your Worships according to the form of our Fatherland, to the end that it shall be proclaimed and observed in your Worship's City, Whereunto confiding we are and remain

'Your Worship's good friends,
'The Director General and
'Council of New-Netherland.
'P. STUYVESANT.'

We must close for the present with these extracts. In a subsequent number we may find occasion to present some of the many passages we have marked in the amusing '*Proceedings of the Burgomasters and Schepens*,' continued from previous issues of the 'Manual.' The illustrative views, maps, etc., in the present 'Manual' are capital. One, 'A South Prospect of y^e^ Flourishing City of New-York, in y^e^ Province of New-York, North-America,' published in March, 1746, shows precisely how old Gotham looked at that remote period, with its wooded hills, and vales, and streams, where now stretch interminable streets, teeming with busy life, 'its fluctuations, and its vast concerns;' another shows a plan of the city from actual survey in 1755; and a third in 1804. There are views of 'Federal-Hall,' in Wall-street, where WASHINGTON was made First President in 1789, but where is now heard the 'hum of multitudes commercing' in the custom-house; of the old 'Walton-House,' in Franklin-Square, Pearl-street, WASHINGTON's head-quarters in town; coming down to our own day, with views of Union-Square, city establishments on RANDALL's Island, and one of the best and most comprehensive maps of the city in 1849, that we have ever seen; containing, beside the usual boundaries of wards, the fire-districts, the assembly, senatorial, and congressional election-districts, the telegraph-lines, half-mile distances from the City-Hall, etc.; embracing the metropolis as high up as Fifty-Third street.

'CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVAS.'—'*Dies Boreales*' is the title of a 'Noctes'-like gossip by 'KIT NORTH,' in the last number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine. Much of the old fancy, feeling, egotism, *vim*, are apparent in the article. 'Under the awakening eyelids of the morn' CHRISTOPHER is ascending Cruachan, a mountain in the north of Scotland. BULLER, his present interlocutor, endeavors to dissuade him from the attempt. 'Thereat, thus then old CHRISTOPHER,' with a good deal of reminiscential pathos, as it strikes us:

'WELL, be it so: I am not obstinate; but such another day for the ascent there may not be during the summer. On just such a day I made the ascent some half-century ago. I took it from Tyanuilt, having walked that morning from Dalmally, some dozen miles, for a breathing on level ground, before facing the steepish shoulder that roughens into Loch Etive. The fox-hunter from Gleno gave me his company with his hounds and terriers nearly half-way up, and after killing some cubs we parted—not without a tin-ful of the creature at the Fairies' Well. Pleasant but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past! A tin-ful of the unchristened creature to the health of the Silent People. Oh, BULLER, there are no Silent People now! . . . Well, on I flew, as on wings, or on feet, if you will, but the feet of a deer; or on all-fours, like a frog in his prime, clearing tiny obstructions with a spang; on all-fours, like an ourang-outang, who, in difficult places, brings his arms into play. Without palpitation of the heart; without determination of blood to the head; without panting; without dizziness; with merely a slight acceleration of the breath, and now and then something like a gasp after a run to a knowe which we foresaw as a momentary resting-place; we felt that we were conquering Cruachan! Lovely level places, like platforms—level as if water had formed them, flowing up just so far continually, and then ebbing back to some unimaginable sea—awaited our arrival, that on them we might lie down, and from beds of state survey our empire, for our empire it was felt to be, far away into the lowlands, with many a hill between; many a hill that in its own neighborhood is believed to be a mountain; just as many a man of moderate mental dimensions is believed by those who live beneath his shade to be of the first order of magnitude, and with funeral honors is interred.'

Subsequently, in the course of the ascent of Cruachan, there ensues an incidental colloquy, involving the *Comparative claims of Scotch-Presbyterianism and Church-of-England Episcopacy*. We condense CHRISTOPHER'S opinions on this theme somewhat, and separate them from the occasional interruptions of his interlocutor, who, it should be premised, is a high old Churchman:

'I CAN easily suppose a Mind, strong in thought, warm in feeling, of an imagination susceptible and creative; by magnanimity, study, and experience of the world disengaged from all sectarian tenets; yet holding the absolute conviction of religion, and contemplating, with reverence and tenderness, many different ways of expression which this inmost spiritual disposition has produced or put on; having a firmest holding on to Christianity as pure, holy, august, divine, true, beyond all other modes of religion upon the earth; partly from intuition of its essential fitness to our nature; partly from intense gratitude; partly, perhaps, from the original entwining of it with his own faculties, thoughts, feelings, history, being. Well, he looks with affectionate admiration upon the Scottish, with affectionate admiration on the English Church—old affection agreeing with new affection; and I can imagine in *him* as much generosity required to love his own Church, the Presbyterian, as yours, the Episcopalian; and that, Latitudinarian as he may be called, he loves them both. The ground of the Scottish Form is the overbearing consciousness that religion is immediately between man and his MAKER. He that worships in spirit and in truth cannot endure, cannot imagine, that any thing but his own sin shall stand betwixt him and GOD. Intervening saints, images and elaborate rituals, the contrivance of human wit, these the fire of the Spirit has consumed, and consumes. The Scottish service comprehends Prayer, Praise, Doctrine; all three necessary verbal acts among Christians met, but each in utmost simplicity. That simplicity I have felt to be most affecting. The Praise, which unites the voices of the congregation, must be written. The Prayer, which is the burning toward GOD of the soul of the Shepherd upon the behalf of the Flock, and upon his own, must be unwritten, unpremeditated; else it is not prayer. Can the heart ever want fitting words? The Teaching must be to the utmost, forethought, at some time or at another, as to the Matter. The Teacher must have secured his intelligence of the Matter ere he opens his mouth. But the Form, which is of expediency only, he may very loosely have considered. That is the Theory. It presumes that capable men, full of zeal and sincerity and love—fervent servants and careful shepherds—have been chosen, under higher guidance. It supposes the holy fire of the new-born Reformation, of the newly-regenerated Church, to continue undamped, inextinguishable.'

It is a pleasant circumstance to find one so evidently disposed to elevate the Presbyterianism of Scotland over the religion of the Church-of-England, of sufficiently

catholic and noble a spirit to render this deserved tribute to the merits of the religion and service of the latter church:

'I TREMBLE to speak of your Ritual; for it appears to me as bearing on its front an excellence which might be found incompatible with religious truth and sincerity. The Liturgy looks to be that which the old Churches are — the Work of a Fine Art. A poetical sensibility, a wakeful, just, delicate, simple Taste, seems to have ruled over the composition of each prayer, and the ordering of the whole Service. The whole composition of the Service is copious and various. Human Supplication, the lifting up of the hands of the creature, knowing his own weakness, dependence, lapses, and liability to slip, man's own part, dictated by his own experience of himself, is the basis. Readings from the Old and New Volume of the Written Word are ingrafted, as if GOD audibly spoke in HIS own House; the Authoritative added to the Supplicatory. The hymns of the sweet Singer of ISRAEL, in literal translation, adopted as a holier inspired language of the heart. Throughout, the People divide the service with the Minister. They have in it their own personal function. The Homily, which, one might say, interprets between Sunday and the Week, fixes the holiness of the Day in precepts, doctrines, reflections, which may be carried home to guide and nourish. The Ritual breathes a divine calm. You think of the people walking through ripening fields on a mild day to their church-door. It is the work of a nation sitting in peace, possessing their land. It is the work of a wealthy nation, that, by dedicating a part of its wealth, consecrates the remainder; that acknowledges the Fountain from which all flows. The prayers are devout, humble, fervent. They are not impassioned. A wonderful temperance and sobriety of discretion, that which in worldly things would be called good sense, prevails in them; but you must name it better in things spiritual. The framers evidently bore in mind the continual consciousness of writing for ALL. That is the guiding, tempering, calming spirit that keeps in the Whole one tone; that and the hallowing, chastening awe which subdues vehemence, even in the asking for the Infinite, by those who have nothing but that which they earnestly ask, and who know that unless they ask infinitely they ask nothing. In every word, the whole congregation, the whole nation prays; not the individual Minister; the officiating Divine Functionary, not the Man. Nor must it be forgotten that the received Version and the Book of Common Prayer (observe the word COMMON, expressing exactly what I affirm,) are beautiful by the words; that there is no other such English; simple, touching, apt, venerable; hued as the thoughts are; musical; the most English English that is known; of a Hebraic strength and antiquity, yet lucid and gracious, as if of and for to-day.'

'Something too much of this,' perhaps; seeing that, in justice to our readers, we are bound, as a general thing, to give polemics a 'wide berth.' But we do n't *often* trespass in this kind, *do* we? In the second number, that for July, CHRISTOPHER has drawn a capital picture of a sulky boy; a bit of autobiography that is well worth quoting:

'I HEREBY authorize the Boys of this Empire to have what tempers they choose, with one sole exception — THE SULKY. Once, and once only, during one of the longest and best-spent lives on record, was I in the mood proscribed; and it endured most part of a whole day. The anniversary of that day I observe, in severest solitude, with a salutary horror. And it is my birth-day. Ask me not, my friends, to reveal the cause. Aloof from confession before man, we must keep to ourselves, as JOHN FOSTER says, a corner of our own souls. A black corner it is; and enter it with or without a light, you see, here and there, something dismal, hideous, shapeless, nameless; each lying in its own place on the floor. There lies the CAUSE. It was the morning of my ninth year. As I kept sitting high up-stairs by myself, one familiar face after another kept ever and anon looking in upon me, all with one expression. And one familiar voice after another, all with one tone, kept muttering at me: '*He 's still in the sulks!*' How I hated them with an intenser hatred, and chief them I before had loved best, at each opening and each shutting of that door! How I hated myself, as my blubbered face felt hotter and hotter; and I knew how ugly I must be, with my fixed fiery eyes! It was painful to sit on such a chair for hours in one posture, and to have so chained a child would have been great cruelty; but I was resolved to die rather than change it; and had I been told by any one under an angel to get up and go to play, I would have spat in his face. It was a lonesome attic, and I had the fear of ghosts; but not then; my superstitious fancy was quelled by my troubled heart. 'Had I not deserved to be allowed to go? Did they not all know that all my happiness in this life depended on my being allowed to go? Could any one of them give a reason for not allowing me to go? What right had they to say that if I did go I should never be able to find my way, by myself, back? What right had they to say that ROUNDY was a blackguard, and that he would lead me to the gallows? Never before, in all the world, had a good boy been used so on his birth-day. They pretend to be sorry when I am sick; and when I say my prayers, they say theirs too; but I am sicker now, and they are not sorry, but angry; there 's no use in prayers, and I won't read one verse in the Bible this night, should my aunt go down on her knees!' And in the midst of such unworded soliloquies did the young blasphemer fall asleep.

'I know not how long I slept; but on awaking, I saw an angel with a most beautiful face and most beautiful hair — a little young angel — about the same size as myself, sitting on a stool by my feet. 'Are you quite well now, CHRISTOPHER? Let us go to the meadows and gather flowers.' Shame, sorrow, remorse, contrition, came to me with those innocent words; we wept together, and I was comforted. 'I have been sinful!' 'But you are forgiven!' Down all the stairs hand in hand we glided, and there was no longer anger in any eyes; the

whole house was happy. All voices were kinder, if that were possible, than they had been when I rose in the morning, a Boy in his Ninth Year. Parental hands smoothed my hair, parental lips kissed it, and parental greetings, only a little more cheerful than prayers, restored me to the Love I had never lost, and which I felt now had animated that brief and just displeasure. Never has *Christopher been in the sulks* since that day. Beyond doubt I was that day possessed with a devil; and an angel it was, though human, that drove him out.'

Liberal as have been our extracts already, we cannot resist the inclination to quote the following eloquent remarks upon the evidences of GOD in nature:

'WE look upon Planets and Suns, and see Intelligence ruling them; on Seasons that succeed each other, and we apprehend Design; on plant and animal fitted to its place in the world, and furnished with its due means of existence, and repeated forever in its kind, and we admire Wisdom. Oh, Atheist or Skeptic! what a difference to Us if the marvellous Laws are here without a Lawgiver; if Design be here without a Designer; all the Order that wisdom could mean and effect, and not the Wisdom; if Chance, or Necessity, or Fate reigns here, and not Mind; if this Universe is matter of Astonishment merely, and not of adoration! . . . Oh, my friends! if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we had of possible happiness! We have, as it were, from some dark and cold edge of a bright world, just looked in and been plucked away again! Have we come to experience pleasure by fits and glimpses, but intertwined with pain, burdensome labor, with weariness, and with indifference? Have we come to try the solace and joy of a warm, fearless, and confiding affection, to be then chilled or blighted by bitterness, by separation, by change of heart, or by the dread sunderer of loves, Death? Have we found the gladness and the strength of knowledge, when some rays of truth have flashed in upon our souls, in the midst of error and uncertainty, or amidst continuous, necessitated, uninstructive avocations of the Understanding — and is that all? Have we felt in fortunate hour the charm of the Beautiful, that invests as with a mantle this visible Creation, or have we found ourselves lifted above the earth by sudden apprehension of sublimity? Have we had the consciousness of such feelings, which have seemed to us as if they might themselves make up a life — almost an angel's life; and were they 'instant come and instant gone!' Have we known the consolation of DOING RIGHT, in the midst of much that we have done wrong? and was that also a coruscation of a transient sunshine? Have we lifted up our thoughts to see HIM who is Love, and Light, and Truth, and Bliss, to be in the next instant plunged into the darkness of annihilation? Have all these things been but flowers that we have pulled by the side of a hard and tedious way, and that, after gladdening us for a brief season with hue and odor, wither in our hands, and are like ourselves — nothing!'

With these solemn thoughts pressed home upon the minds of his hearers, we leave '*Christopher under Canvass*' until some future occasion.

'REVELATIONS ON CHOLERA, OR ITS CAUSES AND CURE,' is the title of a small volume by the eminent Dr. DICKSON, of London, edited by WILLIAM TURNER, M. D., Ex-Health-Commissioner of New-York. It is a calm, sensible, well-reasoned pamphlet, and contains, among other valuable matters, these noteworthy remarks, by the American editor, on the effects of fear in disease:

'ALL medicines and remedial appliances are divided into those which aid the heart in propelling the blood onward, and those which retard its action; and all the various means and remedies which so perplex and vex the public mind as cures for the cholera, infinite as is their number, have just this one single object in view, namely, to assist the heart in throwing the blood into the arteries. This accomplished, by whatever means, the patient is considered safe. Action and reaction in the body form the great battle of life; and all the skill of the best physician in the world 'hath this extent, no more:' the adjustment, if possible, of the equilibrium between those antagonistic powers in the human body which now force the blood into the arteries, now retain it in the veins. The battle may be compared with the conflicts of political parties in a single state, or between nations, ever controlled and regulated by the 'Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' It is easy to see from this, how the continuous action of fear or panic, by retarding for a length of time the pulsation of the heart, opens the door for the invasion of diseases in general, and of epidemics in particular. An apt eastern apologue represents the cholera, on leaving a certain city, as being accused of having killed thirty thousand of the inhabitants. 'No,' was the answer; 'I killed but three thousand; *Fear* killed the rest!' . . . One of the most effectual means of restoring warmth to the body by external applications, is by the use of some half-a-dozen pieces of quick-lime, the size of a hen's-egg, wrapped in as many coverings of flannel or other woollen stuff, which have been moistened and wrung out almost dry. The lime slakes under these circumstances, and throws out an intense heat, accompanied with vapor, which restores perspiration, as I have found, in an admirable manner. These heaters, when the patient is cold, may be deposited under the bed-clothes, at the feet, the sides, the arm-pits, to the stomach, and between the thighs.'

The 'Revelations' are published by H. LONG AND BROTHER, Number 43, Ann-street.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — If any of our readers should complain, as we admit they might, with good reason, that our own departments of the present number are not over-well sustained, we would ask them to consider our case. A semi-residence in town and country; weather for the most part oppressively hot and sultry; enervating influences, born of the airs which carry pestilence upon their wings; the daily cares of daily life, not to speak of other duties, and especially of those corrective literary labors not acknowledged, not congenial, and not connected with our own particular executive *rôle;* these, let us hope, will 'stand in some rank of excuse' in the minds of our readers. . . . Putnam, pretty precise, pains-taking, punctual and popular publisher, has issued a very neat volume, entitled '*A Lift for the Lazy.*' It is the very clever work of one whom our readers are not unacquainted with; a gentleman who could 'shake the superflux' of his information and humor to any six of our modern 'book-ling' makers, and set them up as authors, without being at all aware that he had spared any thing from the prolific source of their 'inspiration.' The book is printed in a novel style, and comprises comprehensive and original materials for 'Table Talk;' such as literary anecdotes and statistics, origin of words, philological curiosities, quaint scraps from old authors, strange customs and old sayings: in short, as a common-place book of an extensive reader and shrewd observer, it is a most acceptable 'lift' for those who are too lazy or too busy to read whole libraries for themselves.' We need do no more, to recommend the volume to the reader, than to quote from its pages a few marked passages. Let us begin with the picture of a '*Merchant-Prince Snob,*' the counterpart of which many a metropolitan will suddenly call to mind as he peruses the sketch:

'With a palace for a residence, he occupies but the basement, the parlors being devoted to the four-times-a-year reception of dinner or ball-guests, unless a domestic funeral should put in its claim; with carriages and horses in plenty, yet riding in an omnibus, the fare of which, in the form of a sixpenny-piece, he generally pulls from his mouth, where he deposited it on entering the vehicle, 'that he might have it handy;' he pares and cleans his nails with a sharp-pointed pen-knife during the ride. With a library containing at least a dictionary, he writes to his saddler for a *sett* of harness, (but all snobs spell 'set' with a double t,) and he talks to his tailor about 'pants.' He stops at the Wall-street auction-room in company with another of the same species, and gazes through his hollowed hand at an 'undoubted original,' in the shape of a fourth-rate copy of a very bad master, and talks over his shoulder of 'tone' and 'fore-shortening' to his fellow, who pokes the ferule of his cane against the stomach of one of the figures in a brick-red cloak, and says it 'stands out.' He frequents wine-sales, and tastes every sample of Teneriffe-madeira and Honduras-port, until he 'feels fine;' then he buys a dozen of stuff that would be poison to any but his own set. He says he thinks he has read all of Scott's novels. When he hears, and haply comprehends, a witty remark, he approbates by saying that it is 'not so bad.' His classical knowledge extends to the calling of money 'rocks;' for indeed rupees would have so signified with the Romans. His historical facts are much confined to Queen Anne farthings, of which, he states, there are but two, and the guillotine, by which, he tells you, the inventor was the first to perish. He carries his portmanteau from the steam-boat, through Broadway, (pushing aside the hungry boy who applies for the office,) that people may see he is not proud; contriving, however, to hold it in a very awkward manner, to indicate that he has not been accustomed to such work; nor has he, for his father was a journeyman bricklayer, and he himself commenced by selling old junk. He sometimes suffers the hair to grow on his upper lip, but is discouraged on overhearing a person say he looks like a billiard-marker. He tries on your glove, and considers it no stretch of familiarity. He reads the newspaper silently, yet moving his lips, and pours vinegar on his oysters. When he goes to the country for a week in the month of August, he assumes the negligé dress, which looks sufficiently well on a thorough-bred, but knocks him back at once into the bricklayer's son, assisting him to an air of rather more dissipation perhaps than would be likely to insure him an eligible situation as bodsman. His salutation is, 'Sir, your most.' He has a great fund of humor in the barber's shop, and 'runs' the boy while he is putting much grease on his hair. He compares fineness of fabric with a brother snob, who, like himself, has just 'mounted a new pair of pants.' He quotes, and says he is but a looker-on in Venice. To sum up, his constant aim is to 'cut a figure,' which indeed he does: he is a vulgar fraction.'

We hope we have few 'men-milliners' in this country, who retail what should only

be chosen through the taste, and sold under the direction, of women: if we have, we commend to them the following:

'MILLINER.—This term, supposed to be derived from Milan, is defined by JOHNSON as 'a seller of ribands and dresses for women.' There are men-milliners in England, as well as in the United States, and the adoption of such a trade by the male sex has been strongly and justly censured. SOUTHEY says: 'I look upon a man-milliner not only as one of the most unworthy members of society, but as one of the most injurious. When I hear one of those persons haranguing upon the merits of muslin, or the becoming color of a riband, anger will mingle itself with the feeling of contempt; for the employment that degrades this man might have preserved a woman from prostitution.''

A single distinctive anecdote must close our present reference to this matter-full book; but we counsel the reader to obtain 'more of the same sort' from the source whence the foregoing were taken:

''TIME WORKS WONDERS.'—NORTHCOTE, in one of his 'Conversations,' to illustrate the credulity of mankind in general, and the gullibility of the Londoners in particular, related to HAZLITT an anecdote of a Sir GEORGE B——, who, when a young man, put an advertisement in the newspapers to say that a Mynheer ——, lately arrived from Holland, had found out a method of taking a likeness much superior to any other, by the person's looking into a mirror, and having the glass heated so as to bake the impression! He stated this wonderful artist as living at a perfumer's shop in Bond-street, opposite the hotel where he lodged, and amused himself the next day by watching the numbers of people who flocked to have their likenesses taken in this surprising manner. DAGUERRE has spoiled the fun of the practical joke, and with it the point of NORTHCOTE's illustration.'

—

OUR young friend BAYARD TAYLOR, author of 'Views Afoot,' has gone to the gold regions of California, as a correspondent of '*The Tribune*' daily journal. His letters will be looked for with interest and perused with avidity. The following sweet and saponaceous sonnets were interchanged between our correspondent Mr. STODDARD and Mr. TAYLOR previous to his departure. To the latter 'thus' the former:

FAREWELL awhile, my friend, so lief and dear!
Stern duty bids us part; our paths diverge:
Thou must be borne o'er ocean's stormy surge,
To El Dorado; I must linger here:
A classic pilgrim, thou wilt range its meads,
And climb its mountain summits, stark and cold,
Bathe in its springs, bestride its tameless steeds,
And come to us again with hoards of gold.
Nor this alone: thy fiery heart will be
In Fancy's El Dorado, journeying on,
Climbing Parnassian summits wild and vast,
Bathing in haunted springs of Helicon,
Mounting APOLLO's coursers, and at last
Thou wilt return with mines of golden poesy.

Whereto, with equal unction, 'thus then' the Chevalier BAYARD:

WE part our paths awhile, my more than friend;
My brother in the lonely world of Thought:
Thou, by the solemn lips of Poesy taught,
Thy steps through many a fairy realm shall wend,
Where brightest fountains dash their diamond beads
On beds of amaranth, and thy mounting star
Tops the imperial hills that rise afar;
I with the desert and its tameless steeds
Shall mated be; shall start the eagle's flight
On stormy crags, and when the star-lamps shine,
Sleep in the cradle of the chanting pine;
Yet the same goal is ever in our sight,
And we shall meet at last, though parted long,
Still climbing, side by side, the sacred peak of song.

—

SIR WALTER SCOTT, who in 'Sir PIERCIE SHAFTON' has made *Euphuism* and *Euphuists* immortal, had, no doubt, previous to creating that graphic portrait, consulted a quaint volume by LILIE, an author of that period, entitled '*Euphues, his*

England,' a work from which we have segregated some choice extracts, of which the following may serve as specimens:

'I HAVE read, and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperitie a pleasure, a solace in adversitie, in griefe a comfort, in joy a merrie companion, at all times another I, in all places the express image of mine owne person; insomuch, that I cannot tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortall man either more noble or more necessary than friendship. . . . Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more value than a friend, in whose bosome thou maist sleepe secure without feare, whom thou maist make partner of all thy secrets without suspicion of fraud, and partaker of all thy misfortunes without mistrust or fleeting?—who will account thy bale his bane, thy mishappe his misery, the pricking of thy finger the piercing of his heart?'

The following are from '*Love's Metamorphosis*,' by the same author:

'THOU, CELIA, whome beautie made proud, shall have the fruite of beautie; that is, to fade whiles it is flourishing, and to blast before it is blowne. Thy face, as faire as the damaske rose, shall perish like the damaske rose; the canker shall eat thee in the bud, and everie little wind blowe thee from the stalke; and then shall men in the morning weare thee in their hats, and at night cast thee at their heels. . . . Farewell, ladies, whose lives are subject to many mischieves; for if you be faire, it is hard to be chast; if chast, impossible to be safe; if you be young, you will quickly bend; if bend, you are suddenly broken; if you be foull, you shall seldom be flattered; if you be not flattered, you will ever be sorrowful. Beautie is a firme fickleness, youth a feeble staidnesse, deformitie a continuall sadnesse.'

—

THUS writes '*A constant Reader of the Knickerbocker*' from Mobile, Alabama: several years since, when the congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in —— was quite small, and possessed of but little means, they had succeeded, by subscription and otherwise, in building a small but very neat church. They were however unable to finish the interior. About the same time a young gentleman, who had just established himself in business in town, wishing to attend that church, rented a pew; and desiring also to assist a little in improving the looks of the interior, he directed a painter to paint the pulpit handsomely, and send the bill to him. A very worthy old gentleman, one of the vestry, who was not always very choice in his expressions, a few Sabbaths after the pulpit was finished, requested the rector to ask the pew-holders to remain after the congregation was dismissed. When the excepted portion of the audience had retired, the old gentleman arose and remarked that 'he hoped something would *now* be done toward finishing the church. Here is a young man,' said he, 'who is almost a stranger in the town, and not a professor of religion, who has come forward, and without asking, and at his own expense, had our pulpit handsomely painted; and I think it a *d — d shame* that each pew-holder has not liberality enough at least to paint his own pew!' The effect of this brief speech was wonderful. The pews were all soon painted; nor will the 'speech that did it' soon be forgotten by any of the vestry or congregation. . . . WE propose, by-and-by, to follow Mr. HENRY D. THOREAU down the Merrimack, even from Squam, Newfound Lake, Winnepisiogee, White-Mountains, SMITH'S-and-BAKER'S, Mad Rivers, Nashua, Souhegan, Pitcataquoag, Suncook, Soncook, and Contoocook; but we have n't leisure for the jaunt just now. Meantime, let us commend '*A week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*,' for which we are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. JAMES MONROE AND COMPANY, to the attention of our readers. . . . A METROPOLITAN correspondent writes us: 'You are aware that on the trial of Bishop ONDERDONK before the House of Bishops, the right reverend gentlemen were quite divided in sentiment, and that some acerbity of feeling grew up among them. The presiding Bishop (CHASE) took a

very decided stand against the accused. To justify themselves to the world, the House directed the whole trial to be published; and to defray the expenses of the publication, a price was fixed upon the book. The sale was very great, insomuch that when the Bishops met again in general convention, four years afterward, it was found that there was a nett gain of some two or three hundred dollars from the sale of the book. When that fact was announced to the House of Bishops, the presiding Bishop asked what should be done with the money? One of the right reverend gentlemen, who had voted on the side of the accused, made answer to the inquiry of the President: 'Buy a potter's-field with it!' There was no reply to the proposition. . . . MANY of your readers,' writes an old and esteemed contributor, 'will doubtless recollect the improvisatore, JOHN C. MOSSIE, whose evening entertainments, several years ago, consisting of imitations of distinguished American orators, recitations, and improvisations, justly attracted in this city and elsewhere much attention. Little of his personal history is known. I believe he was born in England, and emigrated to this country at a very early age; where, after having been for some years a congressional reporter, he first became known to the public by the rare and astonishing facility of improvisation. Possessed of a naturally bright intellect, much improved by close study, he was nevertheless the unfortunate victim of a most pernicious habit, that of opium-eating, which shattered his constitution with such fatal celerity that at the age of seven-and-twenty his feeble health, together with his impoverished circumstances, forced him to apply for admission into the city alms-house, where he lingered for a brief period and died. It is a painful reflection that one every way so gifted should have yielded up his life within the walls of an alms-house, and that his body, unwatched in its descent by a single moistened eye, should have been lowered into the unhallowed grave of a pauper.' Mr. MOSSIE left behind him, in the hands of a friend, several pieces of verse, of more than ordinary merit. One of these, entitled '*Pietro Della Valle*,' we have filed for insertion in a subsequent number. The annexed '*Lines upon the Tomb of Columbus at Havana*' are from the same pen:

'THOU didst in triumph ride,
After a world was found by thee, through Spain,
With princes, knights and nobles by thy side,
While followed thee a treasure-bearing train—
The dusky warriors of the Western isles:
Say, did the people's shouts, the cheering smiles
Of beauty, or the praise and gifts of kings,
Atone for all thy woes and wanderings?

'No, mariner! not then
Wert thou rewarded for past agony,
But on the morn the island blessed thy ken,
Rising majestic from the emerald sea,
Thy recompense was given thee for all
Which had befallen thee, or could befall;
That moment was thine own, and overpaid
For years of sorrowing o'er success delayed.'

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WE were surveying lately with a friend the artistical and luxurious wonders of that most sumptuous of floating-palaces, the '*New World*' *Steamer*, Captain ROWE, a craft quite too immense and too gorgeous to be hastily described, when a friend at our side, an able North-River pilot, said, 'What wonderful improvements have been made in steam-boats! I remember the time when there was no such thing as a pilot-house to protect the pilot from the weather. In fact, I know the origin of the first pilot-house that was ever erected on an American steamer, and I 'll tell you about it, if you have

time.' 'Jot it down for us,' we said, 'jot it down, and send it to us. Our friend Captain MAYBE is beckoning us on board that most comfortable of steamers, the 'Erie,' now pawing impatiently, like a spirited horse, and we must be off up the river.' The next day we received the following memoranda from one who is well acquainted with Mr. STEVENS and Alderman SCHULTZ, and personally 'knowing to' the facts:

'DURING the severe winter of 1831, '32, the steam-boat Swan, on her passage from Amboy to New-York, encountered a violent north east snow-storm in Prince's Bay. The pilot could with the greatest difficulty make the Narrows, which he found jammed full of ice. The weather was intensely cold, and the 'Swan' labored for several hours to force her way through thickly imbedded fields of ice. The sufferings of the pilot, standing for so long a time on his elevated post, without the slightest covering or protection from the raging storm, were dreadful. Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS, the owner of the boat, was on board, and expressed great solicitude for the pilot. Returning to the warm cabin, after one of his frequent visits to the pilot, his countenance beaming with pleasure, he informed the clerk of the boat, now Commodore SCHULTZ, that he had satisfied himself that a room could be built around the pilot's wheel that would effectually protect him from the sufferings he was now compelled to endure. He then gave instructions that a house, according to a plan which he drew with a pencil, should be immediately erected, with handsome windows in front: that was the first pilot-house. After that was completed, he also directed an engine-bell to be hung in the engine-room, with a wire leading to the pilot-house. Before this, the pilot had a large cane or stick, and when the engine was to be stopped or started, he would thump *once*; if to back, he would '*stomp*' twice! It should be remembered that the boats in those days were not three or four hundred feet in length, but the wheel was nearly over the engine-room. The first state-room on the Hudson or the East River was put on the steam-boats 'Rochester' and 'Utica,' belonging to the People's Line. They were the first also that adopted the plan of charging for berths, a system that secured cleanliness in a measure, and an exemption from the company of sundry small cattle that often accompany people who have just landed from crowded emigrant ships.'

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LADIES of Gotham, moved by a desire to do you good service, we 'respectfully beg leave to announce,' that Mr. JACOB LANSING, so long and favorably known as connected with the establishment of A. T. STEWART AND COMPANY, has opened a store for the sale of fancy laces, ribbons, embroidery, and all kindred articles, at Number 342, Broadway; where all who call may be assured of the best qualities and richest varieties of goods in the proprietor's line of trade, with such courteous attendance as will rob 'shopping' of half its disagreeable features. . . . THERE are several good stories told of Judge B——, one of the associate judges of D—— county. He is remarkably deliberate and pompous in his style of conversation, wears a white cravat with a huge tie, a very high shirt-collar, and is altogether (as he thinks) a great man. Among other offices, the judge holds that of superintendent of one of the Sunday schools; and not long since startled his auditory by the following touching appeal: 'My dear children, you will remember that in a short time you must all die, and stand before a great Judge; yes, a far greater judge than the one who now addresses you!' Thus writes a correspondent in illustration of the character of a man whose counterpart we must 'show up' one of these days. *Nous verrons.* . . . 'PUNCH' commends the following '*Magyar Epic*' to the attention of the 'Fonetic Nuz,' as worthy of an 'exercise' in phonography. It is translated 'from the original of JANOSCHAZACZSKY:'

'AND now thy skin-clad warriors appear,
Blue lake Sketzsasik, fair Huschquschanear!
Where rolls the Pruth his crystal wave along,
And Choczin hears the patriot's gathering song:
Nor stony Schernetescht declines the war,
Nor Szohisk spares her sons, nor stern Sztroczhar,
Whom brave Tschatschakz from flat Rustschuckcha's plain,
Leads, bloody laurels under BEM to gain.
Serenely stern they laugh at Austrian claims,
Austria, that cannot e'en pronounce their names!'

Our friend F. W. Thomas, author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' and other popular works, has nearly completed a novel, called '*James Russell, an Autobiography.*' That it will be good, need not for a moment be doubted by any of our readers. It will be published in Cincinnati in October. . . . We know not whom to credit with the subjoined passage, but it evinces, to our perception, a thorough knowledge of the characteristics of a true gentleman:

'We are apt to look upon good manners as a lighter sort of qualification, lying without the system of morality and Christian duty; which a man may possess or not possess, and yet be a very good man. But there is no foundation for such an opinion; the apostle Paul has plainly comprehended it in his well-known description of charity, which signifies the Friendship of Christians, and is extended to so many cases, that no man can practise that virtue and be guilty of ill manners. Show me the man who in his conversation discovers no signs that he is puffed up with pride; who never behaves himself unseemly, or with impropriety; who neither envies nor censures; who is kind and patient toward his friends; who seeketh not his own, but considers others rather than himself, and gives them the preference; I say that man is not only all that we intend by a gentleman, but much more; he really *is*, what all artificial courtesy *affects* to be, a philanthropist, a friend to mankind; whose company will delight while it improves, and whose 'good' will rarely be 'evil spoken of.'

Dean Swift's will was a curious affair. To one friend he gave, among other things, his 'first-best hat,' to another his 'second-best,' to still another his 'third-best,' while his 'fourth-best' was coupled in the legacy with a 'stout cane.' The Dean had 'old hat' enough to establish a 'circumcised 'Ebrew Jew' in a flourishing trade. Here is another 'item:' 'I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmelthan, my silver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called Pigtail.' . . . We cannot do a better service to our town readers, in these sweltering days, than to indicate to them some of the pleasant haunts which are easily accessible from the metropolis. A beloved friend and correspondent thus depicts one of these, and the enjoyments to be compassed in the immediate neighborhood thereof:

'The landscapes around Huntington, Long-Island, commanding a view of the Sound, are of unrivalled picturesqueness. It is a delicious place. Ye who are looking for a site to build your villas, ye men of taste, money and education, come hither! Your eyes will dance, your heart will leap with joy, at these eye-pictures. The undulating fields, carpeted with luxuriant green to the water's edge, the wooded promontories which extend into the Sound, and the many beautiful bays which indent the land, the blending of land and sky and water, are in such proportion and such manner as I have never seen equalled. Pleasant it is to dwell, as I do, within twenty yards of one of these beautiful bays, with a beach of the whitest pebbles; to hear the plash of every wave which beats, feeling as it were the pulse of the sea; and on a tranquil evening, just as the sun goes down, to see the tide roll in, filling the whole basin to the brim, and the white sails of a fleet of vessels gliding by like phantoms in the light of the full round moon. I love to sit upon the porch by night and hear the porpoises snorting in the brine, or even at the burning noon, when the tide has perhaps ebbed, to watch the sloops tumble over on their sides, like lazy swine in the mud. My dear C——, to give you some idea of my 'hours of ease,' permit me to transcribe the Journal of a Day:

It is the early part of June, eleven o'clock A. M. Tide full, breeze brisk, sky blue, blossoms intoxicating, air delicious. I sit in my room in the second story, shaded by ancient trees, reading, writing. On the table Layard's 'Nineveh,' Clark's 'Knickerbocker.' In a good humor. A prima-donna of a bee buzzing at the window; a prima-donna of a yellow-bird on the pear-tree; a prima-donna of a bobolink on a tall weed in the field. Windows all open and doors open. Exchange an occasional word with the agreeable ladies on the other side of the hall. 'Would their guitar disturb morning studies?' 'By no means; it would set the think fancies a-going.' O, for that melodious measure, ''T were Vain to Tell!'—and the instrument being screwed up to concert-pitch, I listen and read and think, then walk to the window and look upon the flashing of 'innumerable waves.' Then the fair R—— brings up three gingernuts on a plate; fragrant, fresh, warm, spicy; just out of the oven; excessively toothsome.

(Oh! excellent dinner to be eaten at a hospitable board) what neglect of viands will be entailed by this cookery of the fair R——! *One* will I eat, but the other *two* 'abide their time.' Rash resolve; built up with too presumptuous a confidence of strength! . . . The 'Dingy' lies at anchor at the wharf. I hear the rustling of sails, and anon, tap! tap! tap! 'Walk in! Good morning to your pleasant countenance!' 'Sail in the Sound?' 'How far?' 'To the Connecticut shores—town of Norwalk.' 'With utmost pleasure! When?' 'Right off.' 'Ay, ay.' Voice from without: 'BILL, if you do n't hurry down you 'll be left: that 's all there is about it!' Down we go, with a flagon of 'Doctor OTARD's prescription. The 'ELLA' dingy is a prime boat. Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart has tried, and roved in triumph o'er the heaving tide, what it is to get into such a craft! A wide berth for the knees, cushioned seats, carpeted floor, and all span-new. Captain POST takes the helm, to steer her through the 'Gut.' Soon the breeze freshens, and we emerge at an exhilarating speed into the calm blue waters of the Long-Island Sound. Stretched at full length, with head uplifted upon an air-tight cushion, I enjoy the magnificent panorama. Here stretches out a wooded promontory, with an observatory on its utmost point; there a peak, surmounted by a light-house sugary white; there a low sand-beach, strewn with rocks; then we glide into a pleasant cove, which the hills encircle with an affectionate arm, cast anchor, bathe on the white pebbly beach, clamber the hill into the pine-grove, and, very much unhungered, draw out a fragrant Virginia ham, red as a cherry, sweet, juicy; a pot of yellow butter, bread white and spongy, to say nothing of little pickles, and the prescription of the aforesaid OTARD. This, followed by a dessert of russet apples and other delicacies, suitable to a sea-voyage, completes the meal. We again embark: PALINURUS takes the helm. We launch into the deep. Some pleasant stories are told. 'BOB,' says BILL, 'CLARK gets off some good things in his 'Editor's Table.' That one of an ugly fellow who lost the prize of his ugliness by a kick from a horse, which improved his physiognomy, was first rate; and so was that one about the fellow out West who consented to stand a similar trial. A stuttering fellow bet heavily upon him, being cock-sure of his man. In the midst of this contention for the palm the ugly man began to distort his face by a variety of grimaces, which threw the stutterer into a paroxysm of uneasiness lest the prize should be jeoparded. Says he: 'T-T-T-OM, y-y-y-you stay as the L-L-L-ORD m-m-m-made you: y-y-y-you can't be beat!'' 'BILL,' says BOB, 'that was a good one of a man who stopped at a tavern to pass the night. In the room were two beds; and when safely ensconced, and about to fall into a pleasant slumber, the landlord taps gently: 'What 's the matter?' says the traveller. 'I wish to put a man in one of those beds.' 'Nobody can come here. Please put the bed in the bill,' says he. ''That won't answer the purpose,' said the host: 'I do n't wish to put the bed into the bill; I want to put BILL into the bed!'' 'That 's a pleasant, humorsome sort of a man, kind *of*, that lives on the bill,' says TIMMY, the boatman, now venturing to put in his oar. ''Tother day he was to Northport, where he went and sot down onto the piazza. Bime-by he sees a feller a-sitting near, whom he know'd by reputation. Says the doctor to him, says he, 'Did you ever see a man round here named JO ANNIS? I believe he lives in these parts.' 'Hey?' says the feller, a-prickin' up his ears. 'Do you know such a man?' '*Why?*' says he. 'Because,' replied the other, 'they say that he wanted to marry a girl in our town; but she would n't have him, because he 's a poor drunken devil. He 's made love to a great many, and nobody won't have him. He 's out at elbows, and out o' puss, and out o' character. More than that, they say he 's such a liar that nobody believes a word he says!' 'It 's a goy-blamed lie!' hollered out the innocent critter: '*I 'm the individooal!*' It would-a' tickled you to see the little redund dimple in the doctor's cheek while he was a-plaguin' that man!—and arterward he had to stroke him down, beside giv' him advice about a ailment he had.' Thus, we 'sailed, as we sailed,' amidst pleasant converse. Some gentleman told too free jokes, saying that we were on the highway of nations, while the OTARD gurgled out to the usual cry of 'Say when.' And now, feeling a disposition to slumber sweetly, I lay back on the aforesaid cushion. The last sound which I remember was the pleasant rippling of water against the keel, and the last sight the circling shores of beautiful Connecticut, green to the very margin of the wave; the spires of her temples piercing the sky, while above the vast semi-circumference, where the sky and water met, there hung a diadem of white, fleecy clouds, like the knitted wings of legions of angels.'

WE pencil this subsection of gossipry in our note-book, prone upon a couch of interlacing branches, some twelve feet 'up a tree,' in a grove near Rockaway, on 'old

Long Island's sea-girt shore,' swaying backward and forward in the cool health-inspiring breeze, and hearing

——'far off, the melancholy roar
Of billows white with wrath, battling against the shore.'

In the immediate fore-ground is *Cranston's Marine Pavilion*, crowded with cool and happy guests, many of whom were this very morning sweltering in the insufferable heat of the metropolis. Beyond is the dark blue sea, where 'go the ships,' some near at hand, some with their white sails flitting into dimness at the horizon's verge of the vast watery plain, and 'other some' setting harborward from sea, all sail spread, with rejoicing hearts on board, hailing once more their native shores. Well do our citizens show their appreciation, this year, of what is truly enjoyable at such a summer watering-place as Rockaway. Sea-air, capacious apartments, an unexcelled cuisine, and the watchful attentions of the popular host and his assistants, have made the 'Marine Pavilion' even better known than ever the present season. Similar houses, nearer by, as the excellent 'Hamilton House' at the Narrows, the 'Oceanic' at Coney-Island, with WILLISTON'S, at the mouth of the Shrewsbury, have also, we are glad to learn, been well attended by contented and improved metropolitan visitors. . . . A THOUGHTFUL and clever woman is the lady who indites the following '*Loving Epistle from a Wife to her Husband.*' She has an eye to her spouse's corporeal comfort, that can scarcely fail to be appreciated by all sensible persons!

Go, dear Sir, to Mr. BURTIS,
He so very kind and courteous,
And ask him a nice vest to make,
Smooth and striped like a snake,
Of some sober, quiet color,
Just like mud, or somewhat duller:
And pray the gentle artist tell
To sew the buttons strong and well,
That they may bear the potent stretch
When after-dinner sighs you fetch.
Alas! I fear I 'm sadly rude,
But then you know 't is for your good.
And then another thing you lack:
A summer-coat upon your back.
This coat must be of comely gray,
Like that renowned at MONTEREY,
Which borrowed glory from old ZACH,
And thence from him is called a sack!
This sack must be of just dimensions,
With good allowance for extensions,
And pockets great and manifold,
All kinds of wondrous things to hold:
Lobsters and letters, gloves and shoes,
Spectacles, candies, billet-doux,
Keys, apples, nuts, newspapers, books,
Sweet oranges and fishing-hooks,
Collars and combs for cat and dogs,
And one for *book-sale catalogues!*
Those wife-abhorred and odious things,
Which give so many *eagles* wings!
And you must have a pair of 'pants;'
They 're just the thing your worship wants.
Pray get all these, for love of me,
Thy ever careful wife,
M. B.

IT was only in our last number that we called the attention of our readers to a beautiful little song composed by JOHN BALLANTYNE, of Edinburgh, the well-known author of 'The Gaberlunzie-Man,' the burden of which is alike affecting and natural: 'Ilka blade of grass keps its ain drap o' dew;' set to an exquisitely plaintive air by JOHN WILSON. Little did we then think, that before another moon should have passed away we should be called upon to record the death of our friend the composer. Mr. WILSON died at Quebec on the morning of Monday the ninth of July, from spasmodic cholera, caused by exposure while fishing on Lake ST. CHARLES, on the Saturday preceding:

'MOURN, Scotia, mourn!—a voice from the ocean,
Borne fitfully o'er the Atlantic's broad wave,
Proclaims to your children, with tearful emotion,
That your favorite minstrel lies low in his grave!'

Mr. WILSON was a kind-hearted, honorable man; exemplary in all the relations of life, and beloved by all who had the pleasure to know him. He was a warm friend, a kind husband, a tender father. He leaves behind him accomplished daughters, who inherit his virtues and his delightful musical genius. May he rest in peace! . . . We

are doing a service for which our metropolitan readers will thank us, in calling attention to the removal of *The Carcel Mechanical Lamp Dépôt* to Number 445, Broadway. M. D'ARDONVILLE, a brave and gallant officer, who acquitted himself with distinguished valor in General SCOTT's column in Mexico, has succeeded to our old friend Mr. DIACON in the agency for the Mechanical Lamp in New-York; and he has recently received from Paris a very large assortment, an entirely new stock, in porcelain and bronze, than which nothing could be more beautiful. Our readers know our opinion of the Carcel lamp. No light that we have ever seen can compare for a moment with its constant, clear, and mellow rays; and a little care is all that is required to keep the lamp in perfect order. We commend our readers to M. D'ARDONVILLE's establishment; not the least pleasure of a visit to which will be the conversation and courteous demeanor of the proprietor. . . . HEYWOOD, a quaint old English poet, in his *'Challenge for Beauty,'* pays this tribute to his countrymen:

'THE thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth;
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

'Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great and others small things,
But oh, your liquorish Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things!'

which we believe is a fact, established beyond the reach of peradventure or gainsaying. 'An Englishman,' says a modern author, 'will always climb the highest mountains, and ascend towers and steeples; he will always pay well to be taken up in a balloon; and if he could get so high, he would always be found rubbing his nose against the sky. I cannot bring myself to doubt that the people who built the tower of Babel were English, with a small sprinkling perhaps of Irish laborers!' . . . SOMETHING we had written for the last number, but are now compelled to leave unsaid touching a jaunt with cherished friends in Mr. MOON's smooth-rolling patent-axle barouche, (sitting on the back-seat of which, by-the-by, we 'realized' in thought the feelings of LAFAYETTE in his national tour,) from the 'United States' to Saratoga Lake, a charming spot, not the least attractive of which is Mr. LOOMIS's nice establishment, with its adjacent 'bass'-dom and 'trout'-ery; touching also that neatest of all neat steamers, the 'WILLIAM CALDWELL,' of Lake George, and its courteous and accomplished county-officer Captain, Mr. FARLIN; involving likewise a short ride in 'long time' over a most *execrable* road to Ticonderoga, and a hurried survey of that 'altar-place of Freedom;' not forgetting our sail down Lake Champlain, and the awful, *awful* sun-bakery encountered at Whitehall; together with brief records of pleasant reünions, public and private, at Saratoga, and so forth, and so forth. . . . *'David Copperfield, the Younger'* promises to become one of the very best of DICKENS' productions. We envy no reader his emotions who can peruse without tears the description of DAVID's first return home from school, his reception there by the MURDSTONES, his second return, and the death and burial of his lovely and gentle-hearted mother. The latter scenes, especially, are the very perfection of pathos. His longing for the holidays, in which he was to make his first visit, is admirably depicted in the ensuing passage:

'THE rest of the half-year is a jumble in my recollection of the daily strife and struggle of our lives; of the waning summer and the changing season; of the frosty mornings when we were rung out of bed, and the cold, cold smell of the dark nights when we were rung into bed again; of the evening school-room dimly lighted and indifferently warmed, and the morning school-room which was nothing but a great shivering machine; of the alternation of boiled beef with roast beef, and boiled mutton with roast mutton; of clods of bread-and-butter, dog's-eared lesson-books, cracked slates, tear-blotted copy-books, canings, rulerings, hair-cuttings, rainy Sundays, suet puddings, and a dirty atmosphere of ink surrounding all. I well remember though how the distant idea of the holidays, after seeming for an immense time to be a stationary speck, began to come toward us, and to grow and grow. How, from counting months, we came to weeks, and then to days; and how I then began to be afraid that I should not be sent for, and

when I learned that I had been sent for and was certainly to go home, had dim forebodings that I might break my leg first. How the breaking-up day changed its place fast, at last, from the week after next to next week, this week, the day after to-morrow, to-morrow, to-day, to-night; when I was inside the Yarmouth mail, and going home.'

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GENERAL F ——, of ——, Pennsylvania, relates a candid confession of one of his fellow-members of the legislature of that state, from one of its northern counties, who one evening stepped into his room, sat down, and saying nothing, seemed wrapt in a 'brown study.' The General offered him the compliments of the evening, but he paid no attention to it. At length he broke out: 'General, I 've got to speak to-morrow. There is a bill I want to get through, and W —— and P ——, (mentioning the names of able speakers) are going to oppose it, and I want you to tell me how I am to get along.' 'Oh,' said the General, '*that* you can do well enough: the bill is a simple matter; just say what you think, and sit down; you 'll get along well enough.' 'Well,' said he, 'if the speaker would let me say a few words, and then sit down, and then get up again, and go on, I think I *could* do well enough; for, General, it is peculiar with me, *my wit generally comes afterward!*' We have heard not a few 'latter-day' speakers of whom the same fact might safely be predicated. . . . 'WAES us! waes us!' — would that we could have been with, or afterward joined, our esteemed friend and correspondent, who recently wrote us as follows, from 'Prospect-Rock, Wilkesbarre Mountain, Pennsylvania:'

'MY DEAR C ——: With my port-folio on my knees, my back propped up against old gray primitive, tall hemlocks and pines waving with breezy murmurs over me, and flecking with a curious fret-work of shine and shade this paper on which I am trying to write; with the distant mountains, like undulating billows, rolling and blending into the measureless West; with a vast breast-work of granite in front of me, earthquake-proof, descending in startling perpendicular some sixty feet to the tree-tops below, over which the eye skims downward for two miles to the picturesque town of Wilkesbarre, lying in the lap of the valley of Wyoming; with the Susquehanna in view, now sinuous, now abruptly gone, then gleaming far off, then gone again, then glinting still in the blue distance, and over all the soft haze of departing day, like a veil over the bosom of dreaming loveliness; here twelve hundred feet above the valley, and some thousands above tide water; with my neckerchief off, my collar open to the breeze, vest loosened, and spirits as free as the free air I breathe; I am trying, *trying* to fulfil the first part of the contract: I am trying to write to you. But oh! CLARK, who can write amid such scenery? I dare not raise up my eyes to look at it. Describe it? Pen nor pencil can delineate it. It is a dream of Arcadia. From horizon to horizon stretch the mountains; behind me are mountains; before me, mountains; and beyond, and still beyond, mountains; and lo! in the bosom of this vast amphitheatre, lies Wyoming, with its peerless river, and islands, and golden squares of wheat alternating with green pasture-fields, extending on either hand into indistinctness:

'EACH feature that divides what labor's son
Claims for his portion from his laboring brother'

blent into one, save where yon bright spot indicates the river rolling southward to the broad Chesapeake and the Atlantic! I wish you had been with us on the bright dewy morning that saw us on our way to Elizabethtown; thence by rail and stage to Easton; thence to stilly Bethlehem and quaint Nazareth, where German is much spoken, and all the road-posts smack of Rheinlandt; then on foot over the Pocono mountain, through the Wind-Gap, and so onward to Tobyhanna creek, where we leave the stage, and with rods, tackle and fly-book essay the trout. Now picture to yourself tall hemlocks, giant pines, and Titanic oaks overshadowing a rapid stream, clear as truth, with fish quick darting — *from us:* we, up to our waistcoat-pockets in water and excitement, whipping the stream right and left; then bethink you of a thunder-cloud rolling up its dark ugly pall over us, darkening the stream; and now before us we see the water breaking off abruptly and reappearing far below, and as we gain the ledge of rocks the white cataract bounds over the gray fretted crags and falls into the dark basin beneath. Now the drops dimple the stream and patter on the leaves, and anon down falls the rain, and we in the

woods with no path in sight. Aha! a blazed tree — and another! So we follow them out of the woods at last, and into open fields. How pitilessly it rains! Four miles to Stoddard'sville; and night and rain, and roads in the worst possible condition; well, a weary way has its end; there 's a light at last, and we are stripping the wet clothes from our reeking bodies, coarse towels are in requisition, and the white table-cloth and odorous supper looks wholesome! 'But what success?' you will say: 'Oh, the usual luck; we brought home *just three wet men, and no fish.*' Better luck next day, when we filled our basket with large trout out of the Lehigh. But fish-stories, in this enlightened age, will not bear to be amplified, or else I would tell you of the hair-breadth 'scapes,' the delicate address with which we landed the large ones, the accuracy with which we cast our flies into the dark-some pool, where the willow dipped its fingers in the waters deep and cool, with many other things that would amuse you; but we will go on toward Wyoming.

'Nothing of note occurred until we got out of the stage at Bear Creek, which is nine miles from the valley. Here we started to walk up hill, feeling much in the spirit thereof. Behold us upon the mountains! — and here upon the right a silver-gray mist with feathery edges uprises, and all thereward is conjectural; but on our left are the clear hills relieved against the sky; and now suddenly the mist clears away, and discloses a wood of spectral hemlocks; dead, stripped, fire-scathed; the long skeleton masts rose from the deep, as if a phantom navy, sailing upon the wind, had furled its misty wings and anchored there. Now we are passing through a dense wood, called the 'Shades of Death,' for here many who escaped from the massacre perished. Methinks you could almost see them, men, women and children, huddling together in these noi-some shades, and starting at every noise in the sounding wood. But we must press onward; seven miles to walk, and that with a rapid pace, to see the valley at sunset. Five-mile Hill; and now down this long walk, and up the Wilkesbarre mountain. This way,' said M ——, striking into the deep wood, and leaving the road: 'Do n't look until I tell you; so — up this ledge of rocks;' and scrambling up the gray granite, we come to a rocky barrier: 'Now gentlemen!' We raised our eyes, looked over the parapet, and at our feet, lay the *Valley of the Wyoming!* Never shall I forget it. All the dreams of Tempe, the imaginings of the 'Happy Valley' of RASSELAS, and what I had conceived of the beautiful Vegas of Grenada, fade into unsubstantial air, when compared with the surpassing loveliness of that vision!

'And now, my dear CLARK, I am writing to you with that very scene below me; and I only wish that you were here to enjoy it. One thing will surprise you: the extent of the valley. Wilksbarre, a town of five thousand inhabitants, laid out with ample gardens, etc. around the houses, makes but an inconsiderable figure in it: indeed, if you can imagine the width of the Hudson at Sing-Sing continued from that point as far as New-York, and converted into a cultivated vale, surrounded with high mountains on every side, and you looking down upon it midway from some prospect-rock higher than any of the Palisades, you can form some idea of the place from which I am now subscribing myself, Yours, as ever, RICHARD HAYWARDE.'

THE 'Society Library,' in Broadway, has just received a fresh accession to its already large and valuable stock of foreign books. The institution is greatly indebted to the taste and zeal of our friend DANIEL SEYMOUR, Esq., for the present as well as for former purchases of continental literature. The volumes now received include several of the noblest productions of the French press. Perhaps the most striking is the '*Galérie de Versailles*,' in some twenty large folio volumes, including engravings of every apartment and every object of art in that vast collection. The '*History of the Fine Arts*,' by D'AGINCOURT, is a work of especial interest; and the great work on Egypt, by the savans of NAPOLEON'S army, is one which may be considered indispensable to a public library. There are many other volumes, now spread upon the library-tables, which it would be pleasant to linger over; but, to say nothing of *time*, the 'tyranny of *space*' at this present prevents. It matters little, however; for the works themselves, and the courteous welcome to a view of their contents which will be extended to visitors by Mr. FORBES, the librarian — who is, to its most time-honored patrons, one of the marked and proverbial 'quiet enjoyments' of the Library — render farther comment unnecessary. . . . THERE is a beautiful simile in the annexed

stanza. The comparison of the journey of life to a transit across a desert is very felicitous:

'Here in the body pent,
Absent from heaven I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.'

Will nobody come forward to defend the little town of Alexandria, District of Columbia, 'taken by assault' in the subjoined passage of a letter just received from an esteemed friend and correspondent in the city of Washington? 'Have you ever visited Alexandria? Let me indulge the pleasing hope that you will answer this question in the negative. I went there not long since, and suffered crucifixion for five whole hours; a St. Simeon agony. The day was unusually warm, or from my exposure to the heat seemed so at least; and the sail down the Potomac was, therefore, not unpleasant. I wish I could say as much of my rambles through the streets of Alexandria; a town that for stupidity and dulness more than rivals those dreary God-forgotten places in central Italy, so graphically described by Dickens. There is a positive vivacity, a gay, frolicksome, Parisian gaiety, about the streets of Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, on a hot Sunday afternoon, compared with those at Alexandria in their liveliest aspect. I never saw anything so '*very* dead;' and strolling through the principal thoroughfares, the shop-windows of which being open, materially aided the effect of suspended vitality, (like corpses with raised eyelids,) I half fancied myself in Pompeii or Herculaneum. As Wordworth says, 'Dear God, the very houses seem asleep!' I saw but one horse there; a circumstance which surprised me not a little, for more luxurious pasture than is to be found in any of the public streets of the town could not be desired by the daintiest fed horse. The specimen I allude to had been pushed by an empty dray upon the wharf, down among the shipping, which consisted of a melancholy-looking sloop, disembarking a few lean rats, and basking in the hot sun like a shunned leper; a fishing-smack, whose moistureless bottom glistened with dried shad-scales; and the wheezy little steam-boat that had borne me thither. I observed a sign in this vicinity, which a humorous shop-keeper, long since dead, I presume, had placed beside his door, announcing that 'All orders would be attended to with promptness and despatch.' I respect that man's memory for his facetiousness. I left at five o'clock in the afternoon, perspiring freely, and with feelings subdued by the holy quiet of the place; a frame of mind not unlike that accompanied by a stroll through a village church-yard. In my next I will give you some account of a recent trip to Mount Vernon.' 'Danks, mynheer!' . . . 'I can't compose any thing,' writes a new correspondent, 'that is very sublime, but I can write something tremendously ridiculous;' and he sends us some very far from bad '*Lines on a Pitcher of Butter-milk*,' which nevertheless are 'not quite up to the mark.' Try again, young gentleman. . . . A revivalist at the West recently paid this compliment to womankind in general: 'I wish to notice a little objection I heard of to-day concerning our meeting. Some persons have said that this is not really the work of the Lord, because nearly all the 'seekers' are females; they moreover challenge us to tell why there is so large a proportion of the weaker sex engaged. Now I will not answer this directly; but see here: two years ago I had occasion to preach to the prisoners in your penitentiary. Now how did it happen that there were there more than four hundred males, and but about half-a-dozen of the weaker sex?' He was generally supposed by the objectors, about that time and place, to have 'got 'em:' leastways, so the narrator states. . . . The letter mentioned in our last num-

ber as having been received by Mr. Macready from Mrs. Jarvis, proprietor of the 'Cold Candy,' it appears was a hoax upon that gentleman, no such bonâ-fide letter having been written. A similar letter from Mr. Macready to Mrs. Jarvis was attempted to be palmed upon her, but the *ruse* failed. This, however, does not alter the *gist* of the anecdote in our last; which, so far from having the origin so courteously and tastefully ascribed, was unreservedly repeated at a private dinner-party given by an American minister, now abroad, in our presence, and that of many of our most eminent citizens. . . . Messrs. Stringer and Townsend have in press, and will soon publish, '*Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America.*' The drawings, which are from life, are by the author; and certainly, judging from those we have seen, they are of unsurpassed excellence. As to the *matter* of the work, the writer's name is a sufficient guarantee, alike of its fulness and authenticity. We shall have more to say of the book on its appearance 'before the public.' . . . A friend and correspondent, during the hours of joy after the delivery of his first-born, was himself safely delivered of the following lines, and is now 'doing as well as could be expected:'

MY BOY.

'There is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.'—Hood

One more new claimant for
Human fraternity,
Swelling the flood that sweeps
On to eternity.
I who have filled the cup,
Tremble to think of it;
For be it what it may,
I must yet drink of it.

Room for him into the
Ranks of humanity;
Give him a place in your
Kingdom of vanity:
Welcome the stranger with
Kindly affection,
Hopefully, trustfully;
Not with dejection.

See, in his waywardness,
How his fist doubles;
Thus pugilistical
Daring life's troubles:
Strange that the Neophyte
Enters existence
In such an attitude,
Feigning resistance.

Could he but have a glimpse
Into futurity,
Well might he fight against
Farther maturity:
Yet does it seem to me
As if his purity
Were against sinfulness
Ample security.

Incomprehensible,
Budding immortal,
Thrust all amazedly
Under life's portal:

Born to a destiny
Clouded in mystery,
Wisdom itself cannot
Guess at his history.

Something too much of this
Timon-like croaking;
See his face wrinkle now,
Laughter provoking:
Now he cries lustily—
Bravo, my hearty one!
Lungs like an orator
Cheering his party on.

Look how his merry eyes
Turn to me pleadingly!
Can we help loving him—
Loving exceedingly?
Partly with hopefulness,
Partly with fears,
Mine, as I look at him,
Moisten with tears.

Now then to find a name:
Where shall we search for it?
Turn to his ancestry,
Or to the church for it?
Shall we endow him with
Title heroic,
After some warrior,
Poet, or Stoic?

One Aunty says he will
Soon 'lisp in numbers,'
Turning his thoughts to rhyme,
E'en in his slumbers:
Watts rhymed in babyhood,
No blemish spots his fame—
Christen him even so:
Young Mr. Watt's his name! J. H.

We quite agree with old 'Kit North:' 'Gude save us a' from a 'perfect man!' Without faults we should be unloveable. There is no such hateful sight on earth as a perfect character; for he is a hypocrite, by the necessity of nature. The moment a

perfect character enters a room, I leave it.' Dr. CHALMERS, the great Scottish divine, has a similar thought in one of his discourses, but somewhat differently expressed: 'There is a set of people whom I cannot bear; the pinks of fashionable propriety, whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. Their manners may be abundantly correct; there may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and the gayety of social intercourse; the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it; the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy.' Thus says Dr. CHALMERS; but he was only a *Christian* gentleman. Bless you, he was not a 'man of the world;' he was n't even 'a *fast* man!' . . . A COLORED clergyman, preaching recently to a black audience at the South, said: 'I s'pose, indeed I s'pect, dat de reason de LORD made us brack men was 'cause he use all de white men up 'fore he got to de brack man, and he *had* to make him brack. But dat do n't make no odds, my bredren; de LORD look a'ter brack man too. Do n't de Scripture say dat two sparrer-hawks am sold for a farden, and dat not one ob 'em shall fall 'pon de ground widout deir farder? Well, den, my bredren, if your hebbenly fader care so much for a sparrer-hawk, when you can buy *two* ob 'em for a farden, how berry much more he care for *you*, dat is wu'th six or seven hundred dollars a-piece!' If that argument is n't a colored 'non-sequitur,' we never *saw* a colored non-sequitur. . . . 'M.' MISTAKES us. What we mean by 'upholstery description' is *not* the 'painting of a true artist,' but the elaborate putting down of 'every thing there happens to be in the house,' as MARRYAT said of a certain dish known to the French cuisine. Here is a specimen of this kind of painting, which is 'just the thing' in a Yankee kitchen, but in a parlor finished in the *Renaissance* style would probably be deemed a little over-done, except by the admirers of the author of 'ALICE, or the Second Una:'

'ZEKIEL crept up, unbeknown,
And peeked in through the winder,
And there sot HULDY, all alone,
With no one by to hinder.

'Ag'in' the chimbley crook-necks hung,
And in amongst 'em, rusted,
The old Queen's-arm that Gran'ther YOUNG
Fetched back from Concord, bu'sted.'

This is natural and vigorous, and worth all the diluted upholstery that JAMES, or our small copyists of small models, ever drew. . . . NIBLO, one of the best and most liberal public caterers we have ever had in New-York, has opened what, when finished, will be one of the most magnificent places of public entertainment on this continent. We shall endeavor to do ample justice to it in our next number. . . . A CAPITAL '*Bunkumville Chronicle*,' unavoidably postponed from our last, would have appeared in the present number, but that several of its prominent articles are now too far post-dated. Shall we 'exchange' with the editor for another number? 'Please exchange!' . . . NEW books, old books, reviews, magazines, weekly and other periodicals, notices of works of art, etc., toward some of which our heart verily yearned to say a deserved 'good word,' with many written notices to correspondents, public and private, (to say nothing of postponed letters to several of the latter,) of remarks concerning all these, 'see our next.'

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXIV. SEPTEMBER, 1849. No. 3.

Living Pulpit Orators.

THE REVEREND ALBERT BARNES, D. D.

PROFESSIONAL INDUSTRY.

THE most useless and disagreeable men in the world are those who do the least and complain the most. Such attributes always coalesce in the same individuals and consummate their claims to personal esteem and popular regard. Encumbered and disgraced by such, earth groans and travails in pain, being burdened. Such dignitaries are nuisances any where, but the most insufferable in theological circles, because viewed in that aspect, their spirit and demeanor present the most pernicious contrast to their profession. They too much abound, and are easily known by their acrid and thorny fruits. Self-elected censors on all the talents of the day, they magnanimously lounge in their intrinsic meanness and infamous indolence, ready only to assign every man his professional merits, and proclaim the value of every printed thought. This is of course the best umpire one can enjoy, since the work of severe judging, if nothing else, is sure to be most thoroughly done. The laziest are always the most captious on the enterprising, and they who are of the least profit to the world themselves are sure to be most ambitious in depreciating the capacities they are too imbecile to emulate.

'Mr. A. is a very taking kind of a preacher, but he has no wisdom to spare. Mr. B. is a flashy writer, but is very superficial. Mr. C. has a clever way of using what he knows, but his acquirements, especially in the classics, are quite limited. That book of D.'s goes well, they say. How strange that the pubic will patronize such common-place things, and leave really valuable works dead lumber on the publisher's hands! By the way that theme is a good one, if

it was only handled properly. *I* think of writing a book on that subject, and have meditated profoundly on the matter these ten years.'

And so the snarling, impertinent, stultified drone, goes on. You never hear him speak kindly of any body, or with hearty approval of any thing. Not a trace of sterling worth or beneficent influence can be found in all his past career. The hour, big with the destinies of empires, when his superlative profundity is to be developed, has not yet arrived. He is a tremendous man in the infinitive mood, *imperfect* tense — about to be!

Such a scholar, such a minister of CHRIST, and such a busy servant in the grand field of religious enterprise is *not* Dr. BARNES of Philadelphia. Of all his brethren in the pulpit, and by the press, no one of this age perhaps, exceeds him in professional industry and practical usefulness. He has published more volumes than many divines have written sermons, and yet is an excellent pastor, a generous critic, a pleasing preacher, and a courteous man. It would seem that from the very outset of his public life, he accepted as his motto in respect to Christian excellence:

'No rest, no pause, till all her graces known,
A happy habit makes each grace your own.'

With body and mind, that with the rising morn arise, Dr. BARNES has for a goodly number of years been indefatigably employed in acquiring, elaborating and distributing evangelical sentiments among mankind. By this means he may not only 'claim the triumph of a lettered heart,' but also the richer meed of the noblest influence over the most extended domain. His reviews, introductions to standard authors, printed sermons, notes on the gospels, and other works, literary, polemical and exegetical, have pervaded the remotest corners and are moulding the destinies of innumerable minds. He believes with Sharon Turner, that 'intellect and industry are never incompatible. There is more wisdom, and will be more benefit in combining them than scholars like to believe, or than the common world imagine. Life has time enough for both, and its happiness will be increased by the union.'

This harmonizes with the sentiments of an old divine, father of a distinguished poet, who uses the word *prevent* in its Latin sense. We refer to Dean Young, who says: 'He that thinks *ill*, *prevents* the tempter, and does the devil's business for him; he that thinks *nothing*, *tempts* the tempter, and offers him possession of an empty room; but he that thinks *religiously*, *defeats* the tempter, and is proof and secure against all his assaults.'

In every department of life, vice is the perpetual concomitant of indolence. Waters that are still, soon stagnate and breed the most noxious malaria. An empty mind is the devil's laboratory, in which the most deadly concoctions are manufactured and diffused. Prince Eugene said to a friend, that in the course of his life, he had been exposed to many Potiphar's wives, to all of whom he had proved a Joseph, merely because he had so many other things to attend to. The surest way to avoid evil snares is to be well and constantly employed.

The ancient Brahmins were accustomed to sit unmoved under a tree in stupid gaze at a speck in the heavens, imagining that God was as idle as they were. Many moderns are employed in achieving about the same degrees of dignity and use. But where is the spot on our globe that looks as if God designed it for the paradise of lazy folks? He who has nothing to do, has no business to live. It is easy to recognise the place where the indolent do reside. It is a locality vividly drawn in Proverbs: 'I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man'

On the contrary, in the language of the same author, 'the thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness.' Diligence is the eternal prerequisite to prosperity and health. Said Swinnock, 'Thou mayest as well expect riches to rain down from heaven in silver showers, as to provide for thy family without industry in thy calling.'

> 'Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and God-like reason
> To rust in us unused.'

The mental faculties contract indolent habits with as much facility as the physical. When one begins to lean on others for support, he will soon end by being incapable of either supporting others or himself. Such fickle and indolent persons stagger about with a tottering and indecisive step; in the language of Solomon, 'the labor of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city.' They flutter from one object to another, and lounge along at hazard. No wind to them is favorable, because they have no particular harbor in view; no star is propitious, since their eye is fixed with solicitude on none. If the time which is squandered in relaxing and debasing the powers of both body and mind, were employed in fortifying those powers in healthful discipline, we should not at the years of maturity be at a loss for an occupation, nor be left to waste the fire of fine talent which industry had matured.

Steel is sooner destroyed by rust than by use. There is an old Scottish legend, which represents the spirit that serves the wizard as being by necessity constantly employed; to suspend the work for a moment was to rend the enchantment. Such is the condition of the devotee at the altar of superlative excellence; the boon he desires is won only at the price of perpetual toil. But most persons proceed as if they expected to obtain wisdom as Abu Zeid al Hapan declares some Chinese philosophers thought oysters got their pearls, viz., by *gaping!*

Men possessing fine opportunities for doing good, in high stations and on a broad scale, are still disposed to sink into the same supine and ignoble mode of procedure. But as long as depraved human

nature exists on earth, it will ever be true that 'the way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns.' Lord Bacon, in his Advancement of Learning, makes the following comment on this proverb: 'Here is lively represented how laborious sloth proveth in the end; for when things are deferred to the last instant, and nothing prepared beforehand, every step findeth a brier or an impediment, which catcheth or stoppeth.'

Idleness was a criminal offence at Athens, and should be so regarded everywhere, since 'drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.' Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus, tells us of a classic 'loafer' who was one day fined for this offence, and who was greatly condoled by a brother idler as having been *condemned for keeping up his dignity.* In our own age and country we have a plenty of those miserable 'swell-heads' who puff and strut in all sorts of busy idleness just to keep up their dignity!

Bancroft records the fact that the first emigrants to the northern colony of this continent were all working men. The company was winnowed before sailing; and all servants of ill life were discharged. They were not a 'mob of gentlemen who live at ease,' but were the selectest specimens of mankind. 'No idle drone may live among us,' was the spirit as well as the law of the dauntless community, which was destined to turn the sterility of New-England into a cluster of wealthy states.

They who prefer to have nothing to do are very certain to do nothing good. Such persons hasten the period when they will be in want, and most effectually foreclose the beneficence they will need. For, as Poole has said, 'Men's hearts are justly hardened against that man, who by his own sloth and wilfulness hath brought himself to want. It is good policy to strike while the iron is hot; it is still better to adopt Cromwell's procedure in this respect, and *make the iron hot by striking.* The master-spirit who can rule the storm is great, but he is much greater who can both raise and rule it. To attain that grand power, one must possess the brave and indomitable soul of activity which prompted Edmund Burke to exclaim to his constituents in his famous speech at Bristol: 'Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on, for God's sake! let us pass on!'

The idler, oppressed with those aimless and useless efforts which are actuated only by self-conceit, forgets that pride confers no dignity, and that vanity engenders nothing but public contempt. Persons of dull and languid habits, trail themselves sluggishly through life, as if some loathsome and agonizing viscus clogged every movement, and prevented all refreshing repose. Their substance is nothing but the slime of indolence, and their contracted snail-path is covered with their own pollution. There is no healthy alacrity in them, none of that vivacious energy, which indicates either a vigorous body or a forcible mind. They drag themselves tardily to their toil, as if every joint were a socket of torture, and touch the implements of industry as timidly, as if they expected their effeminate flesh to adhere to whatever it handled. Work affords them no joy, and duty no delight;

they are emasculated of all manly vigor, and have buried their conscience in the putrescence of their laziness. 'They are a sort of perpetual somnambulists, walking through their sleep; moving in a constant mystery; looking for their faculties, and forgetting what they are looking for; not able to find their work, or when they have found their work, not able to find their hands; doing every thing dreamily, and therefore every thing confusedly and incompletely; their work a dream, their sleep a dream, not repose, not refreshment, but a slumberous vision of rest, a dreamy query concerning sleep; too late for every thing, taking their passage when the ship has sailed, insuring their property when the house is burnt, locking the door when the goods are stolen; men whose bodies seem to have started in the race of existence before their minds were ready, and who are always gazing out vacantly as if they expected their wits were coming up by the next arrival.'

Lead is heavy, gold is heavier, and platinum among the metals, is heaviest of all; but take the kingdoms of creation at large, that which has the most specific gravity to make earth groan and heaven weep, is a lazy man. Were he not resisted by Omnipotence, he would be an effectual clog to stop the wheels of enterprise, the car of salvation and the revolution of the globe. He would become the stand-point of immovable stupidity and blasting contagion; the focus of venomous evils and their most prolific source; the chief conduit of hell through which every thing vile and destructive would be diffused over worlds arrested in silence, skies darkened with the pall of universal death, and an universe tumbling to pieces without a single trace of the beautiful or the good.

The industry of many persons, blest with the most abundant means for self-murder, is performed mainly by the lower half of their head; the teeth are busy, while for all useful purposes the hands are idle, and gastronomical toil, carried on by force in a body in general unemployed, soon oppresses the stomach with gloomy acids which diffuse sourness of all sorts all over the person. The victim is dyspeptic, snappish, disconsolate, doomed. The best practical rules for securing happy health are: Keep your head cool with temperance; your feet warm with exercise; and if you grow bilious or corpulent, keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut. 'Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty,' says Solomon; 'open thine eyes, and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.' We are to use slumber only as 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' and as a preparative for *going forth to our work and our labor.*

The passive idler, of all men in the world, is the most difficult to please. Those who do the least themselves are always the severest critics upon the noble achievements of others. They are the most acrimonious, because their cynical souls are least purified with the healthful agitation of exalted emotions. If there were more refined sensibility in the world, there would be less bickering and more mutual love and magnanimous commendation in the hearts of mankind. We must desire to act, and act vigorously, to be happy. This is the motive principle of the soul, and the ground of its greatest joy.

Happiness resides less in the possession of its objects than in their attainment. He who is born on a throne is seldom worthy of it, or happy in the sovereignty which chance has conferred, instead of being by personal enterprise attained. The soul always in action, always agreeably employed, has little time for discontent, and much occasion for the keenest joy. Hence the superior pleasures of the virtuous poor compared with the luxurious indulgences of the rich. The party who dine at a tavern, are vastly more joyous than those who feast in splendid misery together in a palace. It was not on the tomb of Crœsus, but on that of Baucis, the most charming epitaph of antiquity was inscribed:

'His death was the evening of a beautiful day.'

Antinomian enmity against active labors in accordance with the spirit and commands of CHRIST, for the amelioration of suffering mankind, has its origin in inveterate laziness rather than in the immaculate purity or practical beneficence of its theological lore. Said Bishop Leighton, 'Holy men in former ages did wonders in conquering the world and themselves, but we, unhappy, degenerate, drowsy creatures as we are, blush to hear that they did what we cannot or will not do. We are indeed inclined to disbelieve the facts, and rather choose to deny their virtues, than to confess our own indolence and cowardice.'

Thomson's excuse for reposing in his own 'Castle of Indolence' was, that he had nothing to do. But we have much to do; a soul to save — a heaven to win for ourselves and our brethren of the human race. 'They beckoned to their partners in the other ship, that they should come and help them.' On this Scripture, old Bishop Hall remarks: 'There are other ships in partnership with Peter; he doth not fish all the lake alone. There cannot be a better improvement of society than to help us in gain, to relieve us in our profitable labors, to draw up the spiritual draught into the vessel of CHRIST and his church. Wherefore hath GOD given us partners, but that we should beckon to them for our aid in our necessary occasions? Neither doth Simon slacken his hand, because he had assistants. What shall we say to those lazy fishers, who can set others to the drag, while themselves look on at ease, caring only to feed themselves with the fish, not willing to wet their hands with the net?'

Indolence, like all the vices of which it is the chief patron, brings its own punishment; its listless torments are precursors of the still more excruciating pangs which are destined to crown and confirm the eternal ruin of both body and soul. Speaking of Antony's interview with Cleopatra, 'when Venus came to feast with Bacchus, for the benefit of Asia,' the ancient historian says, that 'then the veteran fell into every idle excess of puerile amusement, and *offered at the shrine of luxury*, what Antipho calls the greatest of all sacrifices, *the sacrifice of time*.' But Christianity proclaims another, and infinitely greater catastrophe — the loss of the soul!

If one would be strong in body, clear in intellect, useful in time, and happy in eternity, he must do something more than 'sport with

Amaryllis in the shade, and play with the tangles of Nearea's hair.' He must love hard working, pure living and exalted thinking; he must cling with fondest attachment to that divine pursuit which Dr. Johnson admirably called 'the invisible riot of the mind, that secret prodigality of being, secure from detection, and fearless of reproach.' The luxury of chaste thought and beneficent action is the noblest this side of paradise — is

'Heaven on earth begun and glory in the bud.'

On the other hand, the retribution which attends vice and indolence here, and will hereafter avenge them in eternal wo, is both certain and terrific.

If the reader is familiar with the writer's 'Proverbs for the People,' he will recognise in the above sentiment a resemblance to a chapter therein on 'The Slothful Self-Murdered.' It is a pitiable class of persons, quite too numerous among both laity and clergy. But Dr. Barnes is not one of them. Believing that the increase of knowledge clarifies mental vision, and enables its possessor the better to see, that he may more soundly know and usefully toil, he has recorded himself in a thousand different forms, 'God's workman.' Thus he has won a higher throne, and a crown that shines over wider regions than ordinary sovereigns can command; for with an industrious mind and agile pen he works not only by action, but by meditation; not only by his living speech, but also, like thunder, by an echo, resounding from the press through every vale and along every mountain range.

Learning, hoarded selfishly for its own sake, is pedantic trifling only; but when rendered supple and powerful by sanctified ambition, it supplies irresistible energy to the practically strong, as steel armor, which upon the effeminate is a burden, crippling the body it was made to defend, girded about the manly warrior is at once an appropriate ornament and impervious defence. Milton doubtless drew more beauties from his knowledge than Shakspeare did from his ignorance. John Angell James well observes: 'Learning, as an ultimate object and for its own sake, is infinitely below the ambition of a holy and devoted servant of Christ; but learning employed to invigorate the intellect, to enrich the imagination, to cultivate the taste, to give power to thought, and variety to illustration; to add to the skill and energy with which we wield the weapons of our warfare, is in some cases indispensable, and in all invaluable. Unhappily it is not uncommon for those who have made large acquisitions in varied learning, and acquired a scientific, philosophic or literary taste, to yield to the seductions of the objects of their pursuits, and to allow themselves to be led astray from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus. If there is one man to be admired, envied, and imitated above all others, it is he who has baptized large classic and scientific acquirements at the font of Christianity; has surrendered them at the foot of the cross, and gathered them up into the nerve of his strength, as a preacher of the gospel. To hear such a man chastening and guiding, but not checking or freezing the gushing utterances of a full heart, by the

rules of genuine eloquence; and warming and sanctifying the finest specimens of rhetoric by the glow of a soul on fire with the passion of love to GOD and souls; to see the genius of Tully and Demosthenes clothing themselves with the mantle of Paul, Peter, and John, and under the constraining love of CHRIST, employing all its resources of diction and of metaphor, to persuade men to be reconciled to GOD, is an object of surpassing interest: to such preachers we can almost fancy that not only men, but angels, must listen with delight.'

Dr. Barnes is most widely known for his annotations on various portions of the Bible. In these works he has evidently aimed more at being intelligent and instructive than to be either dogmatical or dubious. We are told that Cocceius laid it down as a fundamental rule of interpretation in theology, that the words and phrases of Scripture are to be understood in every sense of which they are susceptible; that is, that they actually signify every thing that they can possibly signify. Some interpreters, in their philological and exegetical profundity, go farther than the Leyden Professor did; they deduce from the text not only every thing that it can possibly signify, but often a great deal more; they not unfrequently make it bear a signification directly opposite to what it was evidently designed to express. The attenuated wisdom of such commentators, while it is much more ethereal, is by no means so sensible as the distinction made by the analytical divine who divided bread into white bread, brown bread and French rolls.

Natural philosophers have labored not a little to illustrate the infinite ductility of gold. Leaden expositors have hammered out and wire-drawn a much more extended demonstration. 'What a gift,' says Fuller, 'had John Halsebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who, being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not!' This surely was no hasty preparation for a learned undertaking; but the Vienna divine must yield the palm of cautious research, classic erudition and elaborate completeness, to the Rabbi Chananiah. It is recorded of the latter that when he undertook to write a commentary upon a part of Ezekiel, he required the Jews to supply him with three hundred tons of oil for the use of his lamp, while he should be engaged in it. It is a mighty amount of stationery and patience such men are born to devour. Their death is sometimes regarded as a special mark of the ALMIGHTY'S displeasure; perhaps justly, considering what an awful amount of learned nonsense has been inflicted on mankind. John Fellows published an elegy on the death of Reverend John Gill, D. D., in which he exclaims:

> 'How are the mighty fallen! LORD, when will
> Thine anger cease? The great, the learned Gill
> Now pale and breathless lies!'

It was indeed sad business, altogether; but we always feel inclined to ask with a contemporary of the great defunct: 'Was this sufficient cause for raising such an outcry in Zion, and calling on

her sons and daughters to weep and wail as if the Day of Judgment were come?'

The exegetical disquisitions and explanatory notes which Dr. Barnes has published are generally of sufficient brevity, learning and clearness for all practical purposes. They are neither pedantically dull nor insipidly obscure, but seem to have been written on the principle, that

> 'Right ever reigns its stated bounds between,
> And taste, like morals, loves the golden mean.'

About the year 1400, a Prussian poet, at a banquet given by the grand-master of the Teutonic order, sang in old Prussian the heroic achievements of the ancient warriors of the country; nobody understood him, and one hundred empty walnuts were given to him by way of reward. It must be confessed that this is more than the authors of many a huge tome deserve. They are so excruciatingly minute, that they contract the soul of the reader beyond all power of enlarged comprehension before they have done with him, as though a contact with their profound stupidity and infinitesimal particularism had, torpedo-like, numbed thought. Such wiseacres, whose original capacities are exactly proportioned to the pettiness of their pursuits, are as unfitted for the department of biblical instruction as the painter of fruit and flowers is incompetent to portray impressive history, or commemorate dignified events. Their laborious dribbling is of transient influence at best; and soon, very soon, it will be said of their most enduring works, that 'Time's gray wing has winnowed all away.'

Dr. Barnes is not only a judicious annotator on divine revelation, but he is an eloquent writer on human freedom. He thinks that 'man may not hide what God would teach,' and both writes and speaks as if he had consecrated the most industrious use of all his best faculties to impart the highest truths to the largest numbers. He is not ambitious to sit idly in 'the marble porch where Wisdom wont to teach with Socrates and Tully,' while myriads of immortal beings, ignorant of a much loftier wisdom, are rushing down to ruin. As a minister of Jesus Christ, his position is higher, his conceptions of rights and duties nobler; and therefore he pants perpetually to 'breathe the Paradisial air around the universal whole,' feeling that 'he hath only half a heart who loves not all.' He is as athletic as he is industrious, perpetually vigorous and free; because in early manhood he learned to draw much of his potency from the free soil of his country, as Antæus gained new strength from contact with the bosom of mother earth; but the beams blended in his higher professional radiance are contributed less from physical nature than from moral principle and religious truth. Even pagan scholars had very just conceptions of the degrading tendency of every form of vassalage. Said Longinus: 'All other qualifications you may find among people who are deprived of liberty; but never did a slave become an orator. He can only be a *pompous flatterer*. His spirit being effectually broken, the timorous vassal will still be upper-

most; the habit of subjection continually overawes and beats down his genius; for, according to Homer,

> 'Jove fixed it certain, that whatever day
> Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.'

'Thus, we are told, the cases in which dwarfs are kept not only prevent the future growth of those who are enclosed in them, but diminish what bulk they already have, by too close constriction of their parts. So slavery, be it never so easy, yet is slavery still, and may deservedly be called *the prison of the soul*, and *the public dungeon*.'

In the same section of the 'Treatise on the Sublime,' from which the above extract is taken, we find a beautiful and just picture of the happy influence of a free government, which LONGINUS considers as 'the *Nurse of True Genius*. Great writers,' he adds, 'will be found only in this sort of government, with which they flourish and triumph, or decline and die. Liberty produces fine sentiments in men of genius; it invigorates their hopes, excites an honorable emulation, and inspires an ambition and thirst of excelling; and what is more, in free states there are prizes to be gained, which are worth contending for. Thus the natural faculties of the orators are sharpened and polished by continual practice; and the liberty of their thoughts, as is reasonable to expect, shines out conspicuously in the liberty of their debates.'

Many who occupy the watch-towers of our Zion seem to be the Rabbis of the ancient law, and not Christians of the reign of grace; they are the apostles of the past, and not the prophets of the future. But Dr. Barnes is not of this stamp. He does not believe that science is the corrupter of morality, or that knowledge is the ruin of nations. The enjoyment of universal rights he regards as the true basis of enduring safety, not the mere intellectual development, or the possession of such or such a faculty, but a clear understanding of each and all actual privileges and positions vouchsafed by Heaven to all — a wise comprehension of the divers interests, temporal and eternal, which every rational creature is called to regulate and enjoy. Political capacity and religious rights dwell only where these conditions meet, and are combined; and no true freedom exists where they are withheld from any portion of mankind. Living in an age of revolutions, when the predominant parties of the day try to stop at certain limits at which they have fixed *right* and *justice*, while those who follow crush them under foot, and overleap those arbitrary boundaries, as in a charge of cavalry, the last squadron tramples down the first, if it happens to pause — this divine, with the noblest conservatism, would secure the best welfare of all by a timely impartation of salutary blessings to each. He would equalize rights by equalizing as nearly as possible intellects, feeling that the highest obligation of every public man in this age is to contribute his best endeavors in efforts to raise the masses to the free enjoyment of the most enlightened and sanctified civilization.

'Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in hour shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.'

We have glanced at Dr. Barnes in the double light of biblical commentator and ethical writer. In the third place, let us contemplate him a moment as a sermonizer. Unity of import, discreet adaptation, and palpable good taste, we think are the most marked features of his pulpit productions.

First of all, there is a lucid and forcible unity of purpose in the discourses he presents to instruct the minds and improve the hearts of the people. This is a quality of fundamental importance 'even by the bad commended, while they leave its track untrod.' If the chain is broken, and the fragments are scattered about here and there, it is certain no lightning can traverse it with appropriate effect. Too many preachers, it would seem, labor to promote spiritual regeneration, as Frankenstein, in the romance, sought after the principle of life — in the charnel-house; there groping for vitality in the midst of corruption, putting together limbs belonging to different bodies, and thus setting before the world as a homogeneous existence, from an odd compound of legs, arms, and eyes, belonging to others who long since 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' But no galvanized corpse — no *pic-nic* of different dead bodies, collated by laziness and pedantry, can do the work of a spontaneously vitalized and powerfully concentrated sermon. Concerning such productions, as void of sense as of symmetry, it can never be said, with the exactest justice, as Lerminier says of the reading of the history of Herodotus at the Olympic Games: 'Greece trembled and Thucydides wept.' Dr. Barnes sees what is in his text before he begins to elucidate its particular meaning, and then proceeds to his work with severe unison of manner and clearness of exposition, as

'When Heaven's light
Pours itself on the page, like prophecy
On time, unglooming all its mighty meanings.'

The second prominent trait in the preaching of this divine is a wise adaptation of the means he employs to the end he would attain. An excellent writer in the Eclectic Review speaks on this wise:

'What is good preaching? Alas, how many answers would be given to this question! And yet is not the true answer — the preaching by which souls are saved? Then, the best preaching must be that by which the greatest number of souls are saved. In order to that end, however, men must be brought within the sphere of the pulpit; and to bring the greatest number of men within that sphere is the design of Dr. Vaughan in his treatise, (on the Modern Pulpit,) and it is ours. In one word, what we specifically want in the modern pulpit is — adaptation. Now we have read a good deal in our time, not more than enough, of the necessity of adapting the efforts of the pulpit to the constitution of the human mind, to man's moral nature; to his actual condition as fallen, guilty, wretched, and exposed to future punishment. And not seldom have we read most seasonable injunctions, addressed to our young ministers, on the personal adaptation of their discourses to the condition of individual men. All this we regard as of equal importance at all times, and in all conceivable circumstances. But, at present, our aim is to excite as much attention as we can to the truth — that along with these general and fixed adaptations, there is required a constantly varying adaptation to the constantly progressive changes of society.'

The writer then goes on to explain what he means by this varying adaptation of the pulpit to the advancement in society, in reference to one portion of it — the working classes:

'EDUCATION is raising these great masses of the community into higher degrees of intellectual culture. New powers are at work. Incredible facilities are multiplied for diffusing knowledge, spreading opinions, and increasing the number of thinkers. Now in such an age, to say nothing of other views of society, it is obviously the duty of evangelical preachers to adapt themselves to the circumstances in which they are placed; not, as this talented writer would be among the last to suggest, by withdrawing from the pulpit the great themes of the mediatory system, and substituting for them philosophic truth, or a rationalized gospel, but by such a general line of conduct with reference to the circumstances of a growingly enlightened age, and such a strain of preaching as shall lay hold of the public mind, and bring it under that doctrine, which, and which only, is the power of GOD unto salvation. Let there be a just estimate formed, and which to be just cannot be a low one, of the mental powers of the common people; a judicious and hearty sympathy with their real wants and reasonable wishes; a studious consideration of the means by which the multitude shall be brought back to the sanctuaries of religion, which they have to a considerable extent deserted; an assiduous endeavor to connect the functions of the pastor with the literary cultivation of the people. For these purposes let there be correct information of their state of intellect, their prevailing habits, their peculiar temptations, their literary tendencies and aspirations as to the books they read — let there be all this, but then let it be only as so much power put forth to bring these masses under the influence of the gospel. Oh, it were a noble triumph of the modern pulpit to see men of strong principle, and self-controlling wisdom, gathering round them the most boisterous elements of our social atmosphere, *conducting* the lightnings with which its darkest thunder-clouds are charged, and showing to the nation they have saved that the preaching of the cross is still the 'power of GOD.''

Our own countryman, Dr. Griffin, said in a sermon to theological students: 'My dear brethren, why are we not more impressive? Theology affords the best field for tender, solemn and sublime eloquence. The most august objects are presented; the most important interests are discussed; the most tender motives are urged. GOD and angels; the treason of Satan; the creation, ruin, and recovery of a world; the incarnation, death, resurrection, and reign of the Son of GOD; the day of judgment; a burning universe; an eternity; a heaven and a hell — all pass before the eye. What are the petty dissensions of the states of Greece, or the ambition of Philip; what are the plots and victories of Rome, or the treason of Cataline, compared with this? If ministers were sufficiently qualified by education, study, and the Holy Ghost; if they felt their subject as much as Demosthenes and Cicero did, they would be the most eloquent men on earth, and would be so esteemed wherever congenial minds were found.' But it is certain, that in our day the practical power of the pulpit does not comport with the above representation of its use. 'Well, Master Jackson,' said his minister, walking homeward from church with a simple-minded and constant attendant; 'well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always present at preaching.' 'Ay, Sir,' replied Jackson, 'it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing.'

If one has not the gift to win attention, where is the mystery of his failing to do good? Pulpit eloquence that is most attractive, even to the most cultivated minds, and which is especially influential on the popular heart, is embodied in brief, striking, familiar illustrations and appeals, *ensouled* with common sense and the Spirit of God. Says the homely, but forcible Doolittle:

'The eyeing of eternity should make us ministers painful and diligent in our studies to prepare a message of such weight as we come about, when preaching to men concerning everlasting matters, and should especially move us to be plain in our speech, that even the capacity of the weakest in the congregation, that hath an eternal soul, that must be damned or saved, might understand in things necessary to salvation, what we mean, and aim, and drive at. It hath made me tremble to hear some soar aloft, that knowing men might know their parts, whilst the meaner sort are kept from the knowledge of it; and put their matter in such a dress of words, in such a style so composed, that the most stand looking at the preacher in the face, and hear a sound, but know not what he saith, and while he doth pretend to feed them, doth indeed starve them. Would a man of any bowels of compassion go from a prince to a condemned man, and tell him in such a language that he should not understand, the condition upon which the prince would pardon him, and then the poor man lose his life because the proud and haughty messenger must show his knack in delivering his message in *fine* English, which the condemned man could not understand?'

To unity of design, and discrete adaptation, Dr. Barnes adds palpable good taste, as the third leading characteristic of his sermons. He never fails in a proper regard to externals; at the same time it is evidently his ambition not to seek the appearance of vigor by violent motions, or the air of elegance by extravagant display. Every discourse is written with an earnest purpose of impressing on the hearer some important doctrine, invested with a lofty and chaste beauty. Entering with sober zeal, on the cultivation of researches that may guide the hand, without imposing fetters upon its freedom, he carefully elaborates each member of the perfected argument as if he felt that mental shallowness would not insure attractive variety, nor carelessness of execution compensate the absence of original force. He is not insensible to the advantage of sometimes presenting 'truth severe by fairy fiction drest;' but he more habitually acts on the wise maxim of the poet: 'Genius again correct with science sage!'

A late critic, speaking of a certain florid writer, says: 'In ancient times it was a common opinion that Parnassus was hard to climb, and its top almost inaccessible. But in modern times, we seem to have made a beaten cartway over it, and where is the man who cannot travel it without difficulty or danger? Helicon was once represented as a scanty stream, and happy was he who could get a draught of it. But now it has become so bold a river, that every plough-boy in the field of science can water his horses at it. Inspiration descends in the form of a thick fog, and the beclouded fancy which paints a monster, while it aims at sketching nature, is admired for the boldness and wildness of its thoughts.

'His metaphors, generally speaking, are too far-fetched. He shows more of the scholar than the man, and none but a scholar can understand his productions. He pleases the refined taste of the critic, but cannot strike the master-springs of the human heart. His poetry is

loaded with cumbrous epithets. He dazzles us with his splendor, but he does not warm us with the blaze of his genius. Like a glittering sword brandished in a sunbeam, he flashes light into your eyes, without communicating any of the heat of that luminary. I love an author who converges the rays of thought till they burn in a focus.

'The ancients heaped flowers on the dead, but gave a simple garland of oak to the living hero. I admire their taste. Let the servile imitator deck his lifeless page with a profusion of epithets. They keep the corpse out of sight. But genius can give the spark of life, the bloom of health, the lightning eye, the majesty of form, and the glow of thought, to her productions. What need, then, of ornament?'

This excess of ornament, Dr. Barnes' native good taste avoids. While not incapable of high rhetorical embellishment, he prefers to deal with more substantial material, and especially regards the counsel so appropriate to pulpit preparations, given in the following lines:

> 'But sparingly thy earth-born stores unfold,
> Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold;
> Rare things alone are dear in custom's eye,
> They lose their value as they multiply.'

The discourses of most of what are called popular preachers, are generally descriptive, not reflective; they are agreeable but not instructive. Ben Jonson, in a happy phrase, called bell-ringing, 'the poetry of steeples;' one would like to know what epithets he would apply to the less harmonious jingling heard in too many churches of our day. It would require terms less euphonic, to characterize the shrill and furious expression of useless and senseless wordiness which is so often substituted for the burning accents of pertinent and irrepressible meaning. The more unpretending, quiet and natural the style, the more impressive will be the effect. Ostentatious brilliancy, or display of power, put forth as such, is sure to injure the effect.

The language commonly employed by Dr. Barnes, is 'distinct and clear as any muse's tongue could speak,' is enlivened by a zeal that flows warm and eager from his bosom, and these traits, coalescing in his best performances, render him 'stronger than twenty thousand soldiers armed in proof.' When we are describing any thing in which we feel a real interest, those features will instinctively be made the most prominent which are most characteristic of the matter told. Hence he who is the most natural, is always the most forcible. That is the best style whereby thought is clothed with the least possible encumbrance, as the Greeks draped their statues; it is worse than useless to invest what is intrinsically beautiful with robes and jewels which conceal more than they adorn. True sublimity in sentiment is calm, rather than boisterous, and is less clearly traced in the cry to the mountains, 'fall on us,' and to the hills, 'cover us,' than in the serene self-possession of the prophecy: 'And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.' In description the same principle holds, whether it relates to vivid light or

the universal gloom spread over nature before a tempest, so nobly portrayed by Shakspeare:

> 'And as we often see, against a storm,
> A silence in the heavens, the wrack stand still,
> The bold winds speechless, and the orb itself
> As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
> Doth rend the region.'

The essentials of all good preaching, are warmth, energy, tenderness, pathos, chaste language, and the highest spirituality of sentiment. All oratory, to be widely and enduringly profitable, must be suited to its age and to its auditories. It has been well said, that 'The eloquence of Bossuet, lofty and massive as it was, would not have melted as Whitefield's did the miners of Cornwall; nor would the sentiments of Fenelon, with his silvery elocution, have fallen with the same power on an English multitude, as the shrill declamation of Wesley. Though we were able to call from the dead Bourdaloue, serious, logical, cold and clear; or Massillon, full of fervor and pathos; we cannot bring back their age, their church, their ceremonies and their congregations. The solemn mass; the deep-toned choir; the courtly audience; the lofty pillars, and the fretted aisles, were all proper concomitants of their eloquence; but that is not the eloquence which we most need.' The great demand of our day is for an increased number of well furnished minds in the pulpit, hearts penetrated with a sense of fearful responsibility, equipped with the everlasting power of spiritual truth, each one resolved to do his part among the grand agencies which God has appointed to renovate and bless mankind. We want good men and true, who will cherish large and generous views, live above sectarian strife, and exert in all quarters, over all classes, an influence which, like the shadow of the apostle, shall bless wherever it falls. Would God that we might see more of that devoted class who are too intent on doing good to pause complaisantly to be admired. That is the most eloquent preaching, which elicits few compliments, but impels to the performance of many good deeds. Said one of the best orators of antiquity: 'If you have leisure to praise me, I speak to no purpose.'

Dr. Barnes is quite an impressive speaker, but his eloquence is of the Ulysses stamp; elaborate, conciliatory, and argumentative, rather than impassioned and turbulent. It appeals more to the reason than the passions; but always possesses enough of the graces of literature and evangelical unction to give it a high intellectual and moral charm.

Whatever may be the grade this divine holds as an effective speaker, there can be no doubt that as a model of professional industry, he is excelled by none. With incessant labor, he has acquired an influence, not less salutary and enduring for having been slowly and by self-culture gained. Said Lord Bacon, 'Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting,

than lands by descent.' Our talented and toilsome countryman has done much as a preacher, is still doing a good deal as a pastor, but his most comprehensive and lasting usefulness is connected with his wide-spreading books. In him, through the agency of the press, is strikingly exemplified the truth, that

> 'The soul begetteth shadows of itself
> Which do outlive their author: and are more
> Substantial than all nature, and the red
> Realities of flesh and blood, as echo
> Is longer, louder, further than the voice
> Of man can thunder, or his ear report.'

THANATOKALLOS.

BY J. M. LEGARÉ.

I think we faint and weep more than is manly;
I think we more mistrust, than Christians should.
Because the earth we cling to interposes
And hides the lower orbit of the sun,
We have no faith to know the circle perfect,
And that a day will follow on the night:
Nay more, that when the sun we see, is setting,
He is but rising on another people;
And not his face but ours veiled in darkness.
We are less wise than were the ancient heathen
Who tempered feasting with a grisly moral.

With higher hope, we shrink from thoughts of dying,
And dare not read, while yet of death unbidden,
As Gipsies in the palm, those seams and circles
And time-worn lineaments which kings in purple
Have trembled to behold, but holy men,
Interpreting aright, like martyred Stephen,
In singleness of heart have sunk to sleep;
God's children weary with an evening ramble.
Unthinking custom from our very cradle
Makes us most cowards where we should be bold.
The house is closed and hushed; a gloom funereal
Pervades the rooms once cheerful with the light;
Sobs and outcries from those we love, infect us
With strange disquiet, making play unsought
Before they take us on the knee and tell us
We must no more be joyful, for a dread
And terrible calamity has smitten one.

And then, poor innocents, with frighted hearts
Within the awful chamber are we led
To look on death; the hard impassive face,
The formal shroud, which the stiff feet erect
Into the semblance of a second forehead,
Swathed and concealed; the tumbler whence he drank
Who ne'er shall drink again; the various adjuncts
Of a sick room; the useless phials

Half emptied only, on the hearth the lamp,
Even the fly that buzzes round and settles
Upon the dead man's mouth, and walking thence
Into his nostril, starts him not from slumber.
All portions of the dreary changeless scene
In the last drama, with unwholesome stillness
Succeeding to the weepings and complaints
Of Heaven's own justice, and loud cries for succor
That fill the dying ear not wholly dead,
Distract the fluttering spirit, and invest
A death-bed with a horror not its own.
I thought of these things sadly, and I wondered
If in this thanatopsis, soul as clay
Took part and sorrowed. While I this debated,
I knew my soul was loosing from my hold,
And that the pines around, assuming shape
Of mournful draperies, shut out the day.
Then I lost sight and memory for a moment,
Then stood erect beside my usual couch,
And saw my longwhile tenement, a pallid
And helpless symbol of my former self.
The hands laid heavily across the breast,
The eyelids down, the mouth with final courage
That aimed a smile for sake of her who watched,
But lapsed into a pang and so congealed.
Half sweet, half suffering: Aria to Caecinna.

Poor sinful clod, erewhile the spirit's master
Not less than servant, with desire keen
Alloying love, and oft with wants and achings
Leading the mind astray from noblest deeds
To sell it's birth-right for an Esau's portion.
I all forgave, for I was all forgiven.
Phosphor had brought a day too broad for twilight
Or mist upon its confines. All the old
Sad mysteries that raise gigantic shadows
Betwixt our mortal faces and God's throne,
Had fainted in its splendor; pride and sin,
Sorrow and pain, and every mortal ill,
In the deserted tenement remained,
A palace outwardly, a vault within.
And so, because she thought it still a palace
And not a prison with the prisoner fled,
She stood before the gates accustomed. Weeping,
Laid her moist cheek upon its breast, and cried,
'My lord! my life!' to what had ceased from living,
And could no more command with word or eyes.
It moved my pity sorely, for these fingers,
Now locked in agonizing prayer, once turned
Gently the pages of his life who slumbered;
And this brave mouth, with words of faith and cheer,
Strewed flowers in the path he needs must tread.
That as a conqueror and not a captive,
Dragged at the heavy chariot wheels of Time,
And through an arch triumphal, where for others
A narrow portal opens in the sod,
Silent and sad and void of outlet, he
The kingdom of his Lord might enter in.
Thus she made dying sweet and full of beauty
As life itself. There was no harsh transition;
He that slept two-fold, woke a single nature,

Beatified and glad. But she who stayed,
Poor little Roman heart, no longer brave
Now that the eyes were shut for evermore,
Which made all virtues sweeter for their praise,
Saw not the joy and greatness of the change.
And I drew near her, as a spirit may
Not to the mortal ear, but that the words
Seemed teachings of her bruised and lowly soul.
'Is this the poet of thy summer days,
The thoughtful husband of maturer years?
Are these the lips whose kindly words could reach
The deepness of thy nature? If they be,
Let them resume their own, nor tarry. Nay,
Thou *knowest*, all that thou didst ever love
Is lifted out, and all that thou didst hate
Lived in the flesh, and with the flesh remains.
What matters it to thee, if this decays
And mingling with the sod, is trampled on
Of clownish feet, by gleaming share upturned,
Or feeds a rose, or roots a noisome weed?
How canst thou halve thy heart, half to the grave
Half to high Heaven yield? Thank GOD instead,
That he who was so dear to thee, released
From sin and care, at length has found great peace.'
While she thus mused, her silent tears were stayed,
And kneeling down with her sweet patient face,
Lifted toward Heaven, itself sufficient prayer,
'LORD GOD!' she cried, 'thou knowest best how weak
And frail I am, and faithless; give me strength
To take the rod thou sendest for a staff,
And falter never more in this lone journey!'
Then she went forth and gathered freshest flowers
And strewed them on the dead: young violets
Upon the breast, verbena round the temples,
Loose rose-leaves o'er the mouth, to hide the pang,
And in his hand a lily newly opened,
In token of her faith and his transition.
And in her eyes there reigned such quietude
That those who saw her, said an angel surely
Has spoken with her: or, her reason's moved
By sufferings prolonged. But none might say
She loved but lightly, or with levity
Looked forward to the common lot of all.

Aiken, S. C., 1849.

BYRON.

A CENTURY has not passed away
Since BYRON held his mighty sway;
And touched with skill the heavenly lyre.
Filled with the poet's sacred fire.

Proudly he winged his ardent flight
To realms of undiscovered light;
He trode the path which none have dared,
And won a laurel none have shared.

Oh! what a glorious gift was his,
To move at will our smiles, or tears;
And on the passions played so well,
Earth seemed as 't were a living hell!

He dips his pen in heavenly rays,
And with a daring stroke, portrays
Vice in a form so passing fair,
E'en Virtue stoops its joys to share.

Oh yes! a glorious gift was thine
No'er meant to grace so false a shrine;
Thou 'st left us, from thine own dark mind,
A legacy to curse mankind!

Thy works, a bright and burning gem
Set in APOLLO'S diadem;
Thy star shall lose no beaming ray
None shall usurp thy sceptre's sway.

THE DEATH WHISPER.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.' KING RICHARD III.

It was even so. I'll tell you how. Our reminiscences are like mile-stones along the great highway of life. While some are black with the mists that have so often enveloped them, there are others still bright, despite the piping wind and howling storm. We classify those that are marred and heavy with creeping moss, as souvenirs that partake of subjects which whisper dark disquietude; while the legible and the perfect, as those memories ever pleasant with delightful sensations, scattering a perfume about our path to smile us onward.

There are many quiet nooks in cherished New-England where nature has adorned herself with that variety of garb which fascinates the eye and feasts the taste. The beetling cliff, the sleeping plain, and the mild old woods, 'fragrant as the smell of Lebanon,' are engaging localities, to which the enthusiastic admirer of scenery, both picturesque and bold, pays his pilgrimage from afar. And these same quiet nooks are dotted with dwellings whose inmates, busy in their particular spheres, lead a life exempt from solicitudes that prey upon, and aspirations that sap the social happiness of noisy towns. And one, too, would suppose, that here the same quietness which sleeps upon the hill and down the valley, would influence the disposition of the sojourner; but, alas! the fierce ebullition of passion and the frenzy of mind haunt as enemies here as well as

'Midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men.'

A long time has elapsed since I passed a winter in the family of the the village physician. He was a man not so well versed in æsthetics as in depletion; the use of the scalpel and the pill; but of discrimination in his profession as well as of some distinction, and possessing those unassuming ways which invite approbation. The better portion of his days had been passed among the villagers, and of their various physical conditions and temperaments he well judged: like a paternal parent prescribing for the inclinations of his children, with that confidence attendant upon such an estate.

A bitter night succeeded one of the still cold days in the month of December, 18—. A fire was blazing upon the hearth, disseminating a cheerfulness peculiar to such a season and such a time, while around it, in a quiet family circle, were gathered the inmates of the household. We had just congratulated ourselves on the prospect of a night uninterrupted, with a sympathizing shudder for those unfortunate ones who were compelled to encounter the dark and cold, as

a succession of loud and startling raps broke upon us from the outer door.

'I dare say a summons for me,' exclaimed the Doctor, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders; 'but, I must confess, I have a choice to remain at home to-night. It sounds like a mountain knock; some casualty among the woodmen — bah!'

A tall, powerfully built man was ushered in, whose appearance manifested a fellowship with exposure and deprivation. His face was full of alarm, and as the bright fire-light fell upon it, you could detect a moisture in his eye, whether from the cold or from sorrow, was for us to surmise. He stood uncovered for an instant, blinded by the glare of the blazing wood, but as if suddenly conscious that he was now within the pale of civilized society, he awkwardly displaced his hat and approaching the Doctor, with a voice that 'sounded like a cannon in a vault,' said, 'Nat Ingalls is in a bad way and wants to see you;' his features at the same time assuming an embarrassed, inquisitive look, mingled with doubt at the success of his errand for mercy.

'Well, what is the matter?'

'He 's smashed.'

'How? The leg, spine, or internally?'

'Enough to finish him. I do n't know where he 's broke,' said the woodman, gruffly, 'but he groans loud enough to wake farmer Jones, who, he says, died in the meanest kind of way, without paying him. I think he 's crazy some, Doctor, too, for he can 't let farmer Jones alone in his grave; and he howls about Frink. I do n't know who he means; but there 's something wrong, I guess, somehow.'

'Frink!' exclaimed the Doctor, musingly, as he passed his hand across his brow, while his eye expressed a wild troubled thought; 'what time was the accident?'

'About three o'clock. A tree fell onto him, you see, and I should n't wonder if he 's stiff by the time I got back.'

'Where is John?' asked the Doctor, turning to me. 'Be so good as to see he has the horse ready for the mountain. Tell Ingalls I will see him as soon as possible,' he continued, addressing the woodman, who left for his cold and lonesome return.

'Just barely warm from my day's ride,' ejaculated the Doctor, with a little impatience, as he put his boots before the fire; 'and now for this mountain ride and an all-night's job. Would that all romantic young men who dream of sheepskins that dub them M. D.'s could diagnose such a time as this; I imagine there would be more gigs to let and more *rides* unoccupied than there are at present.'

Given to adventure, and supposing I might learn something of a woodman's life by going to the mountain, I volunteered to accompany the Doctor. It was at once decided, and in half an hour we were upon the road. We stretched away some three miles, a portion of the distance directly up the mountain, which frowned over the peaceful village like some huge monster begirt with an icy armor, challenging a combat. Benumbed with cold, we at last brought in

view a low tenement of stone, rough as the quarry itself, from which, through a sorry apology for a window, glimmered a light.

'That,' said the leech, 'is the place where Nat Ingalls lives; *how*, you will shortly see. There seems a mystery about this man's incoherency. He talks of one Frink, and I now remember the sudden disappearance of this man from these parts. Yet, he was a transient fellow, and the affair was soon forgotten. But a fearful thought comes upon me now, and I am constrained to think Ingalls knows what became of him. He has the secret and he must tell me. Come, let us in.'

A heavy door of plank opening gave us ingress to an apartment entirely deprived of furniture, save a few worthless chairs, a board-table, and cots in opposite corners. The fire-place occupying one end was bountifully supplied with logs, requiring the strength of an able man to adjust them. Upon the table stood a tin basin filled with oil, with a burning, floating wick. As we entered, our ears were filled with a deep groan from the patient, an athletic man of expanded and indurated muscle, showing an uncommonly marked temperament for exertion and for endurance. Wrapped in his woodman's blanket, and stretched at full length before us, writhing in his agony, he looked like a disabled bull of the prairie, lashing himself for his imbecility. It was Nat Ingalls, the woodman. In his convulsive turns he caught the doctor's surcoat. It was the grasp of the vice. 'In the name of GOD, Doctor, help me! What does that blood mean?' he exclaimed, pointing to a coagulated expectoration upon the floor. The Doctor was one who had a supply of relf-reliance, as well as self-possession, sufficient for any emergency, whether of sudden danger or of mortal sickness. He watched closely the changing expression of the woodman's face, his contortions of body, with an occasional question, for some time, which, to the poor victim, who was constant with his interrogations, seemed an age. I was in doubt as to the Doctor's opinion of the result, until drawing a chair to Ingall's side, he said: 'Ingalls, were you ever married?' 'No.' 'Have you any friends?' 'GOD only knows!' replied the man, with a shudder. 'But you have come to cure me; why do you ask such questions?' 'Nat Ingalls,' interrupted the Doctor, in a voice as solemn as the grave, and full of fearful meaning, 'you must die!'

'Die!' echoed the wretched man, turning his dark eye full upon the Doctor. 'Die! did you say? Understand, I am in too great pain for joking. Come, give me ——'

'Nat Ingalls,' continued the Doctor, 'there is no medicine, no skill in this world can save you. You must *die* before morning!'

If you have heard the yell of a 'strong swimmer in his agony'—if you have seen a man full of vitality sink in a few hours under a mortal epidemic — you can picture the frightfulness of the scene that followed. It required our united strength, together with that of his mountain friend, to hold the dying man. Fearful was the struggle, mingled with imprecations, the recollection of which makes the flesh to creep.

'Die!' roared the woodman. 'Die!'

'Yes!' repeated the Doctor, with imperturbable calmness in the horrid drama, 'and you are hastening death by your ravings. If you continue thus, you 'll not last an hour — believe me. Calm yourself, Ingalls, and show yourself a man. Your longest time is short for the preparation *you* need, and I advise you to speak at once what you have to say.'

The calm but decided action of the Doctor had the desired effect. The wretched man gazed at him with a look that beggared description. It was one of fierce anger, chained by a perfect knowledge that all resistance or evasion was futile. His eye fell upon me with the same terrible glare; but after a moment's survey, he muttered: 'It is all the same;' and motioning me to a seat, took the Doctor's hand, and with a hoarse whisper made known the dreadful secret of his life. It was a scene for Hogarth's pencil. Assembled around the bed of a dying man; remote from house or neighbor; alone in the mountain, with the cold wind whistling a mournful chorus without; and that man detailing in the intervals of pain a crime of blood, the punishment of which he had thus far escaped.

'Doctor, if you say I have got to die — and I begin to believe it — I *have* something to say, though I 'm a fool to tell you. Do you remember some twenty years ago a man called Frink suddenly disappeared from this mountain? I met him one night at Hicks's Tavern, on his way to Canada, and hired him to help me to chop during the winter. We lived here alone. Farmer Jones was the man I worked for in wooding, and you know he died early in the spring, insolvent. I could n't get my money, nor pay my man. This I told him, but he swore I should pay him, or he 'd make me a subject for a coroner's inquest. We had a fight about it in this very room. Frink being stronger, and in order to get advantage over him, I maimed him by a heavy kick. He fell, and I closed upon him, drew my knife — and ——'

A gurgling sound from Ingall's throat, with a strong convulsion of his sinewy frame, stopped his utterance. It was but for a moment. Springing to his feet, with the glare of death in his sunken eye, and his arm waiving with that uncertain motion which symbols *the end*, he screamed: 'There! see! yonder he comes! — stop him!' A gush of warm blood ran from the dying man's mouth over his person, and falling heavily back, his eyes upturned, hands clenched, jaws locked, and with a yell louder than horn or bugle, Nat Ingalls was dead. A feeling of horror crept over us, as mute and motionless we sat gazing upon the bloody corpse.

'Doctor,' I whispered, 'let us not return to-night.'

'Pooh! you are nervous!' he replied, as he spread a dampened cloth over the features of the dead.

It was even so. I 've told you how.

EPIGRAM.

INFIDELS, strongest believers! with one critical glance
Scripture they scout, but find marvels in clairvoyance.

THE WILLOW BY THE BROOK.

BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

Still it groweth with golden branches,
In that quiet, shadowy nook;
Still it bendeth to kiss the waters,
When by the west wind shook;
Still the wealth of summer is lavished
On that willow by the brook.

Long ago I lingered beneath it,
When my cheek was hot with youth,
Ere Falsehood and Change had entered
In the field of Love and Truth;
Ere my spirit became a gleaner
For the scattered ears, like Ruth.

It was through your pendulous branches,
In a blessed night of June,
That the beautiful stars of evening,
As they heralded the moon,
Saw a hope in my heart arising,
A hope that set too soon.

Softly, softly hurried the waters,
As they sought the silent lea;
They were bearing upon their bosom
A blossom dropped from thee:
In my heart a current was flowing,
That bore how much from me!

Is there never a word of warning
That can come from lifeless things?
Must the flower that tells your passion
Ne'er breathe the wo it brings?
Why did not your boughs, O Willow!
Fold me 'round like angels' wings?

Though the hand was clasping and gentle,
And the lip was soft and sweet;
Though the heart was hastily throbbing,
That upon my bosom beat;
Why was not that brook a barrier,
Over which we might not meet?

Years have vanished, but yet the willow
Is fringed, as then, with leaves;
Still through its tremulous branches
Shadow with sunlight weaves,
And the brook, those branches caressing,
Still over its pebbles grieves.

And the bees in the innermost foliage
Make a pleasant dreamy sound;
In the heart of every blossom
They have stores of richness found,
And they fly but slowly homeward
With their fruit of labor crowned.

So, amid thy leaves, O Willow!
Does Memory's music ring;
And under thy drooping branches
I feel once more Life's spring,
And dreams of the Past to my spirit
Their fragant treasures bring.

The Symbol of Darkness.

A TALE OF AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

To PREVENT misconceptions with regard to the characters which figure in the following chapters, the reader is informed that the 'Unknown Quantity,' who is mentioned last in the title, is, in fact, the hero of our tale. The 'Symbol of Darkness,' who has the post of honor, is, on the other hand, a total scamp; a moral lunatic, not subject to lucid intervals; but atrocious in his inclinations, destitute of virtuous impulses, and not identified with any of the great humanitarian movements of the age. Euphony required us to station him at the head of the page.

I.

ON the other side of a certain ocean which escaped the notice of the illustrious navigator of Bagdad, who is supposed to have seen about as much as most people, lie the Regions of Darkness. At a great distance within these regions is the empire of the Grand Quadratic: an empire conquered *from* darkness, and to this day sursounded *by* darkness like a wall. Many thousand years ago, a few grand old seers, within whom the spirit of prophecy swelled mightily, went forth into the thick night, and laid the foundations of that empire, which is now grander than the domain of Nebuchadnezzar, Lord of Asia. Accursed is he among the children of men who refuses to do honor to these awful ghosts, as they sit crowned among the primitive generations, gigantic in the mists! Wizards of Arabia, Hierarchs of Memphis, Magicians of Nineveh, brown Brahmins from the Ganges and Sublime Idumæan Astronomers — fathers of the Multiplication Table — to whom were revealed the rudiments of geometry while Nimrod's hunting horns were yet sounding through the jungles. The resources and general statistics of the realm under consideration are not set down in any of the Encyclopedias; but in a loose way we may say, that there are oceans therein of unbounded extent; mountains which roll off in huge waves till they

disappear in the outer blackness; caverns, sunk to the bottomless chasm, and mines which wander among the primary formations. Rail-roads branching off towards infinity, offer great conveniences to tramping philosophers and amateurs of a metaphysical turn, and balloon communication is kept up with those dim regions, where certain mathematicians lie in a kind of opium-dream, and sail around in whirlpools, century after century, wrapped in a gorgeous delirium.

The habitation of the Grand Quadratic is situated upon a mountain, which sinks to the sea on one side and to the plain on the other, by a series of precipices; and can be approached only by an avenue ascending with a regular grade from the lower country, over a kind of dike or embankment, which was thrown up by some subterranean contractor. The work, like most of the improvements done in the Pre-Adamite excitement, was very rough, for granite, trap, sandstone and ore were tossed up in a style rather startling to latter-day engineers. There were tunnels and fissures left, which could lodge all the cathedrals of Flanders; but these cracks are bridged with iron in a very substantial manner. The imperial building is a perfect Babylon of cubes, cylinders, pyramids and prisms, piled together with inconceivable grandeur, and is the achievment of antediluvian architects, who learned their craft of the passionate 'Sons of God,' before the human mind had shrunk to its present dimensions. There you may see it like a capitol among the clouds, sometimes buried under white vapors; then as the wind clears these away in slow immeasurable rifts, the massive centre with its surmounting pyramid, the spreading wings with their fantastic halls and galleries, the obelisks, the battle-towers, and all the strange architecture rise wonderfully into the blue sky. But when the setting sun has dropped behind it, and light streams from his full disc between the deep ranks of cylinders and prisms; and when the numberless cones and bastions, trapezoids and conchoids, spirals, bulbs and fringes, are all flooded with crimson; when the four enormous globes, the twenty hemispheres and the hundred golden orbs seem now to flame up, then to waver like masses about to melt; and when, towering above all, like Cotapaxi above the mountains, the great central pyramid is but one red block, the likeness of fire, then you might know the grandeur of the sublime potentate who ruled in that temple, the power of his empire, and the exceeding glory thereof.

II.

Beneath the great pyramid, upon a gorgeous throne cast in the furnaces of Tubal-Cain, sat the Grand Quadratic, surrounded by the Dukes, Marshals, Tetrarchs and Captains of the realm. The majesty of an hundred kings clothed him as a garment. The Lord High Coefficient, stood at his right hand, the First Fluxion of the Empire at his left, both in magnificent apparel, and holding certain singular emblems appertaining to the crown. Twelve ancient Mathematicians who assisted at the establisment of the Rule of Three, occupied high places of honor, and when they thought of things past, time present, and foresaw dimly increasing glories throughout ages to come,

their gray eyes glimmered within their heads like distant stars. A vast mob of principalities and powers owing allegiance to the Potentate Paramount, was congregated on the floor of the hall. There were the warlike Symbols, who had borne the royal flag through many perilous campaigns; tall people of fight, lordly with plumes and armor. There were the mysterious Surds, the princely Polynomials, and the uneasy Radicals, who were suspected of Red Republicanism: also all signs and expressions, homogeneous or heterogeneous, all tribes, all clans which hold estates, honors, dignities and franchises from the throne. The doors of the hall were open; a four-decker with the admiral of Britain could have sailed through. Behind, you looked down upon the ocean, but on the wide area in front, the standing army of the empire, the innumerable Logarithms, were drawn up in solid columns even to the edge of the precipices. Their venerable Radix, a weather-beaten, invulnerable, unterrified old hero, sat like cast-iron, in a conspicious chariot above all the hosts. The heavy field and battering formulæ, were planted in battery at intervals among the deep masses, and the Sines and Cotangents spread in clouds on the flank; their squadrons seeming like the locusts for multitude.

The Grand Quadratic arose, colossal of stature and magnificent as Olympian Jove, the crowds stood in silent awe, while the monarch proceeded as follows: 'Symbols, Powers, Magnitudes and Surds, Tetrarchs of our realm and valiant captains, Polynomials, Roots, Cubes and ancient Signs, and all ye tribes and tongues, and clans uncounted; now is our royal banner all inflamed with fiery glories and terrific lightnings. Now have our chariot wheels come rumbling back across yon iron bridge victorious; and those grim powers of night, which thought to stop our jarring cannon and our clanking cars, our wedged brigades and drag-formed cavalry, all chopped and shot, whittled and punched with holes, roll groaning in the dusky pits of night, and grind their bloody tusks with misery!' Our limits do not permit us to report the rest of this flourishing speech, but we have the assurance of the government organ, that it was characterized by 'maturity of thought, profoundness of insight and well-balanced views on subjects connected with our foreign policy; in all respects creditable to the head and heart of the illustrious orator.'

III.

Among the Unknown Quantities assembled at Court, there was none of more brilliant promise than the hero of our tale. Young x was descended from a family of Symbols, which abstractly considered as the representatives of a mathematical truth, could have had no beginning: but without venturing on such dangerous metaphysics as speculations on this point would lead to, it is sufficient to know that our hero's ancestors had been people of consideration ever since the discovery of algebra; ever since the light of reason pierced the obscuring fog banks and touched the cliffs of that continent where the disciples of science will forever wander as in a paradise. His grandfather had been raised to the sixth power and enjoyed the confidence

of his sovereign in an especial degree. His father was for a long time in command of a Fundamental Equation, one of those castles of absolute Truth, bolted to the indestructible rock, and which if it fell, would leave bare the very vitals of the empire. The arch-enemy of Mathematics indeed once bribed an Earthquake to burrow under this fortress, but at the first lift the creature broke his back. Young x, being of very fair proportions, held a commission in the Cosines of the Guard, and had seen some service. He was employed in the intricate and masterly operations of the astronomer royal in the neighborhood of Sirius, and behaved with distinction in the brilliant flank movement on the Zodiac. In the disastrous reconnoisance of the astrological corps in the furious regions beyond the visible creation, where those worthy men, getting lost in huge abysses and floundering around in total darkness, became distracted, our hero preserved his presence of mind and succeeded in capturing one of the natives, who was compelled to pilot them out; for which services he had been commissioned by the Astronomer Royal to bear the Radius Vector and elements of an orbit, which lately surrendered to the Court of the Grand Quadratic. He also brought despatches announcing, that the cause of a perturbation of five barleycorns at every fourteenth revolution of one of the asteroids had been laid hold of; to the immense relief of five hundred learned men, who had been deprived of their natural rest during a term of years on that very account. So our hero became a lion; not one of those Nubian monsters that go around seeking whom they may devour, but a social lion, somewhat in danger of being devoured himself. For there was the most Sublime Prince, addressing him in such magnificent periods, that he was confounded. The Lord Coëfficient condescended to unbend, and trotted out a forlorn old joke, which he picked up and adopted somewhere about the time of Ptolemy. No one ever succeeded in 'laying' the miserable thing, for on every state occasion it came forth like one from the dead, to the great annoyance of excitable nerves. Then after he was released from the dignitaries around the throne, young x was betrayed by his friends to three hundred and seventy-five old ladies, who had grandsons in the foreign service; some serving with the Cotangents near the Zodiacal Light; some ranging with the concave Reflectors on the trail of Encke's comet; some with the Trigonometers, running triangles off in unheard-of territories outside of the constellations. These good old ladies, who were quite moderate — only three hundred and seventy-four of them talked at a time — were assured that the nights in the Zodiacal country were not damp, that the reflectors never went off unexpectedly, and that the state of morals in the outside territories was by no means so bad as represented by John Milton. Our hero was getting frantic when he was rescued by some of the young cubs and presented to the most distinguished bêauties of the Court; and his martial carriage, his stories of encampments in the Nebulæ, of perilous marches across the unbridged abysses, of captured planets, of wild lights noosed by the astrono-

mers, and of desperate excursions into the Void, completely turned the heads of these fair Quantities.

But after all was our hero happy? Alas! Concealment like a worm, budded in his jaws — or something like that; it 's in Shakspeare. Why did his eye wander through the brilliantly lighted halls, for it was now about midnight, and why did he start when beneath the gorgeous cone that surmounted an amphitheatre in the north wing, he beheld the ethereal, the incomparable, the inexpressibly beautiful *y*? He paused for a moment in one of the hundred lofty naves which radiate from that amphitheatre, and saw her standing alone in a flood of soft light, pouring from the immense tunnel above, like the angel of a flaming planet. A mob of promenaders headed by a brass-band, debouched into the vast apartment from another hall, and our hero turned away, revolving in his mind whether to seek employment in the equinoctial survey, or to ask for a post in some frontier equation beyond Artophylax, on the brink of the illimitable deep, or to go down in a diving-bell with a transcendental geometer into those frightful pits where so many devoted philosophers have descended and never been heard of more.

IV.

It is always painful to dwell upon the infirmities which are too often ingrafted upon the moral constitution of the human family. It is especially painful, when any individual has transgressed those statutes, or ruthlessly trampled upon those precepts which are written in indestructible lines upon the tablets of the heart, to hold up that individual in his true colors for the reprobation of the virtuous and good. But however painful to the historian it may be, however repugnant to the promptings of those feelings which throb in the recesses of his own private bosom, his duty to the dead, his duty to the living, his duty to posterity, demands, in imperious tones, that this service should be performed calmly, fearlessly, inflexibly.

At a considerable distance within the darkness which bounded the great empire on all sides, dwelt an atrocious old rebel, named Z, leagued with the Princes of Darkness to retard the conquests of the Grand Quadratic, and to work him annoyance in whatever manner he could. His visage was of the most malignant cast; his habits were disreputable, and the society he kept would have disgraced a loafer of Gomorrah. He lived in an equation of astonishing strength, composed of cubes, roots, binomials, conic sections and other such bad things, all piled together with art truly amazing. Moreover two of those long black, curved concerns, which we used to encounter in integral calculus were planted at each end, vincula stretched across like the triple walls of Jerusalem, and bomb-proof parentheses encircled each bastion. Furthermore the ground beyond the horn works was sown with prickly expressions which would have daunted a good many New-Hampshire schoolmasters. A smart sprinkle of infinitesimals were disposed at advantageous points; logarithms bristled at every angle, and crowds of those diminutive figures which have so often carried distraction to the very cerebellum of a freshman, were scattered through the whole fortifications.

Altogether it was a miracle of mystery. In this strong hold that utterly depraved old rebel defied the great algebraical potentate and all his hosts. Every process was tried to rout him out; the royal sheriffs he caught and sent home, stuck through and through with asymptotes; the royal mathematicians all came back with a brain fever. Finally, the sublime Quadrate himself and all his engineers and hosts, went forth and enveloped the equation with some sort of powerful analysis; but a chemist might as well try to decompose a bank-safe with buttermilk; they were all glad to get back to day-light again considerably shattered. To this den, flocked every bad character of the whole region round about. Decayed theories, exposed humbugs, sophisms that had been set up in the pillory, radicals persecuted for political offences, and all kinds of dissatisfied Surds and Symbols, who had emigrated from the great empire, made up the regular population; but they had a constant run of visitors from the Court of 'Chaos and sable-vested Night,' young Princes of Darkness, roaring Tetrarchs of Tartarus, dissolute naval officers from Acheron, and brawling captains from the garrison of Domdaniel, who, you may well imagine, made the country echo with their orgies. The annoyance which this nest of vagabonds caused to their civilized neighbors is not easily expressed. Not only was it impossible for any friend of decency to stay within a good many leagues of such an unintermittent riot, but the conquests of science could not be pushed beyond it: there the dingy old castle barred all progress, unyielding as a rock.

It was now, as we before gave notice, about midnight. Darkness covered the land; a soft and silent darkness, not like that harsh blackness which enveloped the territories without, but a refreshing darkness which flowed from the sluices of heaven, and covered the empire like a sea of fluid shadows. The innumerable stars like luminous bugs, crawled up the dome of night, but the moon, like a gorgeous shining beetle, had crept with a good deal of briskness out of sight. At this moment that abominable old settler, whose character we took occasion to discuss in the last chapter, emerged from the regions which he usually adorned with his presence, into the gentle starlight. More of him and his doings in a concluding number.

PREACHING AND WORK.

SPARE, reverend friend, thine idle rage
Against the vices of the age;
Thou shouldst not with the bellows blow,
Sitting astern, and think to go;
Thou 'rt *in* the boat; thy utmost force
Only reacts and yields no course;
Take thou the oar, or spread the sail,
And then implore the GOD-sent gale.

CUPID SHIPWRECKED: AN ANACREONTIC.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

WANDERING late at eventide
By ocean's loud resounding side,
Where the wild billows beat the shore
With angry and incessant roar;
Far out upon the breaker's crest,
And fiercely by the storm oppress,
A tiny bark I chanced to see
Hard struggling for the mastery.
Now high it rose against the cloud,
Enveloped by a foamy shroud;
And now, between the surges' swell,
Down to the lowest depths it fell.
The exulting sea-bird's direful scream,
The frequent lightning's vivid gleam,
Seemed portents that no skill could save
The sailor from a watery grave:
But, fearless at the vessel's prow,
Stood CUPID with his shafts and bow;
A gorgeous sea-shell was his boat,
Which one scant sail had kept afloat:
No star or helm to guide his way,
Reckless he dashed through whirling spray;
Around his lips a lurking smile
That spoke of triumph all the while.
'O for his sea-born mother's hand
To bring her darling safe to land!'
So spoke I; when a stronger blast
Swept from the deck the sail and mast;
And down in NEPTUNE'S caverns dark,
Sank CUPID with his foundered bark.

I, overwhelmed with pity, stood
Powerless to aid the little god;
And briny tears flowed free and fast,
That LOVE had met his death at last.
But, as I mourned his hapless fate,
A friendly wave bore him elate,
And tossed him near me on the beach,
Beyond the angry surge's reach.
Up sprang the urchin from the sand,
His bow and quiver still in hand;
Laughing, he pressed his dripping hair,
And flung its tresses on the air:
Then, as he shook his wings, with art
Quick from his quiver drew a dart:
'My string I fear will never dry,
My bow is spoiled — but let me try;'
And urged with sudden, certain aim,
Deep in my heart the arrow came.
Then, floating off on rosy wing,
With mocking glee I heard him sing:

'Old DEATH may shut all mortal eyes,
But sportive CUPID never dies:
My bow I find still serves me well,
And, stranger, learn the truth I tell;
A truth thou now dost truly prove:
That *Pity is akin to Love.*'

Detroit, May, 1849.

THE FIRST KISS.

BY AN AMATEUR.

WHEN I speak of kissing, I don't include kissing mother, or sister, aunt, grandma', or the little people; that 's all in the family, and a matter of course. I mean one's wife, sweetheart, and other feminines, that are not kin or blood connection. 'That 's the sort to call kissing,' and that is the sort I am going to describe.

There is a beautiful village about twenty-four miles north of New-Haven, called in the Indian tongue Pomperany. What it means in Indian I do n't know. It was not taught us in the district-school up there, where we learned our A B C's, and afterward progressed as far as B–A, BA; K–E–R, KER; BAKER, when I was allowed to graduate, and enter the 'Youth's Seminary,' under the charge of the Reverend Mr. Fuller. One of my school-mates in the latter place was a bright, intelligent boy, of the name of Walter Marshall. I loved him; so did every body else in the old village love him. He grew up to manhood, but not *there*. No; New-England boys do n't grow up at home; before they reach manhood they are transplanted, and are flourishing in all parts and ports of the known world, wherever a Yankee craft has been, or the stars and stripes. Talk about Americans *abroad;* its altogether too general. They are '*Yankees,*' and nothing else; the pure New-England stock. Speak of your Virginian, your South-Carolinian, and Southern-Staters in general; where are they? who are they? where can you find 'em? Go out into the great world; run up to Greenland, down again to Patagonia, round on t'other side, up to the Russian Settlements, slip across to the Feejees, touch again at Australia, pass the Straits of Sunda, cut up to Java, in around to Japan, China, British India; visit Muscat, the Gulf of Persia, run down the Arabian coast; call in at Mocha for a cup of coffee; get on board an Arab Red-Sea craft, land at Suez; cross the desert, take a look at the Pyramids, then ship in the Marseilles steamer, which will fetch you along toward home; and who of your own countrymen have you seen in all those different 'diggins' that you visited? Seen any Southerners, any Georgians, (*our* Georgians,) or Marylanders, or Mississipians? No; you have met with none but the genuine Simons; the real piloting, pioneering, peddling, push-ahead genuine Yankee breed. But what has all this got to do with kissing, except the Yankees are a kissing stock? I have come back to New-

York again to make a fresh start, after having travelled a long round-about way.

Walter Marshall, when he reached the age of fourteen, arrived in New-York from his native village, in the destitute situation that is frequent among the New-England boys; that is to say, he had only the usual accompaniments of these young unfledged chips, who afterward make the merchants and great men of this country, and not unfrequently of other lands. He had a little wooden trunk, pretty well stocked with '*hum-mades*,' a sixty-eight cent Bible his mother packed in for him, fearful that he might forget it, a three-dollar New-Haven City bank-bill, and any quantity of energy, patience, perseverence and ambition. He entered the counting-room of a large mercantile house in South-street. His honesty, activity and industry won him many friends. Among them was an English merchant, who had a large commercial house in Calcutta, and a branch at Bombay. He was in this country on business connected with his commercial firm in Calcutta, and did his business with the firm Walter clerked it with; and here the latter attracted his notice. He was sixteen years of age only; yet the Bombay gentleman fancied him, made him a liberal offer to go to India with him; which, after very little palaver among his friends, Walter accepted. New-England boys don't often start off on one of their unusually long, wandering excursions, without first getting leave of absence for a few days' preparatory exercise, which they spend in going where they originally came from, and then, having a few good looks at the weather-beaten old village church, the high old steeple, which has wonderfully reduced in size and elevation since they *first* saw it, to notice it, in school boy days; then they must hear the old bell ring once more, even if they have to take a spell at the rope; then take a turn among the white gravestones, see if there are any very green mounds, fresh made, and if so, to ask who among old friends has gone to his last resting-place; then kiss mother and sisters, shake hands with father — and the stage is at the door of the tavern, and they are ready for a start to go '*any where*.'

Walter went up to do, and did do, all this; but he did not get into the stage at the tavern. He walked down the road ahead of the coach toward the old bridge, and told the stage-driver to stop and let him get in at the minister's house — at Parson Fuller's. Mary Fuller lived there too, for she happened to be the parson's only daughter. She was the merriest, loveliest little witch that ever wore long, loose tresses of auburn hair, and had blue eyes. She was only twelve years old, and Walter was nearly seventeen. She *did* love him, though; he was all in all to her; he had fought her battles all through her childish campaign, and she had no brother. She was Walter's cousin too; a sort of half first cousin, for her mother had been the half sister of Walter's mother. They were not *too* near related, for purposes hereafter to be named.

Poor Molly! she would have cried her eyes out on this occasion, had it not been that Walter's solemn phiz set her ideas of the ridiculous in motion; and she made a merry ten minutes as a wind-up to their parting scene. Three days afterward Walter was in New-

York; and just four months and twenty days farther on in Time's almanac he was making out invoices and acting as corresponding clerk to 'the firm' in Bombay.

I shall not stop long enough to relate how many times he went to the exhibition of venomous-looking cobra de capellos biting sepoys, just for fun, and to show how innocent the beauties were, and how easy their bite was cured; how often he visited the far-famed Elephant Caves; how many times he dined with good Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, and how he was with him, and what he said the very morning of the day the old scourge, the Cholera, made the excellent Sir Robert his victim — all these things I shall leave to another time, and a more appropriate heading. I skip over all these, and six years of time beside, and land Master Walter at Staten Island, bring him up to the city in a steam-boat, and leave him at a respectable hotel, and there let him sleep all night, and take a good 'shore-rest,' after a tedious voyage of four months and more.

The next morning we awaken him; make him get up, pay his bill, take a hack, and ride down to the New-Haven steam-boat and go on board. It is seven o'clock A. M. At one P. M. the boat has reached the landing; his trunk and 'traps' are on board the Litchfield stage; he has taken a seat inside; his destination is an intermediate village. He is alone in the stage; no, not alone; there is an old woman on the front seat, and a Presbyterian clergyman on the middle seat. The stage is up in the city, and slowly meandering about New-Haven town, picking up passengers, who have sent their names to the stage-office, as is still customary in that staid and sober city of mineralogy, theology, and other 'ologies in general. The stage Jehu pulls up at the door of a neat little cottage in Chapel-street. A passenger, a young lady of sweet seventeen or thereabout. Before she has fairly got inside, Walter has noticed her, and she has noticed him too. He gazes in astonishment at the perfect vision of loveliness before him; he has n't seen any thing of the kind for some years. There is not a particle of *copper* about her. She on her part, half laughing, has regarded him *very* attentively; pushes back the golden ringlets that almost shut in her face, and takes another look, as if to be certain that she had made no mistake.

'Here is a seat, Miss, beside me,' says the gospel-preacher.

'Thank you, Sir,' but I prefer sitting on the back seat with *that* gentleman, if he will let me,' said the most electrical voice that Walter had listened to in some time.

'Certainly, Miss,' said the delighted Bombayite; and when she seated herself by him, she gazed into his face with such a queer kind of mixed-up delight and astonishment, that Walter actually took a look down upon himself, to ascertain what there was about his person that appeared to be so pleasing to the fair maiden; but he discovered nothing unusual. The stage rolled on toward Derby, at its usual rapid rate of five miles an hour, and Walter and the merry maid seemed as chatty and cosey together as though they had known each other for years instead of minutes. The minister tried to engage the ringlets in conversation, but he soon found himself 'no where.' She

had neither eyes nor ears for any body else but Walter; and he had told her more about his own travels, and Bombay scenery, than he ever told any body else before or since.

At last they came to Derby. Their horses had to be changed, and four fresh skeletons were harnessed up and tackled on to the old stage. Walter handed the gentle girl back to her old seat as gracefully as he could have done had he never lived in Bombay, but always stopped in New-York. They were alone now; the minister and the other old woman had got out at Derby.

'Well, we are off once more: how far are you going?' said Walter, as the stage went off.

'Not quite as far as Litchfield. You say that your friends reside at Pomperany? How glad they will be to see you?'

'Very probably, unless they have forgotten me, which is likely, for I suppose I have altered some in six years?'

'Not a particle, I——'

The pretty maid forgot what she was going to say, but at last remembered and continued:

'I should suppose you had not altered, for you said you were seventeen when you was last at your home, and now you are only twenty-three. You must have been grown nearly as large as you are now.'

'Perhaps so; but still, I am somewhat tanned by exposure in an East-India climate.'

'Yet I think you will be recognised by every body in the village. Do you know a young lady in Pomperany of the name of Mary Fuller?'

'What! little Mary? my 'little wife,' as I used to call her? Why Lord love you, do *you* know her? Bless her heart! My trunk is filled with knick-knacks for her especial use. Do I *know* her? Why, I have thought of her ever since I was away: young lady?—why, she is a little bit of a girl; she is only ten years old. No; she must be older than that *now*. I suppose I shall find her grown considerably. By the way, are you not cold? It is getting chilly.'

The delighted young lady was trying to conceal her face, which had called forth Walter's exclamation.

'Yes, it is getting colder; it is nearly dark;' and so it was. Walter had a boat-cloak, and after a very little trouble he was permitted to wrap it around her lovely form; and somehow or other his arm went with it, and in the confusion he was very close to her, and his arm was around her waist, outside the cloak though: then he had to put his face down to hear what she said, and somehow those long ringlets of soft silky hair were playing across his cheek. Human nature could not and would not stand it any longer; and Walter, the modest Walter, drew his arm closer than ever, and pressed upon the warm rosy lips of his beautiful fellow-traveller a glowing, burning regular East-India, Bombay kiss, and then blushed himself at the mischief he had done, and waited for the stage to upset, or something else to happen; but no, she had not made any resistance; on the contrary, he felt distinctly, that *she* had returned the kiss; the very first kiss too he had ever pressed upon a woman's lips since he gave a parting

kiss to little Mary Fuller, and he would have sworn he heard her saying something, (about the very moment he had given that first long kiss of youth and love,) that sounded like 'Dear, dear Walter.' He tried the experiment again, and before the stage had fairly reached the village, he had kissed and re-kissed her, and she had paid him back kiss for kiss at least a hundred times.

The stage was now entering the village. In a few moments he would be at Mary Fuller's house. He thought of her, and he felt ashamed and downright guilty. What *would* Mary, his 'little wife' that was to be, say, if she knew he had been acting so? As these things passed rapidly through his mind, he began to study how to get out of the affair quietly and decently.

'You go on in the stage, I suppose, to the next town, or perhaps still farther?'

'Oh no! not *me*.'

What could *she* mean? But he had no time to indulge in conjecture; the stage drove up slap in front of Parson Fuller's door, and there was the venerable parson and his good lady in the door-way; he with a lamp in his hand already to receive — Walter, as he supposed.

'Where will you stop in the village? I will come and see you?'

'I shall stop where *you* stop. I won't leave you. Here you have been kissing me this last half hour, and now you want to run away and leave me: I am determined to expose you to that old clergyman and his wife in the door-way yonder; more than that, your 'darling little wife' that is to be, as you called her in the stage, shall know all about it.'

What a situation for a modest, moral man! It was awful. To be laughed at — exposed: and who was she? Could it be possible? He had *heard* of such characters! It must be; but she was very pretty; and *he* to be the means of bringing such a creature into the very house of the good and pious old clergyman, and his sweet old pet and playmate — his Mary Fuller! He saw it all. It was a judgment sent upon him. What business had he to be kissing a strange girl, if she *was* pretty? His uncle and his aunt had come clear down the stone-walk to the door-yard gate, almost to the stage-door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was doomed; but he had to get out:

'Do n't for GOD's sake expose me, young woman! I will — get out.'

'Oh,' thought Walter, 'it 's all over with me;' and now he shakes hands with the clergyman, he flings his arms around the aunt.

'Mary!' exclaims the mother; 'our Mary in the stage, as I live! So, so; you would come up with your cousin, eh?'

'Yes, mother; and what do you think the impudent East-Indian has been doing? He has kissed me at least a hundred times, and that is n't all; he tried to persuade me to keep on in the stage, and not get out at all.'

'Ah, no wonder he kissed you; he has n't seen you for some years. How glad you must have been when you met! But what is the mat-

ter with *you*, Walter? Let the driver stop and leave your trunk at your father's, as he goes by, and do you come in the house. Why, what is the matter? Are you dumb?'

'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Walter, not to speak to my mother when she is talking to you?' chimed in Miss Molly.

Walter now found his voice, and before he got fairly inside, Miss Mary was his debtor for a round dozen of kisses, which she took very kindly. But as for Walter, his mind was made up. He had turned over the subject during the last three minutes. He would marry that strange girl. He was grateful; she had saved him from degradation, loss of character, and every thing else; but would she forgive him for being so free with a strange girl in a stage-coach? Doubtful; but she should have the chance at any rate.

The wanderer received a glad welcome from his family and his friends, in his old native village; and Mary Fuller was his travelling companion about the place; and together they crossed the door-sill of every old farm-house within a circle of five miles round. Walter had seen enough of the outside of the great world. He had made some money too, enough for his modest wants; he was old enough to marry — and so was Mary Fuller; and before three months more had rolled over their heads, the venerable old father made them one in the front parlor of the old glebe. When the vows had been spoken, the last prayer made, and the blessing pronounced, Walter clasped Mary to his breast, and imprinted on her sweet lips another first kiss; but *now* it was the first, thrilling kiss of married love; and as he held her for a moment in his ardent embrace, she whispered gently into his ear: 'Walter, dear, it's understood in the vow, 'No more kissing strange girls in a stage-coach!'

Years have flown by since then, and now Walter Marshall and his gentle wife, and the little people, they call their 'stock in trade,' are living pleasantly and happily some where on the other side of the Alleghanies, near a place called Pittsburgh, where he owns large tracts of mines; not humbug, wishy-washy, shining gold, but real, hard, substantial coal-mines, productive to himself and to the country he lives in.

'IMPROVEMENT:' AN EXTRACT.

'Speak not to me of swarms this scene sustains;
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom?
See, left but life enough, and breathing-room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And Childhood's self, as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal.

'Is this 'Improvement'—where the human breed
Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,
Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man like foe with foe,
Till Death that thins them scarce seems public wo?
'Improvement!'—smiles it in the poor man's eyes
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labor? No:
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life and breathe unwholesome skies. Campbell

PIETRO DELLA VALLE.

I.

He gazes on the face of his dead wife,
More lovely now than e'en when lit by life,
And that proud beauty, whose imperial power
Had fixed his wandering wishes, from the hour
He saw her first in her Assyrian home:
'Why did I tempt my love thus far to roam?
Why was I doomed to bring her here to die?
Cursed be the Persian soil, and sun and sky,'
He weeping said; and then his mighty grief
Sought in these wild and passionate words, relief:
'Thy grave shall not be in this barren land,
Which by no healthful breeze was ever fanned;
No! o'er the desert drear
And stormy deep
I'll bear thy corse; not here
Shall my bride sleep!
Then when thy lover dies,
Him in thy grave they 'll lay,
And with clasped hands we 'll rise
On the dread judgment day.'

II.

'T is noon in the desert; no oäsis is nigh;
Hot are the sands and blazing the sky;
'T were now sweetest music to hear fountains flow,
But no stream sparkles here; not a flower can grow;
For the Arab and Simoom with fiëry haste
Sweep over the desert, sole lords of the waste.
Lo! a speck in the distance — a small caravan —
Shall they pass without tribute to Sheikh Suleiman?
Should we gain a rich booty, with love and delight
The eyes of our women will sparkle to-night,
And the young girls will sing; Beni Saladin!
With your lances, the wealth of the world you could win.
Thus spake an Arab chieftain to his troop,
Who, swift as falcons on the pilgrims swoop:
The search is soon over but small are their gains;
'Behold!' said their leader, 'one coffer remains.
In mercy spare that, it contains my soul's treasure,'
Della Valle implored. 'Submit to our pleasure,'
The haughty chief replied: 'Come, let us see
What the fool values so exceedingly.'
They burst the lid; they lift a snowy veil;
What do they gaze on? wherefore grow they pale?
It is a woman's corse; proudly serene
And beautiful; she seems a sleeping queen.
To Della Valle's tale the Arabs listened,
The youthful wept, and tears which fell not, glistened
In the stern eye of age; all were subdued
Unto a kindly, pitying, mournful mood.

'T was a strange scene: the dreary sands around,
And the wild warriors leaning on their spears,
Gazing upon the dead with awe profound,
Their dark eyes glowing through unwonted tears:

With altered tone, the son of ISHMAEL said:
'We war not with the bearers of the dead;
Resume your wealth.
Oft will our maidens sing at eventide,
Of the fond husband's love for his dead bride.'

. . . . .

Two hundred years ago, a gorgeous tomb
For the Assyrian girl was raised in Rome;
And by her side — so vanish earthly woes —
Her faithful lover lies in calm repose.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

AN EXCURSION TO WYDAH.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY, 6. — My curiosity was so much excited by the accounts that have reached us of Wydah and its people, that I was unable to resist the temptation, and despite my previous more prudent determination, have profited by the commodore's kind permission; and so behold me booked as one of the adventurers. We, accordingly, having made the necessary preparations, our party, composed of Lieutenant R., the Master W. S., Passed Midshipmen M. and A., and myself, left the ship about ten A. M., hoping to find the bar or surf in a particular state, as the weather is favorable and the native canoe awaiting to take us ashore. We were not disappointed, and after the usual noise and excitement, varied by our boat leaking at a merry rate, rendering it a matter of some doubt whether we should not have to swallow more sea-water than would be agreeable, our wild-looking friends got us safe, but not entirely dry, to the shore. The surf was rolling in heavily, but not over-dangerously; sufficiently so, however, to make the passage rather exciting, and render us grateful for our comparative comfortable voyage through the watery ordeal. A few yards from the landing-place are several frame counting-rooms and rude walled store-houses, used by the Señors de Sonza, and the English and French Factors, where we were to await the orders of our polite entertainer. Some hours elapsed before the arrival of Mr. De Sonza's sons, and it was nearly three o'clock, before we got under way in the hammocks provided for our transportation through the Salt Lake, extending, as I have stated, from the Volta to Lagos, etc., which occupies about one-third of the three miles that intervene between the beach and the town. But we did not lose our time during this our detention, for beside two or three captains and supercargoes of the merchantmen at anchor in the Roads, we were much surprised at meeting the supercargo of the late American schooner Boston, the craft that induced our visit off the Gallinas, and the captain of the Brazilian schooner which we

chased on that occasion, and fell into the hands of the brig Rapid. The Boston had been sold here some three weeks back, to a Brazilian, and a cargo of some four hundred and sixty slaves packed into her, and safely got off from the very spot we landed at, and in the face of day. The supercargo had received about eight thousand dollars for his vessel, and he and two or three of his American crew propose going to Bahia, in a brig ready to start in a few days for that port. The Brazilian captain informed us, that our joining in the chase was the cause of his capture, but that on the other hand, he had been enabled to run into shore in his boat, with twenty-five thousand dollars in specie on board, and a valuable amount of correspondence on the subject and management of the slave trade, etc. The Rapid, according to his account, upon our taking a hand in the pursuit, abandoned the chase she had begun of the boat, and made all sail after the schooner, the result of which has been already stated. It was rather singular, that after the lapse of two months we should thus encounter, in this unexpected manner, the two men in question; the one, the cause of our aiding in securing the other's vessel, and both, no doubt, with pockets well lined by the profitable returns of the precarious, but still oftentimes enriching business, which the one abets and the other is actively engaged in. So, another proof is this to show, how bold and successful are the men who grow rich and powerful in the prosecution of their nefarious traffic, and how inefficient is British and French cruising in this vicinity.

But to our story. The business transactions concluded, (for Sunday is no holiday here, I should conclude, between the De Sonzas and the merchants and traders,) behold us each lifted on the heads of two hammock-bearers, with another in close attendance, ready to lend a hand in case of need, lolling in our luxurious palanquins and protected from the rain, which some heavy-looking but quickly-passing clouds, had poured forth upon us, and quite an original, if not picturesque procession, making quick and comfortable headway through the watery high road. The overflowing of the lagoon commences soon after you leave the beach, and with slight interruption, continues to within a short distance of the town. Fancy us then carried onward, with gentle and sleep-inviting motion, on the heads of our dark, agile bearers, splashing at places through sluggish water, which when stirred, grows dark as indigo, and offensive to sight and smell, here and there, with the lagoon coming up to their waists, and rendering it necessary that a man, your third attendant, should lift you and your hammock upon his shoulders, to keep you from dragging and taking in the foul element; foul to the sight and smell, but still possessing a current and tide, and furnishing good fish and oysters. A stumble or a slip would consign you to a fate any thing but agreeable to mind or body, and you feel yourself perfectly helpless in the hands of a strange-looking and unprepossessing people, who fortunately can be depended upon, and are untiring and skilful in the discharge of their duty. As we jogged along, with a splashing, shouting, chattering and apparent confusion, which would even put a stoic to his trumps; two or three alligators shoved forth their

ugly snouts close to our route, and having satisfied themselves that all was right, popped in again. These being Fetiche, the people respect them and they respect the people. A more dreary, desolate, low, shocking extent of country than this we now waded, splashed and stumbled over, I have never as yet put eye upon, as far as the view extended, offering nothing but sluggish-looking water, rank vegetation, and flat, thinly wooded lowlands. Passing through this filthy morass and its supplying lake, by a couple of low, thatch-roofed, mud-built native villages, we were introduced, about an hour after we left the beach, into the curious town of Wydah. Our entrée created quite a sensation. Dark forms, little encumbered with clothing, flitted about like so many spectres, and eyes and teeth were open and shining, in hut and market in honor of our arrival. The soil seems to be composed of red clayish-looking material, so that save the straw-thatched roofs, and here and there a dwelling of more aspiring pretensions, with a sprinkling of cocoa, palm, and various other kinds of indigenous trees, that color seemed to predominate. To us, just freshly arrived in town, and thus suddenly introduced to the strange appearance of houses, people, animals and things in general, surrounding objects assumed a novel and exciting tone and seeming. Nature, animate and inanimate, attracted our attention. So, in the midst of strange sights and sounds, we were quickly and luxuriously borne along by our skilful hammock men, and duly deposited at the gateway of our host. His residence has an old look about it, is stuccoed, of a white color, and well thatched with straw. It faces upon a kind of public square, and from its second story windows commands quite an extensive view over the neighboring low country and the shipping riding at their anchors in the roadstead. Our arrival was in due time made public, and honored by a salute from the old Señor's battery, and we soon were made comfortable by the kind and hospitable reception we met at the hands of our worthy entertainers. We had been preceded by Antonio de Sonza, who, after we had passed the lake some short distance from the town, mounted a fine-looking gray horse, imported from Brazil, and thus the old gentleman was all ready to receive us. He is about seventy-three years of age, with a fine eye, and an agreeable and intelligent expression of countenance; has lived on the coast some forty-eight years; a portion of the time at Great Popoe, and has not crossed the 'Bank,' or Batch Surf, for thirty years. He is now an invalid, and appears to be feeble and suffering, but it is the first time he has had any ailment or taken any kind of medicine. He is a teetotaler, and his mind seems to be active and vigorous. M. de Sonza's position is that of head-white man in the place. Through him all foreign merchants and traders have to communicate with the kingdom of Dahomey, and his influence with the monarch has been, and is yet, of a peculiar and confidential nature. The nominal power is in the hands of the Governor or Cabocere, who resides in Wydah, and keeps a kind of court. We were informed, that a number of years ago, De Sonza, then living at Popoe, aided with arms, ammunition and money, those universal sinews of war, the present occupant of the throne, who

had headed a revolution against the then sovereign, obnoxious to his subjects, and represented as an unmitigated tyrant. The result of this revolution, the success of which would seem to be in no inconsiderable degree due to the merchant's timely and valuable aid, was the elevation of the reigning monarch to the vacated throne. The successful competitor has ever since given his confidence and gratitude to this remarkable man, and he is now one of the most influential and powerful personages in the country. M. de Sonza's style of living is just enough mingling of the African with the European style to make it at the same time original and comfortable. Both of eatables and liquors, he gave us the best, and to overflowing; and the frankness, warmth, and cordiality of our reception, and the pains our host had taken to collect most of the prominent residents, whom he thought we would like to see and know, all gave ample proof that we were welcome guests. I am not one of those who deem it admissible to detail the incidents of domestic life, when one is admitted on terms of confidence and kindness. Suffice it then to say, that our entertainment, during the whole time spent under his roof, was of the most gratifying and satisfactory character, and that the houses and attentions of his sons Antonio and Ignacio, were also open to us, and cheerfully and gracefully extended. The stroll we made through the place, after due repose, was necessarily a brief one, it being four P. M., before we arrived at the Señor's. We had time enough, however, before the dinner hour had come, to take a hurried view of people and things, and many a curious sight and sound did we see and hear. At almost every corner, and in every court and alley, we came upon Fetiche houses and idols, with offerings collected and exposed around them. Here it was a coarse, ugly, ill-conditioned figure, concocted of red clay, in a sitting posture, its shape and features bearing some faint resemblance to a human being. Anon, in niches scooped in the mud walls of houses and enclosures, were gathered in shapeless and heterogeneous confusion and variety, stones and sticks, feathers and other objects. Again, a tenement of baked clay, with a conical roof, its only entrance just high enough to let a man in with bowed head, would attract our notice, and we were told that it was a Fetiche or Serpent Temple, where snakes of all sorts and sizes, other than venomous, are lodged and boarded. And then would shoot up some spreading, shady and lofty group of trees, refreshing to the eye, and grateful to the sun scorched pedestrian, and we learned that they too were sacred, and the objects of superstitious adoration. In a word, wherever we strolled, and into whatever alley or corner we penetrated, there squatted the uncouth clay monster, with rice-water and food placed before it for consumption, or were piled up in some niche or hole, an indescribable collection of odds and ends; and Fetiche house, and Fetiche grove and tree, seemed to multiply to bewilderment, and to make us understand how much was yet to be seen and heard in this land of wonders. But the brief time allowed us for this excursion forbade a more detailed examination, and yet were we gratified and instructed far beyond our most sanguine expectations. Among other things deserv-

ing notice, which we saw, were the two markets, crowded with men, women and children; the sellers being principally native women, who, in a state somewhat approaching nudity, were squatting inside or in front of their low, open, dirty-looking straw-thatched sheds, with their wares, mostly beads, palm oil, baskets, cotton, thread and many kinds of cheap European manufacture, and coarse leaf tobacco, snuff, etc., spread out in their best style to tempt the passer by. On a small scale, these Wydahn markets would seem to resemble what we read of Oriental bazaars, there being some attempt at convenience and regularity in the arrangement of their articles of sale and barter, and in the distribution of the frail stands occupied and used by the busy venders. We had, of course, a good opportunity of seeing numbers of the natives of this place and the interior, and many a form, face and costume, did we notice, worthy of being immortalized by daguerreotype or in oils, as excellent specimens of the natural and strange, if not the sublime and the beautiful. For the first time I here saw an Albino or white negress. She was a young woman of a most disagreeable aspect, and her unnatural color and disagreeable aspect excited in my mind mixed feelings of pity and disgust. Both the parents are blacks. We observed that every woman upon meeting our party, both through respect to the De Sonzas and the whites, removed the shawl or cotton garment which they wear loosely around their persons, and exposed for a moment the upper parts of her body. The same ceremony is performed by the men, with the additional form of unwinding a kind of turban they wear on their heads, and either an inclination or salaam of the upper portion of the body, or sometimes a complete prostration on the ground. From the frequent repetitions of these forms and gestures, one might almost fancy himself in some Eastern land, and feel well disposed, as far as all this goes to give them credit for rather unusual politeness.

While we were thus amusing ourselves with the sight of all these and other amusing things, too numerous and minute to clothe in ink, a message was received inviting our party to the English fort or factory close at hand. Accepting the polite invitation, we passed over a small bridge leading across a dry ditch, and through a double line of staring natives, into the precincts of the building. It was formerly an English fortification, and is now occupied by Messrs. Hutton and Company, British merchants. M. Roberts, a nephew of M. Hutton, now at Cape Coast Castle, met us at the entrance, and received and entertained us very politely. There is a garden or enclosed square in front of the fort, whence salutes are fired, as there is danger in using cannon inside on account of the straw roof which the wadding might easily ignite into a conflagration. The building itself is nearly two hundred years old, and the neighborhood is called English Town. Those parts which are near the French and Portuguese forts have received the names of those nations likewise.

Somewhat fatigued by the continued and unusual exercise and excitement of the day, we were right well pleased in making all efforts to do honor to the most abundant and excellent dinner which awaited us at our host's, on which interesting occasion several of the European

residents were invited to attend. After dinner, and when night had set in, Lieut. R. and myself accompanied M. Roberts on a visit to the French and Spanish factories, the first a fort, like the English, and almost as old, and were received by the three French gentlemen residing there, the Messrs. Blauchelets and Colombe, most kindly and politely. Thence we made our way to the Spanish factory, under the escort of the hospitable proprietor and our recent hosts, where we enjoyed some good songs and liquor, and experienced a continuation of the same kind treatment we had elsewhere met with. As it was now waxing late, Lieut. R. left us, to return to M. de Sonza's, and I accompanied M. Roberts, having accepted his polite invitation to take a bed with him. And not only did this gentleman entertain me handsomely, and furnish me with most comfortable quarters, rendered doubly welcome by the fatiguing exertions of the day, but beside much valuable information and pleasant conversation, presented me several interesting curiosities, procured from the interior. As for the last five months I have spent every night aboard our floating world, it may be easily imagined that I felt and enjoyed the novelty of wooing sleep ashore, in a large and cool chamber, and a comfortable four-poster, free from that rolling, tossing, jerking motion, so long familiar in our sea-rocked vessel, and in my close and narrow bunk.

Refreshed by a glorious sleep, morning found me ready and anxious for the operations of the day, and after the gathering of our party, with our kind guides and entertainers, we again sallied forth on another voyage of discovery. Fortunately the sun exhibited his hot face but seldom while we were going through our cruise; so we did not suffer as much from the long walk we were seduced into as might have been otherwise the case. Again did we become starers and stared at, and examined many things already described, more leisurely than on the previous day. We visited several Fetiche houses, idols, and other objects of adoration, and more particularly the principal serpent-house, composed of one large, but yet dark and confined, and several others, full of all sorts of worshipped things, the whole enclosed by a mud wall, and shaded by Fetiche trees — sacred ground, all this, in the eyes of these poor superstitious creatures. Around the walls of this strange temple were coiled under the straw roof, and along the beams, a number of snakes, of various sizes, some from eight to twelve feet long, seeming to be quite at home, and disposed to let visitors alone, as if aware of the peculiarity of their situation, and their exemption from all harm and danger. Passing through this snake-house, so strangely ornamented by these beautiful, bribed, graceful and harmless reptiles, we found quite a number of men, women and children crouching and worshipping in front of another shed, full also of people and Fetiches. Their adoration seems to consist of prostrations and crawling in the dust; and the 'faithful' did not appear to allow their religious duties to interfere with their staring and grinning at the white strangers. This Fetiche manufacture would seem to be like that famous tent spoken of in Oriental story, which would contract or expand to suit fluctuating circumstances. For new gods, new Fetiches, new charms, are constantly being added to

the list. Thus, I am told, the sea is 'Fetiche' to the king of Dahomey himself, and he is forbidden to disturb its sacred character. Feathers, stones, lizards, snakes, insects, sticks, and a multitude of other things, according as fancy and accident may influence the people, are converted into 'Fetiche,' and either kept at home as domestic 'Penates,' or exposed in public places for public veneration and respect. And such is the mental blindness of these superstitious tribes, that when animals and birds have devoured and drank up the food and liquids which they place before their clay divinities, and other objects of worship, they firmly believe that the works of their own hands have partaken of their offerings, and will act as mediators with the Great Spirit, whose existence they acknowledge. The king himself is 'Fetiche,' and hence the blind worship and devotion his subjects pay him, extending to life, body, soul, will and property. But beside the Dahomian divinity, trees and snakes are the standing, regular, superior class of 'Fetiches,' and once clothed with the sacred character, to touch, injure or kill them, exposes the offender, whether accidental or intentional the deed, to the sacrifice of his life, or the payment of a heavy fine, with which a slave is purchased and offered up, a hapless victim, in expiation of the unpardonable sin. When then you meet a serpent coiled on your path, or see a tree to which you may take a fancy to for a cane or specimen, gaze but touch not, for there is death or danger in the act. Innocent or guilty, the superstitious mob will make you pay dearly for the deed, and show no mercy for offence so shocking in their eyes. Another specimen of their superstition is the mode of medical practice in this neighborhood. A man falls sick, and into the hands of the doctors. The bark of medicinal trees and sanitive herbs have been applied in vain. The friends of the patient are then invited to attend, and the sick man is produced, and the ceremony begins. Goat's flesh, or other animal food, is then prepared, and after the wool or skin has been distributed among the bystanders, who keep their respective portions as 'Fetiche,' the animal is cooked in palm oil, and the vultures and other birds called to the banquet by beat of triangle, which summons they know and attend to. The doctor, patient and spectators anxiously await the result. If the birds approach and consume the articles exposed, the sick man will recover; if left untouched, he dies. Cases of the latter kind have been known, and it is believed by those who informed us of the fact, that the 'medicine men' have more to do with the exit of the patient than they are willing to acknowledge, or the people give them credit for, the dusky sons of Galen thus playing the prophet, and taking care that the prophecy be fulfilled.

Were I, however, to indulge myself in noting down all the scenes and things we saw and heard, I should spin too long a yarn for most of your readers, to follow in its length and windings. My narration, like our promenade, must be irregular and tortuous; and if I omit any thing that ought to have been noticed, the omission proceeds from the 'embarras des richesses,' and the difficulty of selection. We were all surprised at the number of houses and inhabitants in this wild-looking and irregular place. Long did we stroll, winding along

the mud and rudely-wattled enclosures, and yet hovel after hovel, crowds upon crowds, Fetiche after Fetiche, met us at every step. In one of our walks we were led to a remarkable Fetiche tree, just outside the town. It is a species of cotton-tree, or at least resembles it, and looms out on this prairie-country large and prominent. For size and singularity, it is worthy of peculiar honor. At its base and roots it has a circumference of about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, narrowing as it ascends, yet several feet up measuring fifty, or therabouts. Its roots extend like enormous serpents from the parent stem, and small trees, like young children sheltered under the paternal shade, spring up in the giant embraces of the massive trunk.

As we returned from this excursion, we passed by a large walled enclosure, with a number of houses within, the residence of some of Señor de Sonza's wives, here placed on the retired list. Farther on we came to his great store-house, a large, long and substantial building, where we rested awhile, and there, with appetites somewhat keen from exercise, soon made our way to our point of departure, and enjoyed the plentiful and well-prepared 'déjeûner à la fourchette,' which the Señor had prepared for our discussion. As our time was now getting short, and soon would arrive the hour for taking to our hammocks again, on our return to shipboard, after the necessary refreshment and repose we once more sallied out to pay visits to the native governor, and the residents at the French fort. The governor's residence is in the heart of the town, and is surrounded by an extensive mud wall, enclosing a large park or garden, and quite a number of low clay and straw-roofed huts, not much better, if at all, than the general kind of native hovels you see outside in your walks. After entering the gateway from one of the narrow streets or alleys, while passing along between the humble tenements included within the Court District, among a number of other Fetiches and oddities stuck up around, we lifted a coarse mat which covered the window or door of a small mud building, and were surprised to see three figures squatted in a row, made apparently of plaster of Paris, of more pretensions to symmetry and human looks than any thing of the kind we had yet seen, each wearing a species of cocked hat, and evidently idols of a superior order and aristocratic air. These, I suppose, are the favorite divinities of the governor, and may be, for aught I know, a 'dash' from the great monarch of Dahomey himself. Thinly clad, grinning and staring natives, young and old, male and female, lined the path as we made our way to the presence of the royal representative. We found him standing in a low, close and confined hut, surrounded by several of his counsellors and officers. We had interrupted, it seems, a cabinet council, for the officials, from the Cabocere down, had their foreheads daubed with red clay; but this made no difference in our reception, nor did it cause any delay; so we were respectively introduced to His Excellency, and had each a hearty shake of the hand, followed by a snapping of the fingers on both sides, a ceremony always practised on such occasions. The governor then asked us to follow him into the open air, considerately observing

that it would be too close and hot to remain where we then were. So out stalked this dignitary, attended by his cabinet and aids-de-camp, followed by our party. Chairs and native ornamental carved stools were placed in a large semicircle under the shady trees, just outside the houses, and one of the De Sonzas acted as interpreter. The Cabocere is a remarkable looking man. His physical development is astonishing. His head is large and round, with a broad set of features, full of good humor, and rather an intellectual expression, his head set upon his shoulders by a neck of massive proportions. His frame is of unusual weight and substance, his walk dignified, and even pompous; and yet, despite his size and weighty poroportions, the governor rejoices in a pair of feet which would adorn a ball-room, and delight the heart and challenge the skill of the most fashionable boot-maker in Paris or London.

FAME'S CANDIDATES.

The Warrior came with his banners unfurled,
And his hosts all ranged in battle-array,
And he proudly trod on a prostrate world,
That bent to his iron sway.
And the Warrior said: 'I will write my name
On History's goodliest, fairest page,
In letters of blood and letters of flame,
And 't will last to the latest age!'
And History's broadest page was filled
With the deeds he did, and the blood he spilled;
But year followed year, and age followed age,
And the mildew gathered upon that page,
And it crumbled down to the dust at last,
And his name and deeds from memory passed:
And this was the Warrior's fame!

The Poet came with his golden lyre,
And a new world sprang from his teeming brain,
And his words gushed forth like a stream of fire,
As he wove his lofty strain.
And the Poet said: 'In every clime
My strains will dwell in the hearts of men,
And my fame may end with the end of time,
But never, O never till then!'
And his name became as a household word
In every land where its sound was heard;
But others arose and filled his place,
As the river of Time flowed on apace;
And his name was cast from its sweeping wave,
And Oblivion's gulf closed o'er his grave:
And this was the Poet's fame!

The Statesman came with his powerful pen
And his eloquent tongue's résistless force,
And he turned about the hearts of men
As a horseman turns his horse.

And the Statesman said: 'I have made brave laws,
And on them I willingly rest my fame;
I have toiled in a mighty nation's cause,
I shall die with a deathless name!'
And the fame he sought the Statesman found,
And his name went forth like a trumpet's sound;
But on and on Time's course still lay,
Till his very nation passed away,
And curious men, with toil and pain,
Dug deep for that nation's laws, in vain:
And this was the Statesman's fame!

The Architect came with his skilful hand,
And his mind endued with conceptions high,
And the temple arose at his command,
And the pyramid pierced the sky.
And the Architect said: 'Perpetually
My name will live in the changeless stones,
And in far, far future times will be
Familiar as childhood's tones.'
And he filled the world with his stately piles,
And basked awhile in Fame's bright smiles;
And long-succeeding ages gazed
On the wondrous works that his art had raised;
And *their* names sounded in every clime,
But *his* was lost in the mists of Time:
And this was the Architect's fame!

The Christian came with his faith and zeal,
And his fervent love to GOD and man;
And he strove to live for other's weal,
While his earthly course he ran.
And the Christian said: 'By the help of GOD,
I will strive to glorify HIS name,
And to tread the path that my SAVIOUR trod
Shall be my constant aim.'
The Christian was laid in his lowly lair,
And the world asked not who was slumbering there;
But his name to the hosts of heaven was told,
And they saw it traced in letters of gold,
And they wreathed it round with eternal bays,
And mingled its sound with their songs of praise:
And THIS was the Christian's fame!

Oh! better than Poet or Statesman's art,
Than Architect's skill, or Warrior's might,
Is the faithful love, and the contrite heart,
And the spirit renewed in light!
I have heard a voice, in my soul's young dreams,
That spoke of the joys of earthly fame,
And I idly yearned that its glittering beams
Might shine on my humble name.
But I leave the dangerous road untried,
With its envies, cares, and thoughts of pride,
And lift my eyes to a nobler prize,
A crown of life in the upper skies;
That this humble name, when glory's gleam
Has passed away like a morning dream,
May live in eternal fame!

IOTA.

THE TIMES AND POETRY OF CHAUCER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

> 'He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced:
> As some vast river of unfailing source,
> Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
> And oped new feelings in the human heart.' POLLOK.

We shall not sketch the life of Chaucer, but give form to our notions of what Poetry is; notice the character of the times in which he lived; the condition of English poetry previous to his day; the merit and usefulness of his writings; his genius, and his claim on all who speak the language of his native land, for unfeigned gratitude.

There is a charm in the poetry of a master of the human heart. Like the lute of Orpheus:

> 'Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
> Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
> Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands,'

is the poet-soul which struck, yields music that takes strong hold of the heart of man; it makes a conquest more glorious than that acquired by use of bayonet; for it is bloodless. It has a charm for the soul; lifts it up, to all that is lofty and grand, or guides its musings on the simpler and more unpretending beauties of Nature and Man's creation. The character and amplitude of actions and events which form the subject of the historian's pen are *not enough* to satisfy the mind; we need the poet's fire to awaken in our bosoms feelings of sympathy with the glowing world around us, and his creative energy to invent more heroic actions, and paint more uncommon events, at which we may gaze in silent wonder, and feel ourselves in the presence of some enchanting though invisible power.

History can tell us only of what has been, while Poetry may range over the whole mighty Past, the living Present, and the years pregnant with intensest interest which are To-come. Philosophy can serve us only as it observes the *facts* of experience, and deduces from them a knowledge of material and spiritual laws. Eloquence may raise her voice and still the chafing multitude, but it works only on the crowd who gather for a day; the present is all it has in which to accomplish its high mission. Poetry has the vantage-ground, for it can *create* facts, most credible, of which Time never heard; its influence dies not with the generation of to-day, but if it be genuine, such as a Shakspeare, or even a Bryant or a Halleck pens, it lives to stir up the hearts of all succeeding generations. She creeps along the earth, or like the eagle, soars toward Infinity. The records of the past may give us an occasional beam of light; the transcript of the poet's soul is like the full-orbed sun. It throws a radiance of glory over a world of darkness, despondency and doubt, and bids man look up and follow Hope. Its teachings are not illusions, but the truest

truth; for they come up from the deep depths of the unmistaken soul; they are the result of a thorough study of the human heart. Hence, there is a sound philosophical character in *true* poetry. We speak not of mere versification, for this may be no more poetry than grammar is rhetoric; but of that verse which exalts our conceptions of truth, and fills our minds with sublime ideas, as it makes the appearances of things proportionate to the mind's desires, instead of compelling us to submit to the deductions of the historian or the philosopher, which leave us still longing for a higher dignity, a better order, and a more lovely variety than nature shows us since the momentous fall of man. Poetry! how it cheers the heart when it is sad; refreshes the mind when it is weary; infuses into it new life when it is dejected; wakes up all man's dormant energies, guides them to noble purposes; while it not only presents the teachings of virtue in the most pleasing manner to mankind, but even compels the soul, though it be reluctant, to feel and acknowledge the power of the sublime principles of virtue, philanthropy and truth.

Byron may infuse into the youthful bosom the elements of the vilest passions; he may cover up the baseness of his heart under his eloquent and glowing language, that it be not at once perceived by the ingenuous mind, and thus blight and destroy the fairest flowers which fall under his withering influence; Moore may wrap the silken drapery of his warm imagination around the weapon which lies concealed but till it is uncovered, to pierce the unsuspecting heart; there may be a thousand poetasters scattering, in the garb of poetry, the seeds of infamy and moral death — yet all this is but a feeble objection for men to urge against the earnest declaration that poetry, lofty and genuine, should be loved and cultivated by every one who has

'The vision and the faculty divine.'

The great poet is the world's great hero. Homer yet inspires men's souls with lofty daring and generous impulses; he still speaks in all the majesty of truth, and leads on to heroic action. Milton was greater when giving to the world his Paradise Lost than even when advocating the Liberty of the Press; and his charming numbers will ever delight and animate with noble aspirations the lovers of truth in fiction and of poetry, drawn with 'colors dipped in heaven.' In truth, the poet, as his name imports, (ποιητής,) is another *creator;* an original man. His is the magician's wand, and as he moves it, he binds the soul fast, but with silken cords, and it gladly lingers to be delighted. He perceives in all things; the leaf, the flower, the sunbeam; the cooling and refreshing draught for the thirsty heart, as it pants for the life-imparting streams of genuine song. A kindred spirit finds in him his enjoyment, his life. And well; for when one is filled with melancholy for some disappointment, that threatens to slowly wear out his life; or when with a bosom full of joy he goes out to meet his destiny of bliss, the poet's spirit comes forth, like the sun from darkness to day, and 'with soft transition turns his harp to joy or wo.

And thus the poet is a teacher, a prophet, a friend of gods and men."* He shows us the blooming flower of wisdom, and like a bird of song, hovers over the world, nestles on lofty heights, feeds on fair flowers and delicious fruits, and has all the year one spring of animation, happiness and joy.

We love the music of the human voice, but love as much the gentle, yet thrilling music of the poet's lyre. There are those who have no soul to feel the magic power of Poesy: they seem like icebergs under the freezing breath of the polar winter, rather than like the floating mountain as it dissolves away under the melting influence of the equinoctial sun. Such, see no beauty in the strains which entrance a heart of deeper sensibility; they plod on their toilsome way, grasping after gold-dust or the bauble power, which shall eat, as with a canker, at the very core of the heart, till every generous feeling is dislodged from the breast, and it is left to live, a cold, frozen, insensate thing!

It is not such who read with pleasure the antiquated though brilliant lines of Geoffrey Chaucer. He who shall study the poetry of this father of English verse, will not be a dull, dry, dead piece of humanity; but if he read with deep attention, he will feel that he is in the presence of a master spirit, who is striking every chord that vibrates in harmony with truth and nature in his soul.

We often speak of the superiority of our condition over that of our ancestors. And it is not strange, that men should at this day believe they are gifted with broader intellects, and have a deeper insight into the relations they sustain to the world of matter and of mind, than they who lived when the shadows of superstition and ignorance veiled the vision and settled down heavy on the heart. Yet we love to contemplate the progress of social life; the advances of science; and the transitions of our race from barbarism to refinement, from darkness up to day. And it is not in vain that we thus cast our eyes along down the history of man, for by this we learn the customs, manners, monuments, opinions and practices of antiquity; and as we contrast them with those of our own day, our imagination is gratified by the sight of human nature exhibited in such various and wonderful forms, and we go forth among men, conscious of our exalted dignity, though grateful that our lot has been cast in a more enlightened age. We are thus led to feel that our own acquisitions are but slight, and to encourage that culture of the mind and heart which is so necessary to the existence and practice of social virtue, and the advancement of the human race in their slow and toilsome pilgrimage toward truth. England, in Chaucer's day, had not lost all that ferocity of the national manners which ever characterizes a people untamed by the arts of refinement; and the more polished courts of Europe, even then retained in their ceremonies a mixture of the barbarous, which we may always see at periods, when nations are so much civilized as to have lost their original simplicity, and yet have acquired no just conceptions of the requirements of pro-

* Carlyle's Goethe.

priety. The age of Edward I., and even that of Edward III., was a martial age. War was followed as an art; even trade was in a great degree neglected; and literature pursued mostly by scholastic divines. If the time of Socrates was the period when the sophists swayed Greece, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were surely the age when sophistry reigned supreme in England. Light had burst forth even from the cloister to guide men on in life, but its beams were too few and feeble to dissipate the darkness which for centuries had hung over the popular mind. Its gleam could not cause even the absurd speculations of the followers of Peter Lombard and the famous Abelard, to vanish. The ambition of the scholar, no less in England than on the Continent, was to be skilled in the theology of the schools, and in the speculative philosophy which the masters in metaphysical inquiry taught to be the only pursuit worthy the intellect of man.

Science not founded on truth will never give to nations that polish and elegance of manners, which must be acquired before they stand forth claiming to be models of excellence. Religion, corrupted by superstition, cannot build up a structure towering in real majesty; for its base is laid with unsound materials, and its turrets shake with every assailing blast of knowledge and religious truth.

The tournaments of princes might form magnificent assemblies, while they enforced the noblest sentiments of heroism and honor, but they could give at most but an imperfect conception of genuine courtesy and decorum. The feudal establishments even then, continued to encourage deeds of martial bravery; and chivalry, in a measure made sacred by religion, presented that curious picture of manners, in which 'the love of a God and of the ladies were reconciled, the saint and the hero were blended, and charity and revenge, zeal and gallantry, devotion and valor, were united.' Yet, even chivalry did much in those rude times to assist the growth of refinement, the progress of civilization, the formation of elegant manners, and the cultivation of a taste for the beauties of poetry. The head was becoming informed; the heart beginning to feel the power of the poet's inspiration. Imagination was awakened, the sensibilities to the lovely in art were heightened by the uncouth though fanciful lines of the early fathers of English and Scottish song. The star of learning was then rising, and served to send into the minds of the multitude some convictions of the great fact, that light, even something of the divine, might dissipate the clouds that had shrouded them so long, as in one unbroken midnight. They see it in the East, and welcome it, as if another 'Star of Bethlehem!' Patriotism, not that villanous desire for the eminence of country, which forgets that all excellence consists in following right and virtue, but that burning desire for the intellectual and moral elevation of the whole people, which is felt only where lofty views of justice and benevolence prevail, was inspiring all with anxious wishes to develop the capacities of the *people's* intellect and soul. Many a poet, filled with a Burns' heartiness, often wished that he,

> '—— For poor auld' England's 'sake,
> Some useful plan or book could make,
> Or sing a song at least.'

Such was the character of the times, which we too often consider so far back in the darkness of the past, that they are unworthy of our thought, though they in reality furnish, if we attend to their teachings, some of the most pleasing themes of meditation; for here we learn simplicity and gallantry, as well as see the long road over which men have travelled in order to reach the position which it is fancied we occupy in advance of the uncultivated nations of the earth. If such were the feelings and the pursuits of the earlier occupants of the soil of Albion, a little reflection must satisfy us that their poetry, if inspired by genius, would yet be simple though wild, devoted to the praises of heroes and lovers, instead of the nobler themes which Milton, and Cowper, and Young, chose to give them immortality. Nature was their model, for few could read Homer, Virgil or Horace; and indeed, this model was the best.

Still the poetry of one century was not the poetry of the succeeding, for this, like the character of the times and the nature of the seasons, exhibited the same changes of feature and form, the same alternate states of sterility and fruitfulness. In the reign of Edward II., the versifiers were distinguished by a division into two classes, the lay-minstrel and the ecclesiastical, who in general made choice of very different subjects. The former, displayed their poetic talents in satire and love-songs; the latter, in lives of the saints, or in versifying chronicles; while chivalric tales and romantic narratives were considered the common property of both. The one class, from their provincial situation, Mr. Ellis thinks, retained more of the Saxon phraseology, and resisted the influx of French innovations, while their competitors, the lay-minstrels, if they did not sing translations from the French, at least took their models from *their* language. From this it would seem, that England then had her rhapsodists, if she had no Homer to furnish them with verses; minstrels whose names and memory have vanished. But they could not expect immortal remembrance without producing immortal works; and so they sleep forgotten. Men must labor, if they would live forever in the hearts of a grateful posterity. Toil for a day is not enough; it is life-work, directed to great and ennobling ends, which gives earthly immortality. Call this a bubble if you will; 'a fancied life in others' breath;' it still is not unworthy of the greatest saint in Christendom. It is the direction in which man's energies are turned, the purpose of the heart; which gives character to his acts; and he who would take from the heart of man this innate longing for applause, would rob him of what God implanted there, in the depths of his spirit, for a wise and honorable object; the full development of all the powers and faculties of his immortal nature. Though what the bard of Chios says, be true, that,

> 'No mortal man can shun that fate on earth
> Which Father Jove assigned him at his birth;'

it is no less true that man is the arbiter of his own destiny. If this short digression may be pardoned, we will return to our particular subject, and speak of the two principal schools of modern poetry: the romantic and the natural. In these earlier times when some love

of song was felt, but when no distinct ideas of what constitutes true poetry existed, the romantic school flourished. Tales, indeed, are but the offspring of an uncultivated age; hence, they prevailed in these primeval days of English history. Even systems of divinity were filled with parables and apologues, and GOD was worshipped in rehearsing the legends of the saints. Romantic fiction found materials with which to build up its castles in the air, in the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the history of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, the history of Troy, and the Gesta Romanorum. And not only did the vast 'Gothic fabric of romance' have its foundations in these works. but a thousand structures have been erected on them by Gower, Chaucer, Spenser and Shakspeare; some just showing their summits above the smoking ruins of Time, and others towering in unsurpassed majesty, the wonders of the world.

Such was the state of England's literature when CHAUCER came forth, like another rainbow, the covenant sign that a flood of darkness never should again drown the world, and sweep away the very vestiges of science, literature and art. We shall pass to a consideration of a portion of his writings in another and concluding number.

SENSUAL PLEASURES.

ANACREON: ODE SEVENTH.

'OLD art thou grown,' the women say,
'Thy strength and beauty fade away:
Look in this glass, ANACREON! see
Thy head from hairs, not wrinkles, free.'
'Well, be it so. I little care
If time has thinned or bleached my hair:
It more imports, that unsubdued,
My spirit is with age renewed;
That still as death draws daily near,
The joys of life grow doubly dear;
My love of pleasure more intense,
As narrowed by each failing sense:
If I've but left one source of bliss,
More reason I should husband this;
If but one hour of life remain,
Why cloud that little hour with pain?'

Yes, Teian bard! if thou canst cast
Approving smile o'er all the past;
And, in thy long career, canst see
A cheerful life, from envy free;
Which love could win, and wine subdue,
Yet leave thee still to virtue true:
Not virtue, such as patriots feel,
Or martyrs of heroic zeal;
But social virtues, such as move
To mild good nature, kindness, love.
If these are thine, and thou hast still
The generous heart, the manly will;
Approaching fate thou need'st not fear,
Nor tremble, though grim death be near.
The gods provide in realms below,
For such, pure nectar, love's warm glow,
And strains of music, such as ring,
ANACREON! from no mortal string.
Though thine on earth no rival know,
Thy songs shall there more sweetly flow,
Mid groves, with grateful shades imbrowned
Thy brows, rose-wreathed with myrtles crowned.

But ah! in poison of the bowl,
If thou too long hast steeped thy soul;
Till genius quenched, and virtue fled,
Thy nobler nature all is dead:
By base, degrading vice possessed,
If selfish passions ruled thy breast,
And thou hast changed—O! vile! unjust!
Love's generous flame for fires of lust;
Then dark shall be thy lonely age:
Condemned, through life vain war to wage
With cares, regrets, with servile fears,
Lewd lossel! in the vale of years;
Slow winding down the dreary road,
To gloomy PLUTO's dark abode:
There long to dwell, till penal fires
Purge from thy soul earth's low desires;
The dross of vice, each sordid stain,
Till pure the spirit mounts again.

NATURE'S TENURE.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

The landlord walks over his acres,
And saith in his heart: 'They are *mine*;
Only I and my own are partakers
Of the fruits of this earth, rain and shine.'
But a shadow of care is involving
The orb of his lustreless eye,
While Nature goes mutely resolving
In whom the right title may lie.

The bees wander into the meadow,
And feed on the beautiful bloom,
The cows stand as still in the shadow
As they stand on the Nubian tombs.
The birds hang their lithe baby-jumpers
On the bows of the willow and elm;
The squirrels drink acorn-cup bumpers
Of dew, as if lords of the realm.

The matron plucks herbs from the hedges,
Whose virtue keeps sickness at bay;
The children pull moss from the ledges,
To carpet their palace of play.
The teeth of deer-mice are sickles,
To reap where the farmer hath sown;
The berry-vines leave but their prickles,
The birds take the fruit for their own.
The mole digs her subterrene tunnel,
From shock to far shock of his corn;
The traveller drinks from his runnel,
A freshness of vigor and morn.

The poet, whose soul-bloom is wedded
To Nature by sounds, music-fraught;
And visions, that bee-like have fed it,
With golden-hued fruit-dust of thought:
Has wealth in the field of his neighbor,
More rich than the fond dullard's own;
Unbowed by excess of his labor,
Unforced by long vigils to groan.

Yet the while every creature is taking
Sweet solace or sleep in his field,
The landlord is weary and waking,
For peace that his soil cannot yield.
Alas! he must still be a sharer,
In spite of his purchase and deeds;
His right is no firmer or fairer
Than the musk-rat's that mines in the reeds.

Excess over need is oppression,
That only is ours which is spent;
Enjoyment alone is possession,
And fulness is fortune's extent.

The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98: THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER 1, 1849. No. 3.

THE KED'NTRY IN NO DANGER! GREAT SUCCESS OF THE FLAG-STAFF! CHILDREN CRY FOR IT! It affords us the most adequate satisfaction to inform our readers that the rush for this paper continues great. It coëquals our most sanguinary expectorations. When we started the Flag-Staff on the extensive basis-principles we go on, it was considered a moot p'int, and that by men of pootty judicious judgment, on whose judgment we rely. They said to us confidentially, which they meant thoroughly to carry out in their mind's eye, we have no doubt: 'We are friendly to you; for ourselves, personally, we will subscribe; but we tell you the experiment is hazidus. Your platform is too broad. Men want a narrower line of conduct to stand onto. Here is our dollar. You may have our money, but we give you our advice.' Said we, taking our pen out of our ear, and laying it on our table, at the same time soddering up a letter with a wafer, squirting a long streak of spittle onto their boots, with the most entire composure of mind: 'Gentlemen, we have confidens in our feller-men. Give us your money and keep your advice;' and we found out that this class of advisers were acting altogether with a *quo animo;* for when it come to giving the dollar, some could n't change a twenty dollar bill, and others, when they gave it to us, we thought it come tough. Uncomposed and undiscouraged, we set ourselves to work. Says we to ourself, 'PRINCIPLES must command respect. Those who have no principles are doing very wrong, we do think. Dear friends, we say to you that we want you should reflect on it. Let us dwell a little on that p'int. REMEMBER THIS, SO AS YOU CAN TURN BACK TO IT WHEN WE TELL YOU, AND WHEN WE SAY, THAT WE SAID IT A SPELL AGO! *No* principles would sink a man or a ked'ntry to a profundity where a Sandy Jones or a Walton could n't fish it up again on a summer's day, we warrant you, either with worms, clams, flies, or eel spears. 'T is n't *bad principles* will do it. Them you can put your finger onto; somethin' to grab. But where there is *no principles*, you cannot find 'em. Do you see the difference? Now turn back to what we said, and see whether it corresponds. But as our plain readers, the farmers, may not be expected to be conversant with logic, we abstain. But we would inform these good friends, and the advertising community in general, that our circulation knows no retiring ebb, but keeps right on. On the day of publication of our last issew, we think the pressure exceeded any thing we ever seen. The jam

begun to grow dan-gerous, say nigh about eleven o'clock; but the police was not called till about one, and no death occurred until a quarter of an hour after. At that time, Thomas Brown, Esq., was squozed to death. Mr. Brown had been afflicted with a severe cold for about a week previous. He done a good cash business at the time of his death. Several mothers, with infants at their breasts of a tender age, was at one time, when the rush from Main and Terraxicum streets became intense, was in extreme peril. We *do* think that it is highly imprudent in mothers to venture in such crowds with their tender offsprings. We should be much pained should the 'Flag-Staff' be the occasion of an infanticide casualty. Some boys was also run over by a company of dragons, whose horses had taken fright. At about half-past one we appeared at the winder to endeavor to allay the excitement. We said, 'Fellow citizens, our roller-boy is now all in a sweat, and we are jis goin' to press. The issew is nearly ready.' And retired. Several of our friends nodded to us among the crowd. Among others, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Thomases brother, and we also noticed our little round-faced, red-faced friend around the corner, the 'Chronicle' man, and a sundry variety which we have not time to mention. Friends, we thank you for your paternage. We call your attention to the value of advertisements which is not adequately known by the business section of community. Pickleby has made a fortune by his 'Peculiar Pickles.' We knew Pitiful when he was a boy. He took it for his motto that the ked'ntry owed him a livin'. And not being able to succeed in the pump-handle business, he tried shirts, in which he failed, and paid a very few cents on the dollar, and those few in tails, the buzzums of the shirts having gone to be made up. It was the worst shirt-failure that has come off since the revolutionary war. After this, he invented his pickles and advertised them in every newspaper from the Pickayune to the London Quarterly. He now drives in his carriage. A great many cases of 'sense of goneness' have been cured by the advertisement of the Tixicum Tonic in the Flag-Staff, of which medicine they had elsewise remained entirely ignorant. It gives us much pleasure to announce that the post-office advertising for Bunkum has been given to the Flag-Staff, that paper having the largest circulation. Boyed on hope, with our eye fixed on the jail, meaning well, we shall go for those PRINCIPLES stated at the head of this 'Flag-Staff, unflinchingly yet firmly, uncompromising yet with vigor, adequately, yet meaning no harm; THE PRINCIPLES OF '98; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

HERR SMASH, the great Pianist made his first *deboo* before a Bunkum audience last night. That there was any such being in existence in any quarter of the globe was onbeknown to us until about a year ago, when a puff from the Manchester Courier was sent out for publication all through the United'n States'n, declaring his

great triumph in the town-hall of of said place. This kind of sharpened curiosity, and we first heard the question asked, 'Who was Herr Smash?' Also with reference to his laurels. (And speaking of laurels, we have a few cedar posts to be disposed of cheap.) Then came a small pamphlet, left at the doors of Bunkum, headed in German characters, **Herr Smash**, and that he was now on his way, which investigated inquiry to the highest pitch, but no Herr Smash yet. Soon after his plenipotentiary agent appeared, for the purpose of hirink a room, and be speaking him a sufficient benefit from our fellow citizens cordially responded to; after which, with a good head of steam, the Caledonia steamer brought up the monster to the wharf at Boston last week, soon after which, the bills were printed at this office, and he last night appeared at his *deboo*, which was enthusiastic to a degree.

The instrument was an extremely massive one, of the kind called grand, which when the curtain drawed up, we perceived was secured to the floor by tranverse timber from the lumber yard of Boardman and Brothers, also by a side-long piece of iron, hammered down with tenpenny nails (patent heads) and screws. Herr Smash soon entered with a bust of unanimous applause. His appearance was exentrik. A bushy head like a bushel, and a smear of mustashes onto his upper lip, otherwise a frock-coat and sundries. He also carried a cambrick handkerchif perfumed with musk. We smelt it. He took his position, planting himself firm, while two upholsterers tacked his coat tails with little brass studs, also secured his body with ropes. His audience were by this time at the highest point of the *key-veere*, and time they was. He took off his gloves, hurled his eyes all round the theayter, looking grim, held his wrists about three feet above the key board, letting the ends of his fingers hang down, his hair stood right up, and we knew that eminent jepardy was a-coming. So held them for three minutes while all the whole audience was nigh out of breath, and while they was so, down he came with his ten finger-nails! After this, he looked round with a smile, and the enthusiasm of the audience, unable to hold out any longer, broke through all bounds. Before this was over he lifted up his fingers and down he came again, insomuch that the brass plate of the piano was wrenched off, and one leg thrown pretty much across the room. Unmindful of this, he now began galloping with his fingers from end to end of the instrument, turning head over heels between a quaver and a semiquaver, and all right again and on, before any body would know that there was any time lost. He first played Yankee Doodle, out of compliment, smothering it up with the blanket of ornament, and tucking it in, that when the poor Yankee did peep out with its face we hardly knowed it. Says we to ourself, 'Can this be Yankee Doodle come to town, Yankee Doodle dandy?' After this however, unloosing his musical bark from the wharf of patriotism, he began to play the Battle of Prague, the Battle of the Nile, Battle of the Pyramids, Battle of Wagram, Battle of Austerlitz and Battle of Bunker Hill, all concentered into one grand junction

cannonade, which after the third volley ripped off his coat tails, tore up the brass nails, and threw the lid of the piano clean across the room, while the sensation of the audience was unmitigated in the extreme. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and children at the breast bawled aloud, while some friends of ours were so foolish as to boohoo out of mere enthusiasm. We can only state the effect it produced, as our musical critic has drawed up a scientific account. We, the editor of the Flag-Staff, stood our ground, screwed up our eye-glass; blowed our nose with our pocket handkercher; run our fingers through our hair; sucked our cain; cast our eyes round unmolested; smoothed down our hat; buttoned our risbands; hitched up our pantaloons; applauded very slightly with our thumb-nails; thought over our next leader in our next Flag-Staff, when just as we were doin' this the Herr come to the finale, when just as you think it all done, horns, fiddles, cymbals, gong, and kettle drum with a bang; bang; bang; bang; tiddle de diddle de idle; bang, bang, bang, tiddle de dum de idle; BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG; then a slow measured *bang;* BANG; BANG; then at it again with a fiddle de iddle de iddle de crash! crash! smash! and with that legs, keys, iron, wire, sank down on the floor in one mass of hetereogenus chaos, and Herr Smash, his hair on eend; his coat tails ripped off; his eyes flashing fire; his mustashes looking thunder; his fists clenched; his mëouth foaming, ran right off the stage.

We DONO *when* we was more gratified by a speciment of superhuman and super-christian forbearans, than yesterday forenoon. We was walking down the street, (we allude to Main-street) with a warm-hearted friend, when we encountered a character who has been, say nigh twelf month or so, struttin abëout as one born to command. He comes up to our friend with a ferocious swagger, while we, as modesty required, which we did, retired to a little distance. Says he to our friend, (we by this time had got as far back as the steps of Jones' Hotel, from where we precipitately thought that for conveniens sake we might as well go into the sittin-room, from the windows of which we could see, as we were pained to do, the whole adventure very plainly,) says he to our friend, his eye glaring like basilink's, his fist rattlin under our warm-hearted friend's nose, 'Will you take it back — instant-ISSIMO? Eh? eh? eh?' To which our warm-hearted friend replies, cool as a coocumber, 'No, that he would not.' Then, said he, 'you will consent to have your nose rung.' 'Certainly,' said our friend that he would do that, if it needs be, for the truth is, his countenance had a gashly expression. With that he took hold of the end of his nose, grizzle included, and twisted it rëound and rëound, like a washerwoman twists clothes, which he might easy do, as the nose guv. We think we never seen so perfect a twist — in the very natur of things painful — tobacco included; and if 'twar n't illastick like Ingen Rubber, would have come off certainly, we think. At least such we stated as our opinion to Mr. Williams, who stood at our elbow at Joneses, he assenting thereto. All the time our warm-hearted friend bearing this like

a hero, till finally the belligerent, as if to carry matters a leetle *too* far, took the inside of his thumb and puncked it and flattened it downward, and as we observed to Mr. Williams, that was the *chef doover* of insult, to which he assented, and we then looked out o' the window for the result. No result, however, occurred, although we debated in our own mind about calling the Police, and so we afterwards stated in the hearing of several. Our warm-hearted friend, whose nose seemingly recurred to its position, and that with a recuperative spring, merely replied, looking very placidly at his antagonist, 'N — ang! — I hope you 're satisfied!' to which the other replied, with a hearty laugh, 'Yes, undoubtedly; if you 'll stand that you 'll steal a sheep;'* and we as Journalists retired to our office to record the event.

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Airthquake.—As we was setting into our office last night, chained like a galley-slave to the oar for your gratification, reader, we heered a pooty smart shok of an airthquake. The teeth of our apartment, to speak figuratively, chattered. It unbuttoned our gallowses, picked our teeth, knocked the quill out of our ear, cut our fingers with a pen-kife, upset our inkstand, blotted our editorials; but guy! I rather guess that which shook most, gentle reader, was we, ourself.

—

The Ked'ntry in danger.—We have listened to this cry till we 're nigh abëout sick of it.

—

Musical Criticism.

Herr Smash.—The presence of this new commodity has created a stir among the *dilettanti* of Bunkum. In sitting down to take a cursory *coup d'œil*, we wish to have in view the principles of art. This master spirit differs mainly from the compeers of the musical firmament, which have yet been ushered in. If he is not equal to some others in *breadth of style*, he more than compensates in *thickness*. If the *flippancy* of his wing is no so *volitante*, his *crash* is grander. He astonishes less by the *delicacy* of his intonations, but the 'grand entrée' of the combined horses of his musical stud sweeps every think before it. He flutters less, but he pounces more. Indeed, the *tout ensemble* of his touch is impressive, and massive, without the spangling scintillations of Titmousini, but with much of the gruff humor of Grubb. If need be Herr Smash can be very acid, but this is immediately shone to be remedied by a chemical infusion of

* This base insinuation of stealing a sheep, we here on our individual authority, repel with a generous warmth. We have noen Mr. Thomas for twelve years, our acquaintance commencing with the great Equinoctial storm which blew down our grandfather's barn. At that time, he was a young man in the prime of life, and we think, raised the best marrow fat peese we ever eat. He was a good mathematician, kind to the poor and troubled with the piles. In all the relations of a father, husband, uncle and cousin, and trustee of common lands, he has followed the direct standard of duty. Mr. Thomas is at this time forty-three years of age, slightly marked with the small-pox, an estimable citizen, a church member, and a man of known integrity for ten years. And as to sheep-stealing, that he would-a done it can he get the opportunity, it is without the least foundation in point of fact. The known facts do not bear out the state of the case, but on all occasions the opposite. Some would have stole a sheep many years ago when merceno was the vogue, if they could get one, the fleece being highly profitable and a good deal of it. But of this again. Up the North River, at Tarrytown, they put flannel waistcoats on the lambs, but they died. Mr. Thomas could have stole our lead pencil several times if he chose, and he did n't do it. So much for this p'int. It's a sad world we live in.

Editor Bunkum Flag-Staff.

other properties which do it away and lend a remarkable sweetness and transparency to the temper of his compositions. In his elaborate efforts, he reminds us of some of the best cornices at Rome. Perhaps he *bears on* a little too much in the *minor* passages, but in the *major* ones, his resiliency is equally remarkable. We were forcibly reminded by his playing of our sensations when we listened to the gifted Humbugio. We think that his chief fault is a want of *color*.

Statooary.

Powers's Greek Slave.—We went to see this *chef doover* in plaster, it having been brought to Bunkum last week. We had understood it was an *exposure* and we wished to be satisfied on our own account. Figure then, reader, or let us figure for you, an adult she-statoo without any frock. We were at first dismayed and pained. We said to our warm hearted friend Mr. Thomas, 'Give us our hat. We wish to put our head in our hat.' We subsequently came to a different state of feelink, having been a little prejudiced at first we confess by learning that the plaster it was made of was brought from Paris. Now, then, if you want to know what we think of it, reader, its the gratest piece of whittlin in the world and we don't see how he done it. No jack-knife could-a cut a shaving or shingle slicker, we *doo* think. It's so smooth and rëound, that it shines like a little lump of loaf sugar, the light seems to butt up ag'in it, and then back right eöut. There was silence in the room like the Egyptian desart when the Harp of Memnon has got the floor. A deep, solemn whisper of 'Very fine!' was all which pervaded the ear, save every now and then could be heard the undertones of the exhibitor who was turnin' the statoo about on a pivot, that the whole effect of the whittlin might be perceived, 'Slower, John: To the right; to the left; that 'll do, there now, hold on, and so forth,' which we wished he 'd keep to himself, as it broke in on our reflections. One do n't like to have the sacred ness of his reflections decomposed when the very light of heaven seems to steal in.

By Telegraph.

FOR BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF.

Philadelphia, 15th August, 9, P. M.

Putty has taken a sudden rise. There is a dreadful fight now going between Waccacoe Engine No. 17 and the Boys of Southwark. A lady does not now think of leaving her cambric work on account of shouts or fire arms under the windows, nor do the authorities interfere. A resolution is to be brought before the Common Council to appropriate a general fund for the support of the children and widows of those annually killed in the city riots. Also to appoint a historiographer to record these affairs weekly, with the names of the officers, scene of action, and also the wownded and killed. It has been also resolved to consider the propriety of raising a standing army for the Liberties and City Proper, that these several quarters may come to a pitched battle at least once every month. It is expected that there will be a grand fight

next week betwixt the Orthodox and Hicksite Quakers, who are beginning to catch the spirit of war.

Poetry.

We have been requested to publish the following, written by a heart-broken man. We do so, hoping that it may be a warning to the young and inexperienced, rather than for the melody of the numbers, which are not remarkable.

TO KING ALCHY.

Go it while you're young, they said,
And go it pretty strong;
And now not old, I'm almost dead,
And cannot hold out long.

O had I chosen to wait a bit
Until my locks were gray,
I should n't yesterday *have had a fit*,
And expect it again to day. CHARLES.

Bunkum, Aug. 15, 1849.

Dost thou think because thou art pious there shall be no more cakes and ale? BARD OF AVON.

Summary.

A. JARROLDY, Esq., of England, arrived at Niagara Falls on Monday last. On the whole of that day he kept his room, from a severe heart-burn, but on Tuesday, after dinner, accompanied by his servant, he looked at the great Horse Shoe Falls with his eye-glass. He conveyed to several of the bystanders his unqualified endorsement that it was clever, considered as a work of nature, but complained much of his heart-burn. Having been so kind as to cast his eye cursorily around, he returned to his hotel, and to-morrow is *en route* for Nova Scotia.

New Publications.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN ALL ITS VARIETIES. By J. COMMONPLACE. SMITH AND SMITHSON: Bunkum.

FROM the name of this author we always have the assurance of setting down to something worthy of himself. Never vulgar, never transgressing the bounds of decency and grammar, with a style at least pleasing, and with faults far from glaring, he always approaches his subject with a sense of responsibility. In his selection of subjects he is judicious, and in his handling of them there is evidence of a degree of care. That he is a gentleman and a scholar we should infer from his page, from which every thing which by the remotest possibility could excite a feeling of uneasiness is most conscientiously and scrupulously excluded. We wish more books like this could be found on the shelves of every library. They would at least have the effect of excluding an abundance of trash on whity brown paper and in stitched yellow covers, which is a positive disgrace to all concerned. Mr. COMMONPLACE is a man who holds a most respectable place among our book-writers; and we defy any one who, if they cannot say anything for, can say any thing against him in his moral social or literary connexions. We wish him much success in his new work, which will not take away any of his previously-acquired reputation, but we think will somewhat add to it. He is now engaged upon a work, the subject of which he forbears to inform the public, but the secret is in the hands of a few friends, and will transpire in point of time. We shall sharpen up our curiosity for this new and much-desiderated treat. We must not forbear to compliment the publishers in their share in the 'Sketches of Life.' The margin is large, paper white, and printing unexceptionable. For the dog days we warmly endorse and commend the book, as it will not excite a headache nor too much tax the powers of the mind.

ESSAYS ON MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL. By ONLY SOSO, A.M.

THIS volume fills up a blank in literature, and will be hailed with feelings of satisfaction. We have had so much written of late about things in particular, that it is really quite refreshing to meet with any remarks upon things in general. Mr. Soso has performed a labor of love, and

to say that he has acquitted himself creditably is that which will neither surprise nor astonish his mutual warm friends, who will also be glad to hear from Mr. Soso, and to run their eye over his replenished pages, which show the most scrupulous regard to truth. In treating subjects he seldom fails to make out his case, if not with triumph, at least in a manner highly honorable to his goodness of heart; and we speak it from personal and certain knowledge, that Mr. Soso's heart never palpitated with one feeling which was unsocial or unfriendly, or which could be misconstrued by his fellow men. He thinks of going to Chicago next Fall, but wherever his lot may fall, we *do* hope that he will not *altogether* forego the practice of literary pursuits, but at least, for his own intellectual gratification, will work off one of these well-meaning essays, so honorable to himself and so little deleterious to the world at large. We wish we had room in the Flag-Staff to give our readers a taste and a specimen of our author's vein; yet we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of transcribing a passage, which we quote for the extreme justness of the views. It is on life, and will be found in the 850th page. Speaking of life in its more indubitable forms, our author says:

'Let me not be misunderstood in the estimate which I would form of the vanity of temporary possessions. All things which are given to us in this world may be used for good, and no doubt *are given* for good, and we have not the slightest doubt might be *turned* to a good purpose, and might be extremely serviceable to our fellow men, and might be conducive to the best interests of society; and probably, unless we are vastly mistaken, *would* be far at least from doing any injury to those whose peculiar interests it might be most desirable, in all our endeavors particularly, or so far as a common sentiment for religion and morality, to say nothing of minor considerations, might require to consult. Still we would wish to take a view of life not in the abstract, but which would be approved by the religious systems which we respect. Life then is a thing of a variety of shades, dark and sombre, white and brown, like a caleidiscope or a cosmorama, ever shifting, never steady, and only to be enjoyed to the utmost when we look at it in a moral, religious, and business-like way.'

This passage, taken almost at random from pages replete with the same calm, and just, and unobtrusive views of life and its relations, will commend itself to all readers, and we think will be admitted to be a specimen of common sense.

Blood-Thirsty Novels: A series of these popular tales is now in press, consisting of 'Cut-Throat Tom, or the Outlaw of Hackensack;' 'The Long Low Black Schooner, or Life on the High Seas;' 'Smashgandi, or the Bride of Wehawken;' 'Hateful Parkins, or the Wretched Rascal;' 'Fe-Fo-Fum, from the Chinese: a faithful version;' 'Smash Crash Slam and Bang, a Heart-rending Tale of Bunkum:'

'Do n't steal this book, my honest friend,
For if you do, the gallows will be your end.'

Communication.

The following communication is from the regular Washington correspondent of the B. F. S. and I. E. We give it 'in the ruff,' as the sayink is; but the writer would get the literary respect of community more, if he would correct his spellink, punctify, and grammar up his piece-t a little more. It is pooty good, however, and he has our thanks. Ed. B. F. S. and I. E.

'*Washington, August 14nd*, 1849.

'Deer Sir: Cordin to promis, I sit rite down on my rival hear to keep a diarea, the first froots of wich I now send you. Washington is sichuated as it wear in the hart of the Distrik of Columby, and is bownded by too rivers, the Tiber and the Poetonik: the Tiber is grean, and not yaller, as som says. The sity is maid up of bildins, hotells, staibels and sitizens, all standin side by side and fasing the fore conners of the gloab. I was a good eel struk by the hacknied coachmen. They are all Irish, and not niggers. The Smithsoa Instytoot I dont like mutch; it is too squat. The stile is normal French. The arkitek's name is Ren-wick, but he certantly cant hold a candel to Christofur Ren, who reered up Sen Pall's, London. The Capitul I like better: it is in good ordure of arkitexture, and looms up nobli. The grounds is verry pooty, flour-beds maid up carefull, and floing fountings. I saw ever so meny squirts there that air in the habits of spoutin durin the seshun from mornin til nite. The Congress-water is giv away. They air gittin on verry vigrous with George Washington's monyment. Too hundred yeers hense, wat a spektikel it will be for American sityzens too look at! I must now clothes. In my next I will giv you my pinions about the govermint.

'Ures ass ever,
'John Smith.'

Answers to Correspondents.

'Linkum Fidelius.'—*Who wants to 'wound your sensibilities?' We did n't hack you with a bowie-knife, did we? did n't tomahawk you? did n't cut your throat with a razor, bleed you with a lancet, pinch you with a tweezers, hang you with a rope, roast you on a gridiron? And if we had 'a done all, would n't you have deserved it for sending us one of Mr. Pop Emmons' cantos of sixteen hundred lines, and ask-*

ing us to publish it in the 'Flag-Staff' as your own? You might have done it to Pope, and nobody to take his part; but Pop Emmons is too near our own time, while we have a leg to stand on, and see him robbed.

'HUMBLE INQUIRER.'—*'What were the words which Wellington used at Waterloo?' Answer:* 'UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM!'

'DOUBLE BARREL.'—*'When is the law up for Robins?' Answer: when the wild cherries are ripe.*

To 'M.,' *who sends us an acoustic on his own name, we reply: his name is unknown, and his acoustic won't be through the columns of the 'Flag-Staff.' Acoustics and conundrums and puzzles we do n't want. They done well enough ten years ago, but not now.*

'JOB OF TARRYTOWN.'—*We carnt let you have the paper for sassages. Corn, hay, oats, grits taken in exchange, as see perspective.*

'MARY.'—*No, dear child; your poetry on a 'Frost-Bitten, shorn Lamb,' is not wanting in versicles of power, and some length of ear for rhythmus, melody and dynamics; but that one line,*

'With his little short tail a-waggin',

knocks the effect of the whole smack in the head, like a bowie-knife. We must therefore decline, though we do it with tears in our eyes. Try it again, dear child.

'IT'S TOO BAD' can 't have a place. *It 's not only 'too bad,' but it 's three bad that such trash should be served up.*

'CHRISTIAN FRIEND' *shows bad temper because we changed 'slush' for 'splush' in his verses. We thought it an improvement then, we think so now, we shall think so to-morrow, we shall have thought so when day after to-morrow shall be numbered among passing events. Also and moreover, we* DID *draw our pen over some peculiar passages, and change a few words, and put in a few sentences of our own, and add a few exclamation-points, with a sundry variety of other things, too numerous to mention, all of which we considered necessary to the toot ensemble of the composition.*

'P. Q. Z.'—*If so, so; if otherwise, otherwise. At any rate, not exactly. However.*

'WRITER.'—*Try some other subject: 't aint suited to your powers. A dull man with a flighty thought which he can 't manage, is like a chicken who has hatched a duck. Different elements suits different, and vice versy.*

'GASH' *is too savage, otherwise we would admit him. Change your subjeck, and send* CASH. *Direct to 'Bunkum Flag-Staff.'*

'ANXIOUS INQUIRER.'—*'How many sects are there in the Christian world?' Answer: as many mites as there are in cheese, + the quadruple of that quantity, and 'she cry is still they come.'*

To 'S.,' *who sends us a number of ripe gooseberries. We thank him, and please to send 'em with the bush. To* 'WARM-HEARTED FRIEND' *we also return thanks for a pail of buttermilk, but darestening not to eat it, we gave it to our pigs. It would have done him good to see 'em consume it; it gave their tails an extra twist.*

JABEZ *says, 'It amounts to a moral certainty that it would be difficult to realize a large fortune at this time in the city of New-York out of a cargo of green apples.' Probability favors the conclusion.*

'DEPLORABLE CALAMITY' *is filed for insertion.*

'MARY'S' *song, beginning*

'ANY time I'm glad to see you,
Come again and bring your work.'

is under consideration. We will show it to our wife, and if she says that we had ought to give it to the public, we will give it to the public; and if she says that we had not ought to give it to the public, we will not give it to the public. Will that do?

'JAMES,' 'JOHNSING,' 'PLAIN DEALER,' 'JACOTAL'S SYSTEM,' 'EVERGREEN,' 'JO ANNIE,' 'NOW OR NEVER,' 'PINDAR,' 'BELINDA,' 'FLINDER,' 'SCINDER,' 'FLANDER,' 'PERIANDER,' 'GANDER,' *and others, will receive attention in point of time.*

Advertisements.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S decease will create a vacancy in some circles which will not speedily be supplied. Considered as a woman of genius, we by no means consider her at the top of the ladder, although her works are calculated to give a insight into society, and show the vapid ethics and utter heartlessness of what is called *the world*. When we say 'the world,' we mean society as it is now constructed, with all its petty motives laid bare, with all its polity exposed, and showing the festering mass. We have been reading lately an account of her lineage and family, drawn up from her ladyship's dictation. The early scenes of her life, like that of many of our suffering fellow men, were laid in Ireland; a country over which Humanity weeps. She was distinguished by the smallness of her hand, also peculiar whiteness, and finger-nails well trimmed. When she spoke, there was a sweetness about her looks. We hardly think that her portraits do her much justice. Count DORSEY was a relative of hers — quite a good painter; and if he would take rooms in this country, we think we could promise him some patronage. We for one would have our pictur taken, and if we liked it, more work would probably ensue, as we should speak to our friends. Her ladyship had recently gone to reside in Paris, where she was enjoying the society of the DUTCHESS DE GRAMMONT. She was somewhat subject to fulness of blood. Had she taken a dose of HUMBUG'S HIPPOPOTAMUS PILLS the night previous to her death, that affecting catastrophe might have been avoided. Sold only at the Bunkum Drug-Store, price fifty cents a box. jak.n.ap.es.

BUTLER'S ANALOGY is one of the greatest books ever written. It is the *chef d'œuvre* of a great mind, and we suppose has done more to put a stop to the mouths of infidels than fifty of the best preachers in existence. It is a work which wants study, which we are afraid it do n't get. You take any sentence into it, and if you can get that thought into any narrower compass — try it as much as you like — then you may take our hat! It is a work for only a pretty smart man to read, and when he *has* read it it 's not an easy matter to digest it. In the atmosphere of stupidity, as in cholera, mental huckleberries remain undigested in the stomach of the mind, like little leathery sacks. But if all minds won't work, all beards must grow; therefore the ELEGANTINE SHAVING CREAM will greatly facilitate the operation of shaving. It cost the Profes-

sor fifteen years of ardent, unintermitted, intense study, shut up in a close room, during which time his meals were passed through an iron grating. Hair-cutting and Shaving done at his saloon in the most appropriate fashion, and customers WILL NOT BE BLOWED ON! not.1ce.

THAT THE BRAIN OF THOMAS MOORE, the poet, is softening, turns out, as we suspected, to be a malignant report without any foundation in the truth. We hope he will remain with us at least a *Little More*. Such is the selfishness of men, that they seem to begrudge the time and space occupied by those who are a little advanced in life. They frequently make inquiry how old they are, and compute their chances to be small; kind of glorying in the contrast with their own ages. But life is uncertain to the best man that ever walked, we do n't care if he is a son of ARAK, or a giant in strength; therefore let them look to it. Many remedies have been sought after for protracting life and healing the calamities that flesh is heir to, but we think that HUMBUG'S LONGŒVAL POWDERS exceed any thing before known for all incident diseases. This celebrated medicine is pleasant to the taste. It diffuses a circulating glow through the entire system. We positively assure our customers that there is No MERCURY in it: No Mercury! No Mercury! No Mercury! Heathen god that he is! — or if so, *only a little*; and if the entire virtue of the medicine is borrowed from that little, let the wiseacres judge. Our object is (to make money, of course; that is permissible by every system of ethics, *whatever* you do; whether you make pretence to that of which you are entirely ignorant, whether in your ignorance you trifle with the feelings and sufferings of poor, sick, dejected fellow mortals, who have earned the little money which they give you by the sweat of their enfeebled bodies; *whatever* you do, as the great, the immortal SHAKSPEARE has expressed it, '*Get money in your purse!*' But as we were going to say, *our object* is) to *plaster up and remedy* the decayed constitutions of our fellow men. Any thing warranted, from a dislocated toe up to a dropsy or an apoplexy. **$500!** FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FORFEIT if the medicine does not take effect! Sold at the Bunkum Drug-Shop, (price one dollar per package,) where may be had, also, GRANDFATHER'S LIFE PILLS, HONI SOIT MAGNETIC GARTERS, and PICKLEBY'S PECULIAR PICKLES. None genuine except signed by the inventor's name,

Pitiful Pickleby.

Also, Sealingwax sold in large quantities, Lucifer Matches, Magnesia, and Devil's Darning Needles. O sh.wh.th.blsh! — Sep.1.

A PIOUS MAN, a member of Dr. POTTS' church, wants board in a pious family, where the members are communicants. Money loaned by the same at ten per cent. a month. Address 'JERUBBAEL,' box 100,000.

A LADY OF INFORMATION would inform the public, that having taken a room in the basement story of No. 1 Maine-street, she will be happy to inform her friends in all matters relating to love, matrimony and future events, by the science of the stars. If she were really a prophet, she would probably foresee where money could be had, and so rise above the basement; but as these things are a mere matter of taste and belief, those who have money to spend and do not know how to spend it, had better come and see the Lady of Information without delay.

FIDDLEDEDEE MIXTURE AND FEVER-AND-AGUR COMPOUND: NONE GENUINE UNLESS SOLD IN QUART BOTTLES.— The public has been so long imposed upon by charlatanry, and especially the concoction of quack medicines, which have been palmed upon them to such a degree, that if the public could be resolved into one grand stomach, it would be sickened. It is really refreshing to meet with a medicine the result of study, and formed after the highest principles of art. Such is the FIDDLEDEDEE MIXTURE, without one particle of Mercury, that deleterious drug, which has wiped so many a good noble fellow off of the slate of existence. The beams and timbers of the constitution are rotted away by this dangerous drug, and then of course the mortar falls in. It is really melancholy to see the youth of our country taking calomel and jellups for every slight ailment of the system, when it is going to leave them with toothless gums and obliterated constitutions. The FIDDLEDEDEE MIXTURE was first invented and applied by the DOCTOR'S UNCLE. Cures Fever and Agur, Fits, Cramp, Diarrhee, Chill Blains, Croup, Tysic, Coughs, Asthmahs, Tic Doloreu, Kings' Evil, and all other Diseases incident to Humanity. Sold only at Bunkum Drug-Shop.

A LADY AND GENTLEMAN wish a situation in some genteel family as waiter and cook. They have lived together as helps for some years in the city of New-York. They will expect the drawing-room one evening in the week to receive company, and to have the carriage at their disposal on Sunday afternoons. They will be at the service of the family until seven every evening, after which they expect to be at leisure, and will make it a point never to be out later than one o'clock at night. The lady will take milk-punch or champagne for her lunch, and the gentleman, to save expense to the proprietor, brandy-and-water; he will also expect to carry the keys of the wine-cellar; but in disbursing to his friends the older wines will be used sparingly. The lady and gentleman wish the master of the house to feel that his interest is their own. References confidentially exchanged. Address Box 999,999, Bunkum P. O. 2cOOl.

TO MARRIED PERSONS WITHOUT FAMILIES.—The subscriber will give up his twelve interesting children, one at the breast, to any persons who, being unblest with responsibilities, would like to have these little critters to fetch up. They are of every age and stator, up to thirteen years, and the father would only ask and take bonds that they be well fed and clothed, and their religious and moral education be attended to, and that they may be treated according to the Homepathic medicine in sickness. Apply to

J. B.,
Poverty Lane, No. 10.

WANTED, by an Amsterdam Tea-House, a lad, nineteen or twenty, as clerk. To a young man of integrity and respectable family, the most desirable inducements. Must produce undoubted testimonials, willing to devote his entire time, reside with his parents or guardians, expected to loan two thousand dollars, give bonds not to smoke, chew tobacco, scratch his head, frequent oyster-cellars, porter-houses, theatres, balls, ten-pin alleys, billiard-rooms, sweat-boards, raffle for poultry or game, restaurants, confectioners, steam-boats, Coney-Island, Rockaway or Saratoga; take his dinner down town. Information derived an equivalent for first year's service. Apply to ISCARIOT GRASP,
1 Brokers' Alley.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, fully sustained. (See large head.) Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post oncet a-week to Babylon, Pequog and Jericho, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, name JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, and United'n States'n currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, honey, shorts, oil, paints, glass, putty, hemp, cord-wood, live geese feathers, dried apples, peaches and plums, new cider, axe-handles, bacon and hams, vinegar, pumpkins, harness, hops, ashes, clams, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange. WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a-week.

A KING'S MEMORIAL.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

THE grave of MACTHUIL, King of Imail, may be seen at Glendalough, a celebrated valley of Ireland, surrounded by the Wicklow mountains. It lies neglected beside a ruined church, and is covered with a rough stone bearing this inscription: 'BEHOLD THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE BODY OF KING MACTHUIL, WHO DIED IN JESUS, 1010.'

THE place is wild and desolate
Which holds a monarch's dust;
No pyramid stands proudly there,
No column, urn, or bust;
He sleeps where ruins strew the ground,
Within a sunless vale,
The chief who led, in days long past,
The tribes of broad Imail.

He reigned where glad Ovoca rolls
Its waters calm and pure,
He chased the red deer up the rocks
Of misty Glenmalure;
For him brave clansmen drew their swords,
And minstrels waked their strains;
But wealth, strength, power and song have fled:
His TOMB alone remains.

His tomb?—one mossed and mouldering stone,
From Erin's mountains rent,
Lies hidden in the tall rank weeds,
His earthly monument:
Go thou, who scornest paths of peace,
Resolved to shine or rule,
And look on that last heritage—
That house of King MACTHUIL!

Yet, ere thou turn thine eyes away,
Or hasten to depart,
Take thou this truth from Glendalough,
And write it on thy heart:
'Years, as they fleet, make spoil of all
That proud men seek or prize;
But nought shall tear the crown from him
Who blest in JESUS dies.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANTON CHINESE, or an American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. By OSMOND TIFFANY, Jr. Boston and Cambridge: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

THE author of this interesting volume does not claim to have furnished us with a history of the Chinese, or an elaborate essay on that great nation. He visited China for the purpose of studying, as far as lay in his power, the aspect, manners, customs, habits and ranks of Chinese life; and he brought himself in actual contact with the people, instead of remaining in the hongs and obtaining all his information from the numerous books which have been written on the people of the 'celestial flowery land.' In this spirit day after day he went about the streets, into all kinds of shops, passed much time on the densely-peopled river, and made acquaintance with the various ranks of the inhabitants; studying intently all that passed before him, carefully comparing the observations of one day with those of the next, and finally submitting them to the revision of gentlemen who had lived for years in China, and enjoyed the best opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the natives. The work therefore must be regarded as in all respects a truthful one, since the author treats of nothing which did not come under his actual observation. We have perused the work with interest, for it is alike entertaining and instructive. The style, for the most part good, is now and then a little labored; the accumulation sometimes of tautological adjectives being the most marked defect. We had marked many passages for insertion, but must content ourselves with the following graphic picture of the water-life of the Chinese:

'THERE is no spectacle in the world more wonderful to a stranger's eyes than the river population of the Celestial Empire. He who has been accustomed to see vast territories in America uncultivated, and almost unknown; who has seen its mighty rivers dotted with scattered sail, and its forests still unexplored; or who has threaded the streets of European capitals, and thought them crowded, learns, perhaps, for the first time, in sailing up the Canton River, how far the multitudes of other continents yield to the teeming millions of Asia.

'In almost all countries population is confined for the most part to the shore. But, it is no fiction to say, that in China there are millions who, from the hour of birth to that of their death have their only homes upon its waters, dwelling in some frail bark just big enough to breathe in, the gift of parents, who had nothing else to give.

'We have passed Whampoa with its thousands of inhabitants, but considered a mere village; we have passed the nine storied pagodas, that a thousand years ago stood where they now stand, on gentle eminences, embosomed in trees, the most picturesque of towers; we have left the barriers thrown across the river during the British invasion; and now see the stream covered with boats, and float between fields green to the edge of the water.

'We have seen thousands of natives, men and women, toiling under a blazing sun in meadows rich with heavy harvests, yet not more than enough to preserve life in the mass of creatures who garner it; we have seen other yet more pitiable objects, searching the banks of the river for reptiles to feed upon; we pass again fortifications as extensive nearly as those at the mouth of the river; but we shall see something more wonderful 'than this, than these, than all.'

'An immense hill upon the right now attracts our gaze, for on the one side of it are scattered villages and emerald meadows, and on the other a hazy cloud, like the dense atmosphere that overhangs an enormous city.

'We pass now rows of fish-stakes driven into the bed of the stream, reaching from bank to bank, with narrow passages for boats, and now we float between large trading junks from Singapore and Siam, and the northern ports, shaped like a Chinese shoe, and their high sterns decorated with gaudy paintings. We mark their huge wooden anchors, their grass cables, mooring them at both ends, and their immense sails of coarse matting.

'Some are laden with bamboo furniture; some have quantities of lanterns hanging over the side; and some bring the highly prized sandal wood and precious drugs, and return laden with the productions of the looms, workshops, and gardens of China, its silks, its porcelain and its tea.

'There were two vessels near to each other, that had come long distances with different purpose; the one was an English war steamer that had left Hong Kong to compel the payment of the indemnity money, or to throw her shot into the narrow streets. The other was a Siamese ship humbly coming as of old, to lay tribute at the feet of the Emperor.

'We soon arrive among the larger class of vessels employed as men-of-war, and more highly decorated: some most elaborately carved, painted and gilded. Vast numbers of junks are passed swarming with life, loading, discharging, repairing, sampans are flying to and fro, and Indiamen's boats, pulled by Lascars in gay dresses, forming one of the most lively and crowded scenes imaginable.

'Here is a mandarin boat coming down the tide with perhaps forty oars on a side, covered with a matted house, to shield her crew from the sun, armed with one or more cannon or long swivel guns, and decorated with brilliant flags and lanterns.

'But what means this loud noise and sound of rejoicing, proceeding from one of the boats gay with streamers, scarlet paper and gaudy inscriptions? Some are burning paper, and others beating merry gongs, for a gentleman has taken unto himself a wife, and is entertaining his friends to the best of his ability.

'And here, in a large and beautiful green and golden barge, is the sound of music, and between the silken curtains we may descry some of those painted Jezebels, from whom no soil is free.

'We have passed through several miles of boats, and have not seen the quarter of them. It is, indeed, impossible to give an idea of their number. Some say, there are as many as seventy thousand of them at the city of Canton alone. But let us be content with forty thousand. Then fancy forty thousand wild swan closely packed together, floating on some wide pond, and mostly restless, you would say they might cover many acres of their element. Now by the enchantment of imagination convert the pond into the roaring Pekiang river, the swan into boats of every shape and size, the notes of the birds into the yells, the shrieks, the piercing noises of the river people, and you may have the actual scene before you.

'And all these boats, miles upon miles, from border to border, are densely packed with human beings in every stage of life, in almost every occupation that exists upon the shore that they seldom trespass on; and there they are born, and earn their scanty bread, and there they die.

'The boats are moored side by side in long reaching thousands, so that the canal they form stretches to a point in the distance. In the Shaneem quarter, above the foreign factories, they form vast squares and avenues. Forty thousand floating tenements would, under any circumstances, be considered a singular sight, but here the swarming occupants give them the appearance of a mighty metropolis.

'Let us take up the course of a human being, nursed in one of these river-rocked cradles. He is born, and his mother, in a few days recovering from her maternal throes, straps him tightly to her back, and toils, as usual, at the oar. As soon as the little fellow can stand, he, in his turn, is put to the scull, just where his tiny hands can reach it, and is made to go through the motions. Thus the knack of working his passage comes to him theoretically long before he can put it in practice.

'As soon as his cranium is sufficiently covered with its natural growth, his hair is shaved off in front, and plaited with difficulty into the tail, the pride of his life, which he is taught to cling to more pertinaciously even than to his integrity. Then follows his initiation into the mysteries of chopsticks, the fragrance of tea, the chink of money, and the abhorrence of foreigners. He learns just as much English as his parents happen to know, and as much Chinese as will serve his purposes. In time he comes to paddle his own sampan with the best of his compeers, and to carry a fanqui (foreign devil) to Whampoa.

'Perhaps, in manhood, he may ship on board a junk, to see something of the world. He sails up the coast of China, or to Manilla, Batavia, or Singapore; but wherever he goes, he becomes morally convinced, from the authority of old navigators, and from his own clear, unerring judgment, that the Celestial Empire is the favored of heaven, the centre of the earth, which is itself flat and square, not at all the round orange that lying barbarians have tried to make him believe it is; that the sun goes around the world, for he sees it; that the English are savages from a little island in one of the four corners of the earth; and that America, if he has ever heard of such a spot, is about as large as Macao. He returns with a deal of wisdom, gleaned from foreign travel, and felicitates himself that he is not one of the Yahoos he has met in his wanderings. He may have managed to pick up a few dollars, so he takes a wife, and quietly holds the tenor of his way until he is gathered to his fathers.'

We scarcely marvel that a country like China, with its three hundred and sixty millions of people, should consider itself as occupying nearly the whole globe, and the few other peoples beside them 'outside barbarians.' The Chinese have very many things about them which might be copied with advantage by more civilized nations; and of these the reader will be well advised who shall peruse the interesting volume we have been considering.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES KENNARD, JR., with a Sketch of his Life and Character. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

ALTHOUGH this volume is printed for private circulation only, we cannot resist the inclination to refer to it, for the purpose of making an extract or two from the memoir which accompanies it, in illustration of the noble nature and sublime heroism of the gifted and amiable author. Nearly all the articles contained in the work were originally written for, and published in, the KNICKERBOCKER, where they were universally admired, and after the death of the writer a sketch of his life also appeared in these pages; but the present memoir is much more complete, and embraces matter which will not only prove of interest to our readers, but will convey a salutary lesson of patience under affliction and cheerfulness in the darkest hour of sorrow. The victim for long years of a cruel disease, which seemed to take every variety of form, until almost every physical sense was annihilated, Mr. KENNARD never complained, and seemed only at any time to lament his sad fate because it gave pain to his relatives and friends to witness his sufferings. Confined entirely to his chamber; the joints of his body, even to his wrists and fingers, ossified; with no more power of self-help than a new-born infant; welcoming amputation with the most manly courage, and without a murmur; and finally struck with blindness, he yet maintained unwavering cheerfulness to the last hour of his 'maimed life.' Some idea may be formed of his character from a passage or two of the memoir in the volume before us. The following is from a letter to his brother, in anticipation of the amputation of his right leg:

'I HAVE often stated to you my fears that my knee would come to amputation. They are now about to be realized. *To-morrow* at eleven o'clock I shall get rid of a troublesome appendage, which has palsied every effort that I have made for the last four years. However, I do not complain of that. I think the knee has been of service to me in many other ways. It, at least, has kept me from a deal of wickedness and dissipation, has given me time to reflect, and to form serious resolutions. I am content.

'I feel no fear at all at the prospect before me. I have no wish to put off the evil day. At my solicitation, it was agreed to perform the operation a week before the time appointed. I wished to have it done before my parents knew that the time was appointed. I would not have them here in the city at the time for any thing. I shall thus save them the pain of suspense while I am under the knife. A consultation of seven of the first surgeons in Boston decided on my case. I told them I wished them to understand, before they recommended any thing new, that I was ready to suffer amputation at any moment. As a last trial, they put me on a course of mercury for a week, and then at my solicitation gave it up, and agreed to cut immediately. Our parents will remain in ignorance until all is over. I wrote them a few days since, in order to reconcile their minds to the measure, but left them under the impression that it would not happen under two weeks. Father's ship will be launched to-morrow at twelve, and my leg cut off at eleven — a curious coincidence. The nearer the time approaches, the cooler I feel about the matter. It does not trouble me in the least. Though the knife will pain me, it will be but for a few moments. I'll put in a P. S. after the operation.' In a postscript he adds: 'All is over. Not half so bad as I thought. Have been rather feverish and restless since the operation, but am now getting quite calm. Doctor says I am doing well.'

After much suffering, the same disease appeared in his left leg, which was soon rendered not only useless but a source of intense pain, and gradually extended itself to other parts of his frame; but all his previous sufferings were trifling in comparison with the agony of a disease which soon after assailed his eyes, and made him, during the residue of his life, the inmate of a dark room:

'No sun, no moon, no stars; all dark!'

Yet do but observe the tone of feeling and spirit which marked every day of his now sightless existence. At this period he writes to a friend:

'You will doubtless be astonished at the alteration of my handwriting; but my experience goes to prove, that the more I am deprived of the usual aids, such as eyes, hands, joints, etc.,

the better I can write, and the easier I can get along in every way. Just shut up your eyes chop off your hands, and try it. If you only have faith and a good amanuensis, my word for it, you will succeed to perfection. I feel in such high spirits about it, that I intend soon to commence writing my life, and expect to become as renowned as Milton, and to get more for my book, to be entitled, 'The Life of an Invalid,' than he did for his Paradise Lost, to say nothing of the fame.'

Talk of the heroism of the battle-field; here are true bravery, courage, unshrinking fortitude, even to martyrdom, which were never exceeded on any blood-stained 'field of glory.'

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Invasion of JULIUS CÆSAR to the Abdication of JAMES THE SECOND, 1688. By DAVID HUME, Esq. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

THIS new edition, which is well executed in a typographical point of view, contains the author's last corrections and improvements in the history proper, together with an account of his life, written by himself. Of the history itself nothing is now required to be said. It has passed the ordeal of contemporary as well as later criticism, and has long been considered a model of simple yet graceful and comprehensive literary composition. The brief memoir of the writer's life, written by himself, is a delightful piece of autobiography; and as we perused it, we pencilled a few sentences which, with our readers' permission, we shall proceed to lay before them. Speaking of the lack of success of some of his first attempts at authorship, HUME says: 'Such is the force of my natural temper, that these disappointments made little or no impression on me.' In relation to the attacks which were made upon one or two of his works upon moral themes, he observes: 'I had a fixed resolution, which I inflexibly maintained, never to reply to any body; and not being irascible in my temper, I have easily kept myself clear of all literary squabbles. I was ever more disposed to see the favorable than unfavorable side of things; a turn of mind,' he adds, 'which it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year.' In 1763, HUME was attached to the English embassy at Paris; and he thus bears his testimony to the attractions of the gay capital: 'Those who have not seen the strange effects of modes, will never imagine the reception I met with at Paris from men and women of all ranks and stations. The more I resiled from their excessive civilities, the more I was loaded with them. There is, however, a real satisfaction in living at Paris, from the great number of sensible, knowing and polite company with which that city abounds above all places in the universe.' If we may take for veritable HUME's exposition of himself, he was a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all his passions. Even his love of literary fame, his ruling passion, never soured his temper, notwithstanding his frequent disappointments. He wholly escaped the baleful tooth of calumny, and never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of his character or conduct. He was for some time aware of the existence in his person of a mortal and incurable disease, and he reckoned, he tells us, upon a speedy dissolution; and yet he never suffered a moment's abatement of his spirits. An excellent engraved portrait of HUME, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, fronts the title-page. One can hardly help fancying, while surveying carefully the expression of the features, that the original was a man of at least sinister sentiments; and it would be scarcely too much to assume, from this prima *facie* evidence, that he was a confirmed skeptic.

A SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Sir CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S., etc. Complete in two Parts. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

QUITE an interesting book for a dry, plodding geologist, like Mr. LYELL; a man of a class who generally perambulate a country for the purpose of picking up stones, and who usually indulge in no subject with any unction unless it is a 'specimen' of something very hard, with a very hard name. But our author in these volumes has much to say of the people of the United States; their manners, customs, scenery, and objects of interest in the different divisions of the republic; and we must certainly award him the credit of having recorded his impressions with a spirit of candor hitherto somewhat rare among preceding travellers from his country. Although it has come to be considered a matter of very little consequence what the second-rate English journeyers through the Union may have to say of us, it is not to be disguised that the favorable opinions of a man of sense, of high scientfic attainments, with a distinguished reputation in his own country, are not unwelcome on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. LYELL has twice visited and twice travelled over the American States. He has, in many instances, revised and corrected previous impressions, and would seem to have derived new views, in several important particulars, of the workings of our social and political system. It is not a little amusing to note at times, however, the manner in which the reader is either directly or incidentally referred back to the writer's native land, as embodying the *standards* by which his judgments are swayed or his adverse or favorable opinions formed and sustained. All this is natural enough, however, and not to be particularly blamed, perhaps; yet the fact is noteworthy, notwithstanding. The style of the present work is in our judgment a great improvement upon that of the author's previous book upon this country.

LETTERS FROM THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS. By CHARLES LANMAN, Author of 'A Tour to the River Saguenay,' 'A Summer in the Wilderness,' etc. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

A THIN volume, with a thin style, by a writer of thin intellect, and thinner conscience. It is the misfortune of this 'author,' if author he may be called, that there is scarcely the slightest reliance to be placed upon any of his statements. Our readers will remember the exposé made of the outrageous *Munchausenisms* of his 'Summer in the Wilderness,' by Mr. MORRISON, of Fond du Lac, in the columns of '*The Tribune*' daily journal; an exposé undeniably authentic, which has never been answered, simply because it could not be. We have been not a little amused to hear the personal comments made upon the misstatements of this writer by gentlemen who knew, from personal observation, and long residence in the regions pretended to be described by him, the extent of his mendacity. We made on a former occasion a little memoranda, at the Sault Ste. Marie, (from the lips of a gentleman who backed his assertions with his respected name,) of some of these ridiculous *Lanmanisms;* and recently at Lake George we were made acquainted with other but kindred misstatements, touching 'men and things' in that beautiful locality. The letters in the book before us, (which is evidently not from the press, although bearing the imprint, of the publisher,) were printed in the '*National Intelligencer*,' a journal edited by two gentlemen who originally elevated, and who have sustained at the elevation to which it was raised, one of the very first gazettes of this republic. But an editor can't be held responsible for the harmless exaggerations of a correspondent suffering under a chronic 'cacoëthes scribendi.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS.'—It certainly behooves Mr. DICKENS to look to his laurels, for of a surety there is a kindred spirit treading close upon his heels. The author of 'Vanity-Fair,' and more recently of '*The History of Pendennis, his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy*,' has so many characteristics as a faithful limner, in common with the author of 'DAVID COPPERFIELD,' that after reading the last production of either, it is a matter of no small difficulty to decide to which one it would be proper to yield the palm. Let any one run over the different characters introduced in the first part only of the work named at the head of this article, and mark the gallery of faithful portraits which they present, not alone to the imagination but to the eye of the reader; the gallant Major PENDENNIS, the oracle of his club, with his buff waistcoat, his checked morning cravat, his spotless linen, matchless gloves, and incomparable whiskers; his gentle, kind, beautiful, womanly sister-in-law; her son, the ingenuous, generous, enthusiastic, 'spooney' young gentleman, who gives the name to the story; his early friend Mr. FOKER, a 'born' TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, with more heart than head; and, to say nothing of others who have much to say, and more to do, in the progress of the tale, the COSTIGANS, father and daughter, the latter known as 'The FOTHERINGAY,' her '*nom-de-theatre*,' 'lover to' whom is PENDENNIS, the principal hero. We proceed at once to extracts, commencing with a portrait of the manager of the company of players, in which the 'valuable services' of Captain and Miss COSTIGAN are engaged. Young PENDENNIS and FOKER have arrived at the theatre:

'THEY had almost their choice of places in the boxes of the theatre, which was no better filled than country theatres usually are, in spite of the 'universal burst of attraction and galvanic thrills of delight' advertised by BINGLEY in the play-bills. A score or so of people dotted the pit-benches, a few more kept a kicking and whistling in the galleries, and a dozen others, who came in with free admissions, were in the boxes where our young gentlemen sate. Lieutenants RODGERS and PODGERS, and young Cornet TIDMUS, of the Dragoons, occupied a private box. The performers acted to them, and these gentlemen seemed to hold conversations with the players when not engaged in the dialogue, and applauded them by name loudly.

'BINGLEY, the manager, who assumed all the chief tragic and comic parts, except when he modestly retreated to make way for the London stars, who came down occasionally to Chatteries, was great in the character of the 'Stranger.' He was attired in the tight pantaloons and Hessian boots which the stage legend has given to that injured man, with a large cloak and beaver, and a hearse feather in it, drooping over his raddled old face, and only partially concealing his great buckled brown wig. He had the stage-jewelry on, too, of which he selected the largest and most shiny rings for himself, and allowed his little finger to quiver out of his cloak, with a sham diamond ring covering the first joint of the finger, and twiddling in the faces of the pit. BINGLEY made it a favor to the young men of his company to go on in light comedy parts with that ring. They flattered him by asking its history. The stage has its traditional jewels as the crown and all great families have. This had belonged to GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, who had had it from Mr. QUIN, who may have bought it for a shilling. BINGLEY fancied the world was fascinated with its glitter.

'He was reading out of the stage-book, that wonderful stage-book, which is not bound like any other book in the world, but is rouged and tawdry, like the hero or heroine who holds it; and who holds it as people never do hold books; and points with his finger to a passage, and wags his head ominously at the audience, and then lifts up eyes and finger to the ceiling, professing to derive some intense consolation from the work, between which and heaven there is a strong affinity. Any body who has ever seen one of our great light comedians, X., in a chintz dressing-gown, such as nobody ever wore, and representing himself to the public as a young nobleman in his apartments, and whiling away the time with light literature until his friend Sir HARRY shall arrive, or his father shall come down to breakfast—any body, I say, who has seen the great X. over a sham book, has indeed had a great pleasure, and an abiding matter for thought.

'Directly the Stranger saw the young men, he acted at them; eyeing them solemnly over his gilt volume, as he lay on the stage-bank, showing his hand, his ring, and his Hessians. He calculated the effect that every one of these ornaments would produce upon his victims; he was determined to fascinate them, for he knew they had paid their money; and he saw their families coming in from the country and filling the cane chairs in his boxes.'

Gallant reader, your hands, if you please; and if you have flowers, 'prepare to shed them now,' for here comes Miss COSTIGAN, otherwise known as 'The FOTHERINGAY,' the bright particular star of the evening:

'A CHAMBER in Wintersen Castle closed over TOBIAS'S hut and the Stranger and his boots; and servants appeared bustling about with chairs and tables: 'That's HICKS and Miss THACKTHWAITE,' whispered FOKER. 'Pretty girl, ain't she, PENDENNIS? But stop: hurray!—bravo! here's the FOTHERINGAY.'

'The pit thrilled and thumped its umbrellas; a volley of applause was fired from the gallery: the dragoon officers and FOKER clapped their hands furiously: you would have thought the house was full, so loud were their plaudits. The red face and ragged whiskers of Mr. COSTIGAN were seen peering from the side-scene. PEN's eyes opened wide and bright, as Mrs. HALLER entered with a downcast look, then rallying at the sound of the applause, swept the house with a grateful glance, and folding her hands across her breast, sank down in a magnificent courtesy. More applause, more umbrellas; PEN this time, flaming with wine and enthusiasm, clapped hands and sang 'bravo' louder than all. Mrs. HALLER saw him, and every body else, and old Mr. BOWS, the little first fiddler of the orchestra.

'Those who have only seen Miss FOTHERINGAY in later days, since her marriage and introduction into London life, have little idea how beautiful a creature she was at the time when our friend PEN first sat eyes on her. She was of the tallest of women, and at her then age of six-and-twenty, (for six-and-twenty she was, though she vows she was only nineteen,) in the prime and fulness of her beauty. Her forehead was vast, and her black hair waved over it with a natural ripple, (that beauties of late days have tried to imitate with the help of the crimping-irons,) and was confined in shining and voluminous braids at the back of a neck such as you see on the shoulders of the Louvre VENUS—that delight of gods and men. Her eyes, when she lifted them up to gaze on you, and ere she dropped their purple deep-fringed lids, shone with tenderness and mystery unfathomable. Love and Genius seemed to look out from them and then retire coyly, as if ashamed to have been seen at the lattice. Who could have had such a commanding brow but a woman of high intellect? She was dressed in long flowing robes of black, which she managed and swept to and fro with wonderful grace, and out of the folds of which you only saw her sandals occasionally; they were of rather a large size; but PEN thought them as ravishing as the slippers of CINDERELLA. But it was her hand and arm that this magnificent creature most excelled in, and somehow you could never see her but through them. They surrounded her. When she folded them over her bosom in resignation; when she dropped them in mute agony, or raised them in superb command; when in sportive gayety her hands fluttered and waved before her, like the snowy doves before the chariot of VENUS—it was with these arms and hands that she beckoned, repelled, entreated, embraced her admirers; no single one, for she was armed with her own virtue, and with her father's valor, whose sword would have leapt from its scabbard at any insult offered to his child; but the whole house, which 'rose to her,' as the phrase was, as she courtesied and bowed, and charmed it. Thus she stood for a minute, complete and beautiful, as PEN stared at her.

''I say, PEN, is n't she a stunner?' asked Mr. FOKER.

''Hush!' PEN said. 'She 's speaking.'

'She began her business in a deep sweet voice. Those who know the play of the 'Stranger,' are aware that the remarks made by the various characters are not valuable in themselves, either for their sound sense, their novelty of observation, or their poetic fancy. In fact, if a man were to say it was a stupid play he would not be far wrong. Nobody ever talked so. If we meet idiots in life, as will happen, it is a great mercy that they do not use such absurdly fine words. The Stranger's talk is sham, like the book he reads, and the hair he wears, and the bank he sits on, and the diamond ring he makes play with;* but, in the midst of the balderdash, there runs that reality of love, children, and forgiveness of wrong, which will be listened to wherever it is preached, and sets all the world sympathizing.

'With what smothered sorrow, with what gushing pathos, Mrs. HALLER delivered her part! At first, when as Count WINTERSEN'S housekeeper, and preparing for his Excellency's arrival, she has to give orders about the beds and furniture, and the dinner, etc., to be got ready, she did so with the calm agony of despair. But when she could get rid of the stupid servants and give

* OUR own opinion precisely, and often expressed, of this lachrymose, pocket-handkerchief piece of pompous fustian.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

vent to her feelings to the pit and the house, she overflowed to each individual as if he were her particular confidant, and she was crying out her griefs on his shoulder: the little fiddler in the orchestra (whom she did not seem to watch, though he followed her ceaselessly) twitched, twisted, nodded, pointed about, and when she came to the favorite passage, 'I have a WILLIAM, too, if he be still alive: ah, yes, if he be still alive. His little sisters, too! Why, FANCY, dost thou rack me so? Why dost thou image my poor children fainting in sickness, and crying to—to—their mum-um-*other*!'—when she came to this passage little Bows buried his face in his blue cotton handkerchief, after crying out 'Bravo.'

'All the house was affected. FOKER, for his part, taking out a large yellow bandanna, wept piteously. As for PEN, he was gone too far for that. He followed the woman about and about; when she was off the stage, it and the house were blank; the lights and the red officers reeled wildly before his sight. He watched her at the side-scene, where she stood waiting to come on the stage, and where her father took off her shawl; when the reconciliation arrived, and she flung herself down on MR. BINGLEY'S shoulders, while the children clung to their knees, and the countess (MRS. BINGLEY) and Baron STEINFORTH (performed with great liveliness and spirit by GARRETTS)—while the rest of the characters formed a group round them, PEN'S hot eyes only saw FOTHERINGAY, FOTHERINGAY. The curtain fell upon him like a pall.'

Of course the triumphant actress was 'called out' by vociferous voices, rattling canes, and persevering umbrellas. She came on again, courtesying, smiling, charming: 'How beautiful she looked! Her hair had fallen down; the officers threw her flowers; she clutched them to her heart. She put back her hair, and smiled on all around. Her eye met PENDENNIS'S. Down went the curtain again, and she was gone!' Our young hero hurries home, with 'a mist before his eyes.' Something overwhelming, maddening, delicious; a fever of wild joy and indefinable longing, had taken possession of his spirit:

'PEN had not been in the habit of passing wakeful nights, so he at once fell off into a sound sleep. Even in later days, and with a great deal of care and other thoughtful matter to keep him awake, a man, from long practice or fatigue or resolution, *begins* by going to sleep as usual: and gets a nap in advance of ANXIETY. But she soon comes up with him and jogs his shoulder, and says, 'Come, my man, no more of this laziness; you must wake up and have a talk with me.' Then they fall to together in the midnight. Well, whatever might afterward happen to him, poor little PEN was not come to this state yet; he tumbled into a sound sleep; did not wake until an early hour in the morning, when the rooks began to caw from the little wood beyond his bedroom windows; and—at that very instant, and his eyes started open, the beloved image was in his mind. 'My dear boy,' he heard her say, 'you were in a sound sleep, and I would not disturb you: but I have been close by your pillow all this while: and I do n't intend you shall leave me. I am LOVE! I bring with me fever and passion: wild longing, maddening desire; restless, craving and seeking. Many a long day ere this I heard you calling out for me; and behold now I am come.''

Ladies and gentlemen, permit us to 'inter-o-juice' to your acquaintance General or Captain COSTIGAN, father of the 'fair FOTHERINGAY,' whom *not* to know, you will perceive, would argue yourselves unknown:

'GENERAL or Captain COSTIGAN, for the latter was the rank which he preferred to assume, was seated in the window with the newspaper held before him at arm's length. The captain's eyes were somewhat dim; and he was spelling the paper with the help of his lips as well as of those bloodshot eyes of his, as you see gentlemen do to whom reading is a rare and difficult occupation. His hat was cocked very much on one ear; and as one of his feet lay up in the window seat, the observer of such matters might remark, by the size and shabbiness of the boots which the captain wore that times did not go very well with him. Poverty seems as if it were disposed, before it takes possession of a man entirely, to attack his extremities first: the coverings of his head, feet, and hands, are its first prey. All these parts of the captain's person were particularly rakish and shabby. As soon as he saw PEN he descended from the window-seat and saluted the new comer, first in a military manner, by conveying a couple of his fingers (covered with a broken black glove) to his hat, and then removing that ornament altogether. The captain was inclined to be bald, but he brought a quantity of lank iron-gray hair over his pate, and had a couple of wisps of the same falling down on each side of his face. Much whisky had spoiled what complexion Mr. COSTIGAN may have possessed in his youth. His once handsome face had now a copper tinge. He wore a very high stock, scarred and stained in many places; and a dress-coat tightly buttoned up in those parts where the buttons had not parted company from the garment.

''The young gentleman to whom I had the honor to be introjuiced yesterday in the Cathadral Yard,' said the captain, with a splendid bow and wave of the hat. 'I hope I see you well, Sir. I marked ye in the thayater last night during me daughter's perfawrumance; and missed ye on my return. I did but conduct her home, Sir, for JACK COSTIGAN, though poor, is a gentleman; and when I reintered the house to pay me respects to me joyous young friend MR. FOKER, ye were gone. We had a jolly night of ut, Sir—Mr. FOKER, the three gallant young dragoons, and your 'umble servant. Gad, Sir, it put me in mind of one of our old nights when I bore HIS MAJESTY'S commission in the Foighting Hundtherd and Third.' And he pulled out an old snuff-box, which he presented with a stately air to his new acquaintance.

'ARTHUR was a great deal too much flurried to speak. This shabby-looking buck was — was her father. The captain was perfumed with the recollections of the last night's cigars, and pulled and twisted the tuft on his chin as jauntily as any young dandy.

''I hope Miss F———, Miss COSTIGAN is well, Sir,' PEN said, flushing up. She — she gave me greater pleasure, than — than I — I — I ever enjoyed at a play. I think, Sir — I think she 's the finest actress in the world,' he gasped out.

''Your hand, young man! for ye speak from your heart!' cried the captain. 'Thank ye, Sir; an ould soldier and a fond father thanks ye. She *is* the finest actress in the world. I've seen the SIDDONS, Sir, and the O'NALE. They were great, but what were they compared to Miss FOTHERINGAY! I do not wish that she should ashume her own name while on the stage. Me family, Sir, are proud people; and the COSTIGANS of Costiganstown think that an honest man who has borne HER MAJESTY'S colors in the Hundred and Third, would demean himself, by permitting his daughter to earn her old father's bread.'

''There cannot be a more honorable duty, surely,' PEN said.

''Honorable! Bedad, Sir, I 'd like to see the man who said JACK COSTIGAN would consent to any thing dishonorable! I have a heart, Sir, though I am poor; I like a man who has a heart. You have; I read it in your honest face and steady eye. And would you believe it?' he added, after a pause, and with a pathetic whisper, 'that that BINGLEY, who has made his fortune by me child, gives her but two guineas a week, out of which she finds herself in dresses, and which, added to me own small means, makes our all?'

'Now the captain's means were so small as to be, it may be said, quite invisible. But nobody knows how the wind is tempered to shorn Irish lambs, and in what marvellous places they find pasture. If Captain COSTIGAN, whom I had the honor to know, would but have told his history, it would have been a great moral story. But he neither would have told it if he could, nor could if he would; for the captain was not only unaccustomed to tell the truth; he was unable even to think it; and fact and fiction reeled together in his muzzy, whiskified brain.'

Here we 'rest.' In due course of time we shall condense, for the benefit of our readers, some of the spirited scenes in which the actors hereinbefore introduced to them, and others scarcely less important in the machinery of the 'History,' figure to entire edification. In the mean time, we commend 'PENDENNIS' to the public in general as a work not only calculated to repay, but amply to reward, perusal.

BRISTED'S 'CATULLUS.' — In the review of this work, in our last number, we took occasion to make some strictures on what seemed to us an exceedingly objectionable passage in the preface to Professor FELTON'S '*Clouds of Aristophanes.*' Our intention in so doing was not to bring a personal charge of advocacy of immorality or indelicacy against the editor, but merely to exercise our right, as reviewers, of objecting to an unsound doctrine. Professor FELTON, following Mr. MITCHELL'S theory, and adopting in some degree his sentiments, had nevertheless departed from that scholar's practice, and apparently apologised for the retention of some things of more than doubtful propriety, which Mr. MITCHELL had deemed it necessary to omit, and for which he was taken to task, as we conceived, by the American editor. The passage objected to by us was this:

'AN age which has studied with freshened ardor the elder drama of England, which calls for edition after edition of BEN JONSON, and bears without a murmur the abominations of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, can have but little fault to find with the Hellenic freedoms of ARISTOPHANES, who wrote for a theatre to which women were not admitted. The Attic drama never felt the refining influence which the society of women exercises over the character and works of man. The 'Clouds,' however, is less tainted with the universal plague than any other comedy of ARISTOPHANES. Nothing therefore has been omitted from the text of this edition, as but little danger is apprehended to the morals of young men from a few wanton freaks of an old Athenian's gamesome imagination. Mr. MITCHELL has *expurgated* his 'Clouds,' by leaving out all the objectionable passages; an exercise of editorial power too much like Mr. BOWDLER'S dealing with SHAKSPEARE to pass unquestioned by the curious student of the Aristophanic drama.' (FELTON'S '*Clouds of Aristophanes*,' *Pref.*, p. xi.)

Our theory is, that what cannot be fitly recited and commented on in the lecture-room ought not to be retained in a school or college text-book. This case we believe to be quite different from that quoted by Professor FELTON as parallel, namely, the repeated calls for complete editions of BEN JONSON, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, etc.

These are for private reading, and for mature minds. The 'Clouds,' however, was for college-students; and, though Professor FELTON had previously censured the impurities and vulgarities of ARISTOPHANES, we still considered the sentences on which our remark was founded as savoring too much of an apology for their retention. Professor FELTON has taken exception to this, and complains that we 'have totally misconceived and consequently grossly misrepresented his meaning.' If so, it was certainly not our intention. That we may have misconceived his meaning is very possible; to err is human, and we therefore promptly and cheerfully make this correction, allowing Professor FELTON to be the interpreter of his own language and sentiments: that we have 'grossly misrepresented' his meaning, however, in any other way than as a consequence of that misconception, we distinctly and entirely disavow. Our intention was simply to subserve the true interests of classical learning by entering our decided protest against any thing that might even seem to resemble an apology for, or defence of the moral poison mixed in with the wholesome and nutritious food of ancient literature. That the alleged misconception is one which might easily be fallen into, especially when it is borne in mind that we had seen only the first edition of the 'Clouds,' will we think be readily perceived from the fact that Professor FELTON himself, either spontaneously or at the suggestion of others, has seen proper to modify the censured passage in his second edition. Those sentences, as altered by the editor, now read as follows:

'NOTHING therefore has been omitted from the text of this edition, as but little danger is apprehended to the morals of young men from a few freaks of an old Athenian's gamesome imagination, to be interpreted only by an assiduous use of the grammar and lexicon. Mr. MITCHELL has *expurgated* his 'Clouds,' by leaving out all the objectionable passages; an exercise of editorial power not very complimentary to the student of the drama of ARISTOPHANES.' (FELTON's '*Clouds of Aristophanes*,' *Pref.*, p. xix.)

We hope that what we have here said will prove satisfactory to Professor FELTON, and that, however deficient he may still deem us in quickness of apprehension, he will at all events acquit us of the charge of intentional misrepresentation.

ORIGINAL PULPIT ELOQUENCE.—WE have often remarked this of '*old* Dr. BEECHER,' that when he has any thing to say, he does n't, like some of his brethren whom we could name, evade his subject, and prose away, 'like the clack of a mill where there is no corn to grind,' but comes at once to the point, and when he is done, he *stops*. He made a characteristic speech the other day before 'The Brothers' Society' at Yale College 'commencement.' He was called to the floor, and in opening his remarks, said 'he was growing old, or at least they kept 'poking it into him' that he was; and he was thinking, 'Who 'll take care of the world when I am done with it?' Like a dying mother, he had got to put the trust somewhere. Must n't expect that he thought any body else could take care of it as well as he could, but considered the young brothers second best: 'Take care of the world, then!' said he; 'take care of the country!' He would give them the comprehensive advice which an Indian gave at a funeral: 'I think 't is best for every man to go home and be honest!' Adopt sound, honest principles. GOD's system does n't need changing. 'You can never make your bones set any where better than in their sockets.' If you are lawyers, be honest; if ministers, work in godly simplicity. If you propose to be politicians, the LORD have mercy on you! Stand for Principle. Our country is divided into parties between which principle comes to the ground. Right will always triumph.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — An intelligent correspondent at Jacksonville, Illinois, in a note approbatory of a remark in the 'Gossip' of a late number, that 'there is a 'compensation' in the life of nearly every man in this world,' contends, and with good show of argument, that the qualifying word might well be omitted altogether. We commend to the attention of the reader the subjoined thoughtful sentences:

'Every thing in this world is comparative; and the ministry of Good depends as much upon the existence of Evil, by comparison with which its value is seen, as upon its own positive qualities. If there were no dishonesty among men, we should not know the full value of honesty; if there were no vice, virtue would lose half its beauty, in the state of things which could dispense with its efficacy to amendment. So of pleasure and pain. Those who have never been ill do not appreciate the blessing of health; and those who have never been miserable, cannot very intensely enjoy happiness. The farther you draw a pendulum in one direction, the farther it will swing in the opposite, when you let it go. There is an analogy between physical and moral things. He who has been plunged into misery can perceive and enjoy, in proportion to the depth of that misery, the first rays of light that visit him. Between the two forces, centrifugal and centripetal, the earth preserves its medium, and revolves in an eternal circle. Who shall say that the equilibrium of the two moral forces, good and evil, is not as necessary to the moral safety of the world as the physical to the earth's revolution? God works not only with material agents. He has so combined the two elements of our nature as mutually to 'compensate' the one with the other. If years of intense physical suffering have been allotted to me, it is at least probable that my moral and mental capacities for enjoyment have been so sublimated that even a single hour's happiness may be sufficient, through the superior intenseness of my appreciation, to reestablish the equilibrium. He who has known but little evil, physical or moral, is, to use a homely phrase, so 'used to enjoyment' that it comes to him with none of the beauty of contrast and none of the brightness of rarity. No violence is done to any known rule of God's economy in supposing that the equilibrium is kept up by a 'sliding-scale' of moral and physical enjoyment. Those who are compelled to labor for the support of themselves and their families too often repine and murmur at their lot, deeming their labor mere slavery. But it is not so. The man who has been absent from home since the morning, toiling painfully for the pittance which feeds, clothes, and educates his family, may find in the evening-welcome of his affectionate wife and playful children 'compensation' for the labors of the day; ay, even for the gnawings of his own repining spirit. And as he seats himself beside his hearth, and enjoys the hard-won fruits of his toil, he need not envy the listless millionare, who rolls in burthensome splendor, and tosses upon his uneasy couch of down.'

We regret that a lack of space compels us somewhat to curtail of its fair proportions the illustrative part of our correspondent's argument. . . . The annexed '*Lines on the Rev. Theobald Mathew's visit to America*' have been sent us by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. The difference between a mission of war and a mission of peace is felicitously depicted by our new correspondent:

'The Hero of Two Worlds; that man of war
The brave Lafayette in old times was called;
More hallowed far *thy* deathless titles are,
Friend of mankind — O sainted Theobald!
A peace-apostle 'twixt two worlds at peace,
Thine is the triumph that can never cease!

'See! charioted along the hearts of men,
How that true conqueror reigns where'er he moves!
Blest be the difference wide 'twixt *now* and *then*:
Then war scowled hate, where *now* a nation loves.
Earth round seems one colossal temple made,
Where angels are the only hosts arrayed.

'And they? — for us, O let *them* battle still!
Helmed with the sun, and with the lightning armed,
'Gainst all the shuddering, threatening Power of Ill,
Already half by *thee*, mild teacher, charmed:
Charmed into almost homage, as they see
Their deadliest weapons wrenched away by thee.

'The noble 'Hero of Two Worlds' art thou;
No purer pilgrim ever touched this shore:
Echoes man's voice of praise and reverence now,
Where raged the battle-thunder's deafening roar:
Thrill, softly thrill, thou gracious western air,
With all the meek omnipotence of prayer!'

—

'*The Scalpel*' for August comes to us with its usual store of readable matter. It is, of course, somewhat 'severe' upon some of our practitioners, for that is its 'mission.' It is scarcely for the uninitiated to say how far these censures are deserved; but we are happy to perceive in 'The Scalpel' the acute edge of discriminating criticism used with skill and adroitness, in place of the undue exhibition of harsh personalities and bitter invectives. The mysteries by which our temporal life is surrounded, the peculiar idiosyncrasies which will attach themselves to particular men and to particular classes of men, render medical pathology one of the most intricate of all sciences; but a careful, acute, *unprejudiced* magazine, devoted to this branch of study, by its power of generalization has an influence which must be useful and important to all. To a large portion of the reading community 'The Scalpel' will scarcely fail to be interesting; in fact, a general knowledge of pathology in these days is not only creditable but indispensable. In an article upon '*The Abuse of the Lancet*' we find the following passage:

'NEVER did we witness a more instructive scene than was once our good fortune to behold, in company with a dear companion, now, alas! also gone from us. We went to visit a young friend of our youth, languishing on a bed of sickness, and surrounded by a lovely wife and three infants. Every thing about them gave evidence of such simple and refined taste, that the passing observer could not suspect the gnawing care that consumed our friend, lighted up his cheek with fever, and lent irregularity and force to his fitful pulse. A venerable and kind-hearted physician had just prescribed the lancet, as the only means of subduing the fever and threatening inflammation of the lungs. Suspecting, from better acquaintance, the possible condition of the patient, and relying upon the benevolence and good feeling of the doctor, a suggestion was made that the condition of the patient might originate in the '*collapse of the pecuniarium.*' The doctor's professional pride was a little startled at the suggestion, but when we related the story of our friend, there was a convulsive twitching of his eyelids, and a suffusion of their lustre, accompanied with a rapid thrust of his hand into a capacious side-pocket. His excellent heart had found the prescription which his ignorance of the case did not suggest at first; it speedily set our friend upon his feet. This is not the only case we have known to be relieved by the same medicine; yet how few suspect this as a frequent and direct cause of disease? How often might we discover beneath the faithless pulse, the gnawing care that is marking the hour on the dial-plate of *mental* anguish, and slowly snapping the life-blood of the sick, that physic cannot cure.'

There is a paper entitled '*Wine versus Water*' which we think will at this particular time excite much attention. The writer contends, and quotes abundant authority in support of the impregnability of his position, that 'a *temperate* use of good wine, when taken at seasonable hours, has never proved injurious to healthy adults,' but on the contrary is often productive of great good. He quotes from the best authors and highest medical authorities of the past, in other countries, in support of his argument, which he strengthens moreover by the verdicts of the most eminent physicians, and others of our own time and country; as Doctors PHYSIC, PARIS, GIBBON, ROBINSON, THOMAS JEFFERSON, Mr. COMBE, and other the like respectable adjuncts. The effects of ardent spirits, as a common beverage, the writer admits, are deleterious beyond all question. The effects of all stimulants, however, are represented to be as various as the constitution and character of man: 'WILLIAM PITT would retire in the midst of a debate and enliven his faculties with a couple of bottles of port, while half the quantity would silence the oratorical battery of SHERIDAN.' In all excess there is injury, while in the tendency to a *habit* of excess there is imminent danger. It would not be 'to edification' were we to re-relate some of the remarkable instances of '*The Effects of the Imagination upon Unborn Children*' in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER,

since they are chiefly interesting in a medical point of view. The thirtieth article in 'The Scalpel' contains some of the most miraculous instances in this kind that we ever heard of. The State of Vermont, especially Rut-land county, seems to be peculiarily ill-favored by Nature in this respect. A singular instance of this kind fell under our own observation, a few months since, which, as it has never found its way into print, and may serve to add to the mass of kindred evidence already accumulated, we can scarcely forbear relating here. A negro woman, FRANCES COUENHOVEN by name, residing at a place called 'Dead Horse Bay,' near Gravesend, Long-Island, was married about eighteen months ago. The day after the ceremony she started with her husband in an ordinary 'top-buggy' wagon to visit some friends who lived a few miles off; and it so happened that the horse took fright, and in spite of the address of the driver, managed to run under a sign that was elevated upon two posts, at the junction of the bay and Gravesend roads, by which the top of the buggy was torn off instantly, and the sable pair narrowly escaped with their lives. In due course of time FRANCES became a mother. The child was born entirely bald; but the attention of the physician, Dr. STILLWELL, was directed to an unusual development on the back of the infant's head. Upon examination, it proved to be a mass of thin membranous substance, in texture like a bat's-wing, intersected with slender, elastic radii, resembling whale-bone, and turning upon osseous pivots at the ears. Judge of the surprise of the physician, when upon farther examination it proved to be moveable; and gently drawing it forward over the infant's head, it unfolded itself into a miniature representation of a gig-top! The child is now living, and may be seen at any time by the curious at Dead Horse Bay, Long Island, about nine miles from this city. A full report of this remarkable case is in preparation for the columns of 'The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo,' by the gifted and enlightened editor of that popular journal. 'In conclusion,' we would recommend 'The Scalpel' as a lively and interesting serial, although we can scarcely subscribe to the appropriateness of the second part of its title. A 'Journal of *Health*' it certainly is not; and we would recommend Dr. DIXON to change it into what suggested itself as we passed a confectioner's the other day, with 'The Scalpel' in our hand; namely: '*The Scalpel: a Collection of Cases.*' . . . THE following admirable '*Lines to the Memory of Hood*' are from the facile pen of an esteemed contributor, who thoroughly appreciates and duly venerates the genius of the departed poet. The poem was sent us for a previous issue, but was accidently mislaid:

GREAT Poets never die; their words are seeds
Which, sheltered in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds —
The world's sustaining fruit.

No idle dreamers they, nor light their task,
Who with a weapon simple as a song
Defend the Right, and tear the lying mask
From the foul face of Wrong:

Who 'neath the coarsest, foulest rags can see
Some glimpses of that never-dying spark
Which lights the front of frail humanity,
As stars illume the dark.

And such was he, whose spirit shot a ray
Of sunlight through the sad hearts of the poor;
The dawning of that brighter, better day,
No longer now obscure.

Patient in suffering, calm amid the strife
Of this bleak world, how patiently he wrought;
Weaving bright threads in the sad woof of life
In the great loom of Thought.

The music of his words falling on ears
Dulled with the droning of the work-shop wheel,
Hath robbed the humble toiler of his tears,
And taught him how to feel.

Fought he not bravely? — answer, ye oppressed;
Fought he not wisely? — let the future say:
The sun that sets in such a golden west
Heralds a golden day.

R. S. Chilton.

'Time-and-time-an'-ag'in' have we 'laughed a silent laugh' at an admirable description which we once read of a Yankee stage-driver's independent bearing toward an Englishman and his family, whom he 'was the gentleman to drive' through a portion of the western wilds, and whom he left, together with his horses and 'stage,' in a sour November storm, securing for himself, in a log-hut toward which he posted for shelter, a comfortable seat by the fire. Presently in came the Englishman, with his two daughters, their garments all bedribbled with wet and dirt. Looking daggers at the driver, who was taking a big 'chew' of tobacco, 'I should *think*,' he said, 'that our luggage out to be brought in, and housed from this storm.' 'I should think so *tew*,' replied the driver, ejecting a splash of the 'juice of the weed' through his teeth upon 'the hăth;' 'if 't was mine, *I* should bring it in, any how!' 'Well, *bring it in* then, Sir!' said the Englishman, angrily. 'Neŏw look o' here, Mister,' responded the driver, 'I aint no man's servant; that 's a berry that do n't grow on the bushes in this country, mind I tell ye. Bring in your truck yourself!' We have been reminded of the above circumstance by a somewhat kindred incident mentioned in our hearing to-day. The captain of one of our mercantile vessels called his Yankee-steward to the dinner-table one day, and holding up a small amphibious-looking object, slow-dripping with semi-fluid bean-soup, said: 'How the d — l, Sir, came *this mouse* in these beans?' 'Meŏuse? Yeăs! Wal, cap'n, that 's what *I'd* like to know *tew!*' There was no farther 'satisfaction' for the captain in the premises. The steward was prepared to seek, rather than to give information touching the phenomenon. . . . Among the gossipry omitted from our last number was a notice of the manifold attractions of *Brady's Daguerrian Gallery*, corner of Fulton-street and Broadway. There is scarcely a prominent man in the country, from the past and present Presidents, their cabinets, and families, and high political magnates, out of office, (all of whom are admirably taken,) down, or up, to the distinguished literary, scientific, and artistic men of our time, but are here represented, and precisely 'to the life.' Mr. Brady and Mr. Haas have accomplished much toward perpetuating the *celébrités* of this day and generation. . . . 'High seated on a mount' here at Piermont, we have been looking off this morning over the wide waters of the Tappaan-Zee upon 'Dobs his Ferry' and the region round about, where aforetime so many days were marked in Memory's calendar with 'a white stone.' There lies the green path of the Croton aqueduct, along which we so often took our pleasant way to the charming 'Sunny-side' of Washington Irving, gleaming among the trees; there is the very mid-way tree, by the marble ventilator, under whose shade we used to sit, while pausing by the way-side, and pencil corrections upon our 'Table' proof-sheets: yes; and perhaps the same red squirrel is in its branches now that used to come down upon a lower limb and overlook the pages with us, chattering occasional objections touching what he did n't fully understand, and dividing the conversation with a musical wren swinging on the topmost bough. There too is the umbrageous 'Glen,' where with 'wife and weans' and cherished friends, we wandered on golden summer evenings, or on nights

in later autumn, when the clear moonlight rested like a shroud upon the face of dying Nature. Very pleasant was it recently to renew with D——, amidst these scenes, the remembrances of 'times by-past;' with him who was the 'friend of our boyhood' as he is of the days of our manhood; and therewithal came thronging back afresh upon us recollections of the day when we first met in the beautiful Oneida region; of fair hair curling over a face beaming with ingenuousness and good feeling; of a pleasant smile, an appreciative spirit, a generous enthusiasm. Thanks to the 'childhood of *the soul*' these spiritual characteristics still remain; associated with no feeling of regret, save that one who knew and made us to know them well and appreciate them lovingly, has long since gone down to 'darkness and the worm.' But hark! The supernatural shriek of the steam-whistle, and its white breath, 'a moment seen, then gone forever,' brings us to our fore-ground; and we look down upon long snaky trains of freight-cars, gliding amidst a labyrinth of iron tracks, and preceded by a puffing locomotive, that often requires the application of 'the switch' to keep it in 'the way it should go;' upon groups and clusters of brick structures, (some of them in the 'pointed Ironic' style of architecture!) upon a half-mile of new cars and an acre of iron car-wheels; upon the smoke of stygian forges, whence comes up also the 'clink of hammers closing rivets up,' the slow-grinding noise of iron-planes driven by the rumbling wheels of steam-engines; and upon ditchers 'laying pipe' with as little regard to the ultimate consequences of their labor as any politician that ever performed the same office before them. But now there comes a subdued shriek from behind 'LORD's mountain;' the Owego and Binghamton train is rushing hitherward from the valleys of the Chenango, the Susquehannah, and the Delaware; and we must be at 'the Platform,' en route for the metropolis. . . . IT is a fact not sufficiently 'pressed home upon the bosoms of community,' as our Bunkum contemporary would say, that a shirt without buttons is uninhabitable. 'They manage these things better at 'ome,' an Englishman will tell you; or if they do not, down upon the heads of all cockney 'wifedom' falls the remonstrance of some 'complainant in the premises;' as thus:

'YE Married Men of England!
Each one whose wife will leave
All buttonless, a thousand times,
A collar or a sleeve;
Your desperate voices raise again
To match the female foe;
And keep murmuring deep
While your shirts unbuttoned go;
While your collars fall you, short or long,
And your wrists unbuttoned go!

'The snowy shirt of England
Shall be the cause of strife,
Till every button be sewed on
In time, by every wife.
Then, then ye female peace-makers!
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
When our shirts well buttoned go:
When our collars fasten, short and long,
And our wrist-bands buttoned go!

'Wives of America! think on these things!' . . . THE poet CAMPBELL, soon after the birth of his first child, wrote as follows to a near friend. The passage teems with all the tender fervor of a mother's heart:

'OUR first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by MATILDA's hands, long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep; I durst not waken him, but ventured one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worrying. Oh! that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far! At present, his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants; a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of GOD and Nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed

to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out.'

Had that baby-boy been taken away in infancy, with what 'accurate greediness' would that fond father have dwelt upon even the minutest of his little winning ways! Happily he was spared, in the freshness of his paternal delight, this sore pang. . . . We are sorry to see commended in '*The Christian Inquirer*' religious journal the adoption of the term '*Christology*,' as a new word. We sincerely hope no such folly will be attempted. Should it be, there is no reason why it should not be followed by '*Christdom*,' à la Mr. Willis, or *Christation*, or any other 'dom or 'ation. *Apropos* of the 'Inquirer:' a correspondent who read the passage which we quoted from its columns, touching the ability of a man, placed after death on a distant planet, to see the progress of his whole life on our earth, asks us whether, if he were placed upon a planet far enough off, he could n't see the whole progress of the life of his mother, and also of his grandmother? The question strikes us as a pregnant one. Thus is doubt thrown upon all new discoveries in this world and others! . . . We hereby acknowledge the receipt of some touching '*Lines written while Suffering from a Severe Pain in the Bowels*,' by 'Mort Du Gage;' rather a '*green* gage' than otherwise, we should say. His subject is interesting, and its treatment is such that the reader almost suffers the malady which is the theme of the writer's verse. We subjoin a collated example of the 'Lines' in question:

'Sweet love! thou dove above me,
O, long in song I 'll love thee;
Should fate I hate await me,
I swear to despair I 'll mate me;
Then, sweet! thou 'lt meet and greet me,
And our meeting, if fleeting, shall sweet be!'

If there is one greater bore in the infinite region of Boredom than a man who conceives that every body must of necessity be interested in his least physical ailment, we should like to have him pointed out to us. There is an anecdote of a person of this description, from somewhere 'down-east,' who carried his brains in his pocket, and by dint of the contents of that receptacle, found himself abroad, in Paris, and at Louis Philippe's levée. The king, walking around the line of his visitors, had something to say in English to nearly all. 'Are you well?' he asked of our down-east friend. 'Pooty well,' said the other, passing his hand slowly up and down over the 'front periphery of his person;' '*pooty* well; but I 've had an *awful* pain in my beöwels! I had a hard time with the medicine I took for it, day 'fore yesterday. Could n't get nothin' to oper'—— Horrid pain down *here*—— Tried all kinds of doctor-st——' 'Have you been long in Paris?' said Louis Philippe, passing hastily on to the 'next customer,' who did not chance to have a 'pain in his beöwels.' . . . There is no parent possessed of a heart, who can have read without emotion in the daily journals an account of the death, by accidental poison, of a lovely little child in Maine, who when her eyes began to grow dim in death, fancied that it was night, and that she was going to sleep; dying with her customary 'Good night, dear mamma!' 'Good night, dear mamma!' many times repeated, trembling on her lips. That beloved child will awake in Heaven, and 'there shall be no night there!' . . . Oddly enough, we have before us three pieces of verse on '*Dreams*.' Two of them 'are such stuff as dreams are made of' in general, but the other is delicate and touching:

and we cannot help thinking, if wedded to a corresponding air, moaning plaintively like an autumnal wind among the fading willows, would be quite effective. We commend it to the 'distinguished consideration' of our friend DEMPSTER, the charming Scottish vocalist:

'OH, I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams
Of childhood's bright and sunny hours,
When I wandered all day by the sparkling streams,
And called for my mother the gay wild flowers;
When I wove her a wreath of the green woodbine,
And twined in it berries and buttercups gay,
And I crowned her pale forehead, and she kissed mine:
Ah! she, like the flowers, has faded away!
She has faded away — faded away!

'I've had bright dreams of the old elm-tree,
Beneath whose branches, spreading wide,
I have sported away in childish glee
The fleet-winged hours of eventide:
I have dreamed of the friends once gathered there,
To frolic away the live-long day,
Untrammeled by fear, unwearied by care:
But they, like the rest, have faded away!
They have faded away — faded away!

'I have had sweet dreams of a fairy form
That was ever around me there,
Of her bird-like voice, with its silvery charm,
Floating away on the evening air:
But alas for the flush and the wasting breath!
Alas for thy power, Decay!
An angel beckoned her home from the earth:
Like the morning-star she faded away!
She has faded away — faded away!

'I have had bright dreams as I wandered alone,
When still Midnight in silence reigned,
When my own pale star shone bright from its throne,
And in visions of hope my soul was chained;
But the cares of earth would come again,
The heart would grow sick with Hope's delay,
And the visions I wove of my destiny then,
Ah! *they*, like the rest, have faded away!
They have faded away — faded away!'

PAUL MARTINDALE.

THAT was a rather forcible illustration of 'life in the west' which we heard the other day from a friend sojourning in that region. A man coming into the 'settlement,' and seeing a collection of by-standers around three or four pairs of raging combatants, began to 'peel' off his coat and waistcoat, asking simply, 'Is this a *free* fight?' and being answered in the affirmative, rushed into the melée. Presently he came out with his 'peepers' closed, and his face variously cut, and streaming with blood. 'That 's a *lively place* in there!' said he, gathering up his 'toggery;' 'slim chance o' good hittin' 'mong so *many* boys!' — and off he went. One would think that a maim, arising from a fight of this sort, would be a thing to be somewhat especially remarked; but it seems not, particularly by the victim. 'What has become of your *ear?*' said an eastern friend to a combatant of this description, in one of the 'fighting towns' of the west. 'I do n't know *where* it is; I've been looking for it since the fight, but I can't find it!' replied the other. The supposition that the inquirer could n't have meant to ask *how* his ear came to be off, but only *where it was*, is a ludicrous evidence of the manner in which such things are regarded at the west. . . . WE are glad to see some remarks in the columns of a religious weekly contemporary, upon '*Intellectual and Physical Training.*' The pale hectic cheeks, narrow shoulders, and hollow chests, which one too often encounters in our colleges,

are the result of a want of physical exercise. Why do n't students think more of this undeniable fact, and 'act accordingly?' For our own poor part, (and, by the blessing of Heaven, we know not what ill-health is,) we *know* that exercise is indispensable to one engaged in a sedentary pursuit. We walk the distance of seven miles every day, 'rain or shine,' Sundays excepted; and if at all *disinclined* to do so, we consider that as the very reason why we should not *omit* to do it. '*Mens sana in corpore sano*' should be the motto of every student. The tasks are *too* hard, we are well aware, in many American colleges; but so much the more reason that their effect should be counteracted, no matter at what cost of time, by healthful physical exercise. *Try it*, boys, you who read us in the numerous collegiate institutions of this republic, and then tell us 'whether these things indeed be so.' They 'be,' any how, 'and *no* mistake.' . . . Nor the least of the enjoyments of a semi-residence in the country, during the oppressive heats of Summer, is the pleasure of going and returning on the steamers which at all hours vex the majestic Hudson with their foaming wheels. Many a pleasant chat have we had, during the fervid season now passing away, with our friend Captain MAYBIE ('may-be' he is n't a true man!) of the 'ERIE,' and not a few with Captain JOHNSON, of the 'THOMAS POWELL, who seems as 'dry as a remainder-biscuit,' but who still 'knows what 's o'clock' as well as the best of his compeers. His 'hits' are 'from the shoulder,' and 'tell' at once. For example: 'What do you think of our stock?' said a rather pompous director in a new rail-road company to him the other morning. '*Think* of it?' said the captain; 'why, it 's a *laughing*-stock! I would n't give three cents for six thousand shares of it!' We 'kind o' laäfed' at the remark, but the director did n't; and not caring especially to witness his mortification, we 'went forward.' Coming down the next morning on the 'ERIE,' Captain MAYBIE, in an interval of 'nothing tó do,' related an occurrence which we are not going to be so selfish as to keep to ourselves. 'When I was a boy,' said he, 'up in C'lumbia county, I remember one winter we lost a good many sheep. We could n't tell where they went to, but they *went*. Finally, we suspected a big house-dog, belonging to a neighbor, as being the real culprit; but his owner, who stuttered painfully, repelled the idea with some difficulty, but with decided fervor. 'That d-o-og,' said he, 'ne-e-ver to-o-uch-ed a sh-sh-eep o' y-o-ou'rn in his l-l-i-fe — *n-e-ever!*' But suspicion was soon so strongly fixed upon the four-footed poacher that he was arrested, and brought before his master, who was however as incredulous as ever touching his delinquency. But the sufferers by his depredations were bent on 'action.' 'Tie him up by the heels,' said one, 'and if he 's guilty he 'll soon disgorge his last night's plunder!' 'Ve-e-ery wà-wà-ell,' stammered his master, 'd-o it as s-s-oon as you l-l-i-ke; I 'll r-r-isk him!' So 'BOSE' was suspended, as was suggested, and at first without effect. 'I t-t-old you s-o,' said his master; '*he 's* had n-n-o fresh m-m-m-utton.' But while his owner was yet speaking, the unfortunate animal began to exhibit some internal uneasiness, and presently there was palpable evidence, in the discharge from his mouth of certain woolly 'secretions,' that he was a guilty dog. The old man looked on a moment longer, with a very blank expression, and then exclaimed, with a NAPOLEONIC terseness, 'Ch-ch-ch-ange ends, b-o-o-ys, d — n him! ch-ch-ch-ange ends!' and the 'wretched culprit' was then and there, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock A. M. suspended by the neck until he was dead — dead!' . . . WHOSE bad taste was it that suggested the insertion of a text of Scripture, in a printed card, in front of the pews of a certain church in Rochester, suggestive of 'Keep your feet off the

top of your neighbor's pew during service?' Who deliberately wrote this, had it printed, read the proof, and employed a man to nail it on the back of each pew:

'*I will make the place of my feet glorious.*'—ISAIAH, 60: 13.

'WILL the brethren please make this Scripture applicable to themselves; and especially refrain from getting their feet against the upper board of the pew in front of them?'

Good gracious! *do* they sit in the Rochester churches with their feet on the *upper* boards of the pews in front of them? In this position we should think an occasional cigar among the worshippers would not be out of 'keeping.' . . . 'WE saw,' wrote lately the editor of '*The Sun*' daily journal from the 'Ocean House' at Shrewsbury, 'we saw KNICKERBOCKER CLARK there, devouring roast beef and fresh vegetables at no small rate. The report was, that being a little afraid of the cholera, and in delicate health, he breakfasted that morning on three mutton-chops, three cups of green tea, *plates* of toast, and four boiled eggs! We saw him some time afterward in the surf, floundering like a turtle; and fancied him, with his hair full of sand, repeating again SHELLEY'S 'Lines written in Dejection at Naples.' Fact: we *were* down there, with the appetite of Sir GILES OVERREACH'S gourmand, and the digestive powers of an ostrich; but the amount of provant devoured by us is we think over-stated. Such a surf as 'ruled' on that occasion has not been seen for years in a still day on the Jersey coast. 'Ho! how the breakers roared!' Yet the ocean was smooth to the very outer line of the foam. There had been a great storm at sea, doubtless, and we were having the reflex of its waves, 'mountain-high.' Walking along the shore, with the hollow sound of the 'trampling surf' in our ears, we *did* think of, and repeat, the beautiful poem of SHELLEY, above referred to; and when we came to the lines

'I COULD lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne and still must bear,
Till death like sleep should steal on me;
And I could feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony,'

our respected contemporary bowed down his face and wept, but presently lifted up his head and departed thence, being minded to go a-fishing: and he went that same hour. . . . WE rather gather, through a passage quoted from a letter of THOMAS CAMPBELL, in the new 'Life' of that great poet by his life-long friend and physician, Dr. BEATTIE, that a residence in the house of a Scottish lord is not the most pleasant thing in the world to an independent, sensitive spirit; although it strikes us that the poet evinces the possession of a little of the very hauteur which he himself condemns in his host's guests:

'A LORD'S house, fashionable strangers, sofa'd saloons, and winding galleries, where I can hardly discover my own apartment, make me as wretched as my nature can be. Every one it is true, is civil to me; the very servants are assiduous in putting me right when I lose my way in the galleries; but, degraded as I am to a state of second childhood in this new world, it would be insulting my fallen dignity to smile hysterically and pretend to be happy. Lord MINTO'S company is uniformly agreeable; his conversation, when you get him by himself (though he affects neither wit nor learning), is replete with sincere enthusiasm and original information. But still this is a lord's house — although *his*. His time is so much employed with strangers — fashionable proud folks — who have a slang of conversation among themselves, as unintelligible to plain, sober beings as the cant of the gipsies, and probably not so amusing if one did understand it.' . . . 'It has astonished me to see what a cold repulsive atmosphere that little thing called *quality* can spread around itself, and make us believe that it exists at least as a negative quality — like that of cold. But like all other little passions, this *hauteur* is cowardly: a little indifference on the side of the vulgar makes those minions of fashion open their eyes, half shut with affectation of pur-blindness.'

CAMPBELL should have felt and demeaned himself as an equal, alike with his host and his guests. You ask now, 'Who was Lord MINTO?' and who answers?

ask 'Who was THOMAS CAMPBELL?' and the round world makes reply! . . . WE 'will ah-not ah-DO it!' young gentleman 'JUVENIS' of Harrisburgh. If your piece had 'not received the careful revision which you could wish,' why did you *send* it? We had not asked for it; we were not waiting for it; 'not by considerable!' Look at the true poet, a man like the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' for example; what he did with his eye set on immortality, was first thrown out with vehement throes, half pain, half rapture, and then polished with anxious and timid toil; but 'JUVENIS' can't spare time for 'careful revision' of a piece which evidently *might* have been good enough, with due care, to have repaid the trouble. Whip us such half-made-up literary aspirers! 'KITTY, bring us up a pitcher of iced Croton: we are excited!' . . . A FRIEND in whose judgment, in this instance, we should be well pleased to confide, takes us to task for opening our last 'Gossip' with an 'apology for a number that has seldom been excelled in interest.' Very well, then we 'll 'change the tack' in regard to the present issue, and say: 'Reader, if you want a better number than this made in the oppressive month of August, going and coming to and from town and country, make it yourself!' How 'll *that* do? . . . A WRITER in the 'London Quarterly Review,' after remarking upon the generally indifferent character of BYRON's juvenile productions, adds: 'There are, however, prose letters of BYRON's, from his sixth year onward to his entrance at college, which, if ever they should be published, would claim a very different place among the examples of precocity. We never saw any thing to equal the contrast between the childish feebleness of the hand-writing (within pencilled lines,) and the flow and pith of the language, in which thoughts and sentiments, often generous, sometimes fierce and scornful, but all unmistakably BYRONIC, are set down in some of the very earliest of these epistles.' *Apropos:* See the advertisement, in the present number, of *Byron's Unpublished Letters, by his Son, Major Byron.* . . . THESE are quaint thoughts from an old English collection, '*The Rural Friends*,' printed in 1632. They were copied by an esteemed friend in the British Museum some twenty years or more ago:

'BUT WHY
Doe the winged minutes flie
So fast away?
Stop your course, yee hastie howers,
And solicite all the powers
To let you stay:
For the earth could ne'er shew forth
An object of a greater worth.

'But why
Doe the winged minutes flie
So fast away?
It is because that they which follow
Crowd on to have a sight as well as they:
Harke how the ghosts of passéd moments groane,
'Cause they are gone,
And rayle at Fate,
And curse the date
Of their short lives, expired so soone!

'Then stop your course, you hastie howers,
And solicite all the powers
To let you stay:
For the earth could ne'er shew forth
An object of a greater worth.'

OUR friend Professor LONGFELLOW once mentioned to us the very expressive remark of a Frenchman, in his hearing, who had just received certain melancholy intelligence. On being asked what had affected his spirits, he said: 'I am ver' moché

dissatisfied: I just hear that my father he die!' Not unlike the Chinaman's remark to Mr. TIFFANY, whose work is elsewhere noticed. When asked why he was dressed in white, the color of Chinese mourning, he replied: 'My son have die; to-morrow I be very angry inside;' meaning that he should be greatly grieved on the day of the funeral. . . . A GIFTED lady correspondent, from whom, whether abroad, or at home in Gotham, it is always an equal pleasure to hear, writes us as follows from the 'Literary Emporium:' 'Your 'counterfeit presentment' (how I hailed it!) met me in Boston, in the ancient dwelling-house of that great and good man, JOHN HANCOCK, where I had been receiving for some weeks the hospitality of its present occupants. From this house was driven the fair and noble-looking lady whose portrait hangs in the drawing-room below, that the PERCY, who

'Fought for King GEORGE at Lexington,
A major of dragoons,'

might here establish his quarters. As I sat there, in what was formerly the state chamber, conjuring up thoughts of that past time, I could almost fancy that I heard the measured tread of the red-coated sentinel in the grand old entrance-hall below, and saw the glancing bayonets in the remains of the British entrenchments on the Common, nearly opposite the house. And oh, LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY! how could you, with an Englishwoman's heart in your breast, as you ought to have, write all that nonsense in the KNICKERBOCKER about England and America being 'yoked' together by love, as if such a state of affairs were possible; and as if — granting that the old hatred may at some distant period of time be overcome — as if America, whose motto is 'Go ahead!' would ever submit to be 'yoked' to any nation under the sun! And oh, LADY EMMELINE! when you go home and write a book about us, be careful how you speak about *things;* for travellers are sometimes misled by want of proper knowledge of things as well as people. Had DICKENS known the appearance of that wild plant, the burdock, he would never have told his English readers that the sacristan of King's Chapel, in the Tri-mountain City, 'cultivated cabbages in a corner of the ancient burial-ground!' By-the-by, before I close, let me record my admiration of your new contributor's (MR. BEDLOW'S) poem with the unpronounceable name, in your last number. It is picture-writing as well as poetry.' . . . LAMENTED WILSON! We can scarcely *think* of the departure of this sweet minstrel of Scottish song without a pang. It seems but yesterday, that with cherished friends he assisted to surround the 'family mahogany,' and made us all happy with his *bon hommie*, his good sense, his agreeable manners, and his exquisite music. But he has gone to the abodes of the blessed; for 'the singers, as well as they that play upon stringéd instruments, shall be there.' He has left a name behind him which shall live in the recollection of all who love the 'concord of sweet sounds,' and a void in the hearts of his friends which can seldom if ever be filled. We perceive in a popular London journal a very graphic description, from his own pen, of a visit which our departed friend paid, in company with his gifted daughters, to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. What would we not have given to have been present, when his melodious voice, attuned to even more than its wonted sweetness in the soft bland atmosphere of the vast aisles and vaulted domes of the 'Cave,' breathed out those touching airs which he had made his own in two hemispheres! Mr. WILSON kept, both in Great-Britain and in this country, a daily journal, which he continued up to the last day but one before his death. We have had the pleasure to examine portions of it, and hope hereafter to be able to make our readers acquainted with at least

a selection from its attractive records. . . . FATHER MATHEW, we are glad to see, is laboring nobly in the Eastern States; where, strange to say, in contradiction of what is the popular belief, he finds abundant matériel upon which to operate. May his labors be abundantly blessed! We commend to his attention the annexed capital temperance-toast:

'THE TEMPERANCE ARMY:' The only army ever known where each volunteer is a *regular*, and every private an *orderly*: May it soon become an 'army of occupation' throughout the world.'

'Drank in cold water, and *standing*;' which is more than can be said of all toasts drank at public dinners. Habitual drunkenness is a sad, sad evil; but are there not other intoxications equally to be avoided? Read this little anecdote of an Arabian merchant, who, having hired a waterman's boat, refused to pay the freightage. The waterman, in a violent passion, appealed several times to the government of Muscat for justice. The governor as often ordered him to come again; but observing him one day present his petition with coolness, he immediately granted his suit. The waterman, surprised at this conduct, demanded a reason why he did not sooner grant his request. 'Because,' said the judge, 'you were always drunk when I saw you.' But the waterman declaring he had not been overtaken with wine for many years, the judge replied: 'The drunkenness with which you were overtaken is the most dangerous of all: it is the drunkenness of *anger!*' There are many kinds of intemperance, not included in Father MATHEWS' pledge, which are hardly less prejudicial to society and to individuals than the sin of drunkenness. . . . THE measure of 'C. B.'s '*Lines*' is 'irregular,' like the legal proceedings which they record; reminding us not a little of the kindred lines on a murder-case at Buffalo, by a distinguished western bard:

'First ISRAEL with his gun he shot him,
Then ISAAC with his axe he chopt him,
Tel there was n't any life left into him, as they could perceive!'

WE always hail with gratification the establishment, in different sections of our country, of *Ornamental Rural Cemeteries*. We have before us the plan in detail, and the elevation of a lodge and garden, of one for Richmond, Virginia, which can scarcely fail to do honor to the public spirit and good taste of that beautiful city. '*The Rockland Cemetery*,' upon the noble wooded heights above Piermont, at the commencement of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, offers superior advantages and beauties as a place of sepulture. The grounds are elevated, dry, and beautifully laid out; the appropriate edifices and entrances are of a tasteful architecture; the grounds are accessible at all times in little more than an hour from the metropolis; the price of plats is reasonable; and the cemetery has this crowning and preëminent advantage over many other kindred burial-grounds; it cannot but remain *forever* a permanent place of sepulture. A trip to it, of a pleasant autumnal day, will reveal to the visitor a succession of the finest and most varied views, riverward and inland, to be found on the Hudson. . . . '*The Passage*,' from the German of UHLAND, sent us by 'G. F. M.,' is the translation of our friend Professor LONGFELLOW, and has already appeared in these pages. It is the most felicitous version we have ever seen of that beautiful poem. We venture to copy from our correspondent's letter the following amusing passage, suggested to the writer by some of our gossipry touching New-England ministers of the olden time:

'Dr. EMMONS, of Franklin, (Mass.) with whose reputation you are no doubt familiar, 'ruled his flock' in all things, spiritual and temporal, and seldom failed to enforce obedience. He was

no great lover of sweet sounds, and religiously excluded from his meeting-house all instrumental music, except a little mahogany-colored wooden pitch-pipe of the size of an 'eighteen-mo.' book. A member of his choir had learned to play the base-viol, and anxious to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday morning most unadvisedly introduced his big fiddle into the 'singing gallery.' When the first prayer was ended, and the Doctor began to handle his 'WATTS,' the *bass* viol lifted up his profanation, and trying the strings, instantly attracted the Doctor's attention. He paused, laid down his hymn-book, took his sermon from the cushion, and proceeded with his discourse, as if singing was no part of the public worship, and finally dismissed the congregation without 'note or comment.' The whole choir were indignant. They staid after 'meeting,' and all the girls and the young men resolved not to go into the 'singing-seats' at all in the afternoon, and the elders who did go there, bore the visages of men whose minds were made up.

'Services began as usual in the afternoon. The Doctor took his psalm-book in hand, looked over his spectacles at the gallery, saw only a few there, but nothing daunted, read a psalm and sat down. No sound followed; no one stirred; and the 'leader' looked upward in utter unconsciousness. After a long and most uneasy silence, the good man, his face somewhat flushed, and his manner rather stern, read the psalm again, paused, then re-read the first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader could bear it no longer, and half rising, said decidedly; 'there wont be no singing here this afternoon.' 'Then there won't be any preaching!' said the Doctor, quick as thought; and taking his cocked hat from its peg, he marched down the pulpit-stairs, through the broad aisle, and out of the house, leaving his congregation utterly astounded. This anecdote is told as having occurred before I was born, but I know the wooden pitch-pipe was the only instrument used during the Doctor's time; for I well remember one town-meeting day I stole up to the gallery, found the mysterious pipe, and timidly and reverently sounded from A to G, every note of its screaming falsetto.

'When the old Doctor retired, as he did voluntarily, from his ministrations of more than fifty years, the ordination of his successor was a stirring event, and all the leading ministers of the 'Hopkinsian Calvinistic' faith, assembled to assist in the solemnities. Old Mr. HOWE of Hopkinton, an eccentric and somewhat celebrated man in his time, gave the 'charge.' He had strong sense and feeling, but his manner was familiar and colloquial, and his pronunciation of the 'deown east' kind. I sat in my grandfather's square pew, with the turn-up seats, and heard him. He concluded his charge somewhat in this way: 'And now, my young brother, I wish to impress particularly upon you the propriety and necessity of cultivating the affections of *the children* of your charge. Attend to them always. Win them to love you. Let them always be overjoyed to meet you. I will tell you how it was when I was a child. Our minister was a stern, erect, red-faced man, who wore a large white wig, carried a tall cane, and when he walked, looked neither to the right nor to the left. He never noticed us, except to reprove us when we failed to 'make our manners to him.' We were all *afraid* of him. Well, one day I heard he was sick, but I did n't care; and the next day I heard he was worse, and *then* I did n't care; and pretty soon I heard he was dead, and I was *glad on 't!* My young brother, don't let the children be glad when you die.'

We hope the lesson conveyed by this last anecdote will not be lost upon those hard vinegar-faced ministers who seem to think that religion consists in a solemn visage and may be accurately measured by a corresponding length of countenance. . . . PARENTS, if you have boys whom you wish educated, send them by all means to Rev. Mr. VANKLEEK, at Flatbush, Long-Island. He will whip them 'black-and-blue in welts, from top to toe,' and save you all such disagreeable 'duty.' It's 'a part of his system.' We are glad to perceive that the reverend scoundrel has been arrested for beating, 'as above,' a fine boy of twelve years, son of a gentleman named LAWRENCE, an estimable citizen of Brooklyn. We take pleasure in extending to some twenty thousand American parents a knowledge of the kind of treatment which their children would be likely to receive at the hands of the Rev. RICHARD VANKLEEK, Principal of the Flatbush Institute for Boys, Long Island. . . . 'I HAVE eaten my morsel *alone*,' complains JOB, patient as he was. He knew the discomfort of it; and so do we now. 'No wife, no weans;' no chatting, no laughter and babblement of the little

olive-branches about the table in town to-day. Very gloomy, therefore; and oh! how still! An audible stillness—a little too deep for enjoyment. Can't write any more. Going up the river. . . . If any of our metropolitan readers are desirous of fancying themselves for a few moments in a conservatory of the rarest flowers in nature, let them step in at Stephanis's establishment for the sale of French flowers and feathers, Number 167 William-street. When it is in full display, one can easily imagine himself in an earthly paradise at this dépôt of floral beauty; not the less so perhaps, that it is not unusual to see 'shoppers' there whom it would hardly be a stretch of language to designate as 'angels.' . . . Some idea of the delights of royalty, even at second-hand, may be derived from the subjoined description, by Lord Sydenham, of a few of the pleasures of being Governor-General of the Canadas: His Excellency is writing to a friend in London: 'I opened my parliament to-day, and flatter myself I looked very regal on the throne, with my cocked hat on instead of a crown; and the hall of legislative council beat the House of Lords hollow. The worst part of the thing to me, individually, is the ceremonial. The bore of this is unspeakable! Fancy having to stand for an hour and a half bowing, and then to sit with one's cocked hat on to receive addresses. Poor royalty! I learn to feel for it. Oh! the misery of being always on parade!' . . . 'S.' has made a fruitful essay from his text of '*Words, Words, my Lord*,' and the 'effort' is cheerfully filed for insertion. In reading it we were reminded of a stanza or two in a modern poem on the subject:

'What are words but little sprites
That flit the world about,
Stealing every thinker's thought
And fitful fancy out:
Shaping every wild conceit,
And prejudice and doubt?

'Stately, sprightly, solemn, gay,
Thousand shapes they wear;
Graceful, grim, uncouth, sedate,
From lip to lip they fare;
Joy's, Hope's, Invention's harbingers,
Or heralds of Despair.

'Law imprisons many a one
In her parchments old;
Priestcraft tortures, until they
A double sense unfold;
Tyrants and traitors mangle them,
And misers too — for gold.

'Rainbow-winged, in sunny light
From maiden's lips they glide;
Laden from the lover's heart
Like honey-bees they slide;
Strong and stern, they bear aloft
Philosophy in pride!'

The '*New-York Observer*' religious journal has this pregnant piece of '*Advice to a Young Disciple*.' Would, for the sake of religion itself, that it were more generally followed: 'Beware of becoming a mere *professor* of religion. Let your *life* declare your real principles.' . . . Our friend the senior editor of the Washington '*Republic*' daily journal gives an amusing account of his first law-suit in New-Orleans. He never had but two clients, and they were men accused of murder. They were tried, with two other persons, all suspected of the crime, and were defended by our contemporary; 'but,' said he, 'they were found guilty upon circumstantial evidence, and like a quack physician, who piously follows his patients to the grave, I attended them to their 'last kick' on the gallows.' In less than six months afterward the entire innocence of the two 'victims to outraged justice' was rendered clear, beyond doubt, and the guilt of the escaped culprits as thoroughly established. Some two years subsequently, our lawyer, who had thus 'done for' his clients, happened to be present at a phrenological lecture in one of the towns on the Ohio river, when lo! almost the first illustrative 'bursts' that were produced by the lecturer were casts from the heads of his ill-fated clients, upon which Murder, though it had no tongue, yet spoke with most miraculous 'organs!' 'It wanted but this,' says our advocate, 'to cap the climax of my satisfaction!' . . . '*Manners and Morals of the Upper Ten Thousand*' is the title of a clever novel by our correspondent 'Jack Brace,' now publishing in numbers in the

columns of '*The Inveterate*,' (a lively weekly journal, of which we have spoken elsewhere,) and to be issued, when finished, simultaneously in London and New-York. The writer closes an account of the difficulty and discouragement he encountered in endeavoring to obtain a literary footing in the metropolis with the following well-timed reflections:

'WHY has not the brotherhood of literature an organized association? What profession embraces more cultivated intellects, elevated understandings, or nobler and truer hearts? Where is there less of petty jealousy, envy and selfishness, or more true *masonry* of feeling? And yet what class has suffered more wrong and oppression—cold neglect and disparagement? All, too, for the want of unity, which might render them great, powerful, irresistible as their real influence deserves! We have associations in almost all of the mechanic arts, and in many of the professions, to dispense charities, as well as to guard their rights and immunities; but the great Republic of Letters is a chaos of conflicting elements, from which no efforts as yet have evolved order and harmony. And yet, for the want thereof, how have its interests been sacrificed, and its members cut off and destroyed! How many a genius, great and gifted with light to have irradiated a world of thought, has sunk faint and weary in the outset, to which a little generous aid and sympathy would have given strength to 'eagle plume' its wings for a blaze of glory! Men of letters! how long shall this reproach attach to you?'

Natural and just thoughts, forcibly expressed. . . . OUR readers will remember the liberal space we recently devoted to '*Broderip's Recreations in Zoölogy*.' Well, that delightful book has just been handsomely republished from the enlarged second London edition, by Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. Not another word need be said. . . . 'P. M.' *must* give us the story of the '*Deer-Hunt on the Boquet*.' The skeleton itself is interesting. It must have been 'one of the b'hoys' of Gotham whom he met, and who thus represented himself: 'My name is BEN L——, by ——! I live at Number —, Bowery, *I* do. I keep a 'dep-po' there for buck-wheat flour, apple-sass, eggs and butter. I do business on my own hook, *I* do. I don't keep no clerks, at a thousand dollars a year, to eat up half the profits and steal the rest, *I* don't. I keep my books in my head, and my safe in my breeches-pocket; sleep on my counter o' nights; and when I go out in the morning and put on my hat, my house is shingled; and when I've had my breakfast, my family's fed for half a day; if 't aint, you can take *my* hat!' . . . WE would not lightly accuse 'B. J.' of sending us borrowed thoughts; but we hesitate not to ask him whether he has ever read the annexed stanzas from a 'Hymn' in 'LAMARTINE'S *Harmonies Poetiques*,' and if he has *not* read them any time, to tell us what are his impressions as to *both* these lines and his own being entirely original? We give the stanzas, and await his reply:

'THERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die;
By the lone star, whose beams WAX pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades;
The city sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

'Of THEE, oh GOD! this voice is telling,
THOU who art truth, life, hope and love;
On whom Night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright Morning looks above;
Of THEE, proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines THY light;
Of THEE, the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—INFINITE!

'All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time;
Each one, according to his measure,
Interpreting its scenes sublime:
But ah! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy;
A weight too great for earthly mind
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy!'

'MY dear child,' said a pious old maid in New-Hampshire to a little ragged village 'waif' whom she had picked up, and who had come to her to 'say his catechism,' 'my

dear child, who made the heavens?' 'GOD, Ma'am.' 'Yes; and when you look up, what do you see?' The little urchin, glowing with the 'wisdom' of a juvenile 'BUNSBY,' glanced up at the dark and dingy ceiling, and replied, 'I don't see nothin' but *cobwebs*, Ma'am!' Not a bad exposition of duties slighted, as well as 'duty' performed. The good lady *would* not neglect the one, and she *should* not have neglected the other. . . . ONE of the good effects resulting from the arrest of the 'Confidence-Man' was an article in the '*Herald*' daily journal, from the pen, we suspect, of Dr. HOUSTON, the accomplished congressional reporter, upon '*The Confidence-Man of Society.*' It was a masterly, trenchant satire, as true as it was keen; and but for its length, and for the fact that it has already been widely circulated, we should have transferred it entire to these pages. . . . '*Christopher under Canvass,*' in the last number of BLACKWOOD, is as entertaining and instructive as ever. If his eye is dim, and he sometimes mistakes clouds for mountains, in his ascent of Cruachan, he makes the best of the blunder: 'If they are clouds, so much the better; if mountains, they deserve to be clouds, and if clouds, they deserve to be mountains.' How felicitous is this reply to a question of one of 'KIT's' interlocutors: 'Is there no house in Inishail?'

'NOT one—but the house appointed for all living. A burial-place. I see it, but not one of you, for it is little noticeable, and seldom used; on an average, one funeral in the year. Forty years ago I stepped into a small snuff-shop in the Saltmarket, Glasgow, to replenish my shell, and found my friend was from Lochawe-side. I asked him if he often revisited his native shore, and he answered, seldom, and had not for a long time; but that though his lot did not allow him to live there, he hoped to be buried in Inishail. We struck up a friendship; his snuff was good, and so was his whiskey, for it was unexcised. A few years ago, trolling for Feroces, I met a boat with a coffin, and in it the body of the old tobacconist.'

We are glad to see CHRISTOPHER demolish with his crutch a critical snob who it seems has seriously set himself to work to depreciate the merits of '*Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard;*' accusing the immortal author, among other things, of sacrificing purity of language and accuracy of thought, for the sake of introducing certain poetical expressions, the whole forming a mosaic of words in pairs, and most of them borrowed. CHRISTOPHER prostrates the writer's assumptions stanza by stanza and line by line. He says: 'The beautiful words of the brethren, with which GRAY's loving memory was stored, came up in the hour of imagination, and took their place among the words as beautiful of his own congenial inspirations; the flowers he transplanted from poetry 'languished not, grew dim, nor died;' for he had taken them up gently by the roots, and with some of the old mould adhering to their tendrils; and, true florist as he was, had prepared for them a richest soil in his own garden, which he held from nature, and which the sun and the dew of nature nourished and will nourish for ever.' This attempt to depreciate the 'Elegy' reminds us of a conceited Scotch littérateur, of the smallest calibre, who once brought us a 'critique' on HALLECK's '*Marco Bozzaris*, of which noble poem he had a very poor opinion indeed!—*he*, who, as his first American employer informed us the other day, could not, on his arrival in America, write a common newspaper paragraph of three lines without a grammatical error! . . . THE lovers of the Fine Arts will be glad to learn that the '*National Academy of Design*' have determined on a removal from their present location, and are now erecting a building, expressly adapted to the proper lighting and exposition of their works, in Broadway, opposite Bond-street. To aid them in the undertaking, they have decided on a *Fall Exhibition*, to take place some time in the end of September, to consist of a selection of works that have been exhibited, and such others as are ineligible, under their regulations, to their annual exhibitions. Such an exhibition will be highly gratifying to the

lovers of art, and will not only serve to display the productions of our artists to great advantage, but we trust also materially aid them with the funds of which they stand in need to complete their noble enterprise. . . . 'The original '*Lines for Angelica's Album*' which I send you,' writes an obliging correspondent from 'Fort-Hill,' South Carolina, 'were written by the Hon. Warren R. Davis, one of the most gifted and lamented of the 'Sons of the Sunny South.' Although he has long since departed, his name is often heard at the social board and from the lips of those who 'knew him but to love him.' He died at Washington in 1833; but his spirit lingers on, even to the days in which we live. The 'Angelica' was a Miss S—— n, now the wife of one of your esteemed citizens, Mr. V—— n B—— n, of the Fifth Avenue:

'Oh, who would believe of a bachelor bard,
Grown gray in attendance on beauty,
That his fortune e'er led him, by compass or card,
Through pathways of pleasure or duty,
To the honor supreme of a kiss from the lip
Of 'la belle' of the South in her glory?
Yet 'tis true, and can ne'er from his memory slip—
'Tis the only bright page in his story.

'Perhaps Miss Angelica's beau, in a rage,
May resort to the pistol and bullet;
So the poet will promptly their anger assuage,
And save his unfortunate gullet;
By frankly confessing, that though it is true
He has kissed her a thousand times over,
'T was in the sweet days of her childhood new,
When 't was not so dangerous to love her.

'But if Miss Angelica still reprobates
The liberties taken thus early,
The offender is willing, as conscience dictates,
To act 'in the premises' fairly:
He therefore proposes a rule very plain,
('Tis that of belligerent nations,)
To give back the lady her kisses again,
And restore *statu quo* their relations!'

We have heretofore been accused, by one or two un-'secular' journals, of having 'made light of western ministers of the gospel;' and for the reason that we have occasionally quoted what was said by them, precisely *as* they said it. Now observe the following from '*The Home Missionary*,' a religious magazine of wide circulation, issued by the 'American Home Missionary Society:'

'The following are specimens of the ignorance and coarseness not unfrequently discovered by men who possess much native shrewdness, and who with appropriate education might do much good. It should be remarked, that the almost blasphemous epithet applied to our Saviour was honestly intended by the speaker as commendatory, being a slang phrase often heard among a certain class. A preacher last autumn said, in a sermon: 'Some folks come to Christ, I do n't jist remember who, to ax him questions. They wanted to trap him; but they could n't come it: the old feller was too smart for 'em!' Another, proceeding in his sermon by interrogations, repeatedly clinched his argument by replying: 'I answer in the negative—*Yes!*' That this was not a mere slip of the tongue, appeared from the frequency of its occurrence. A third I found without a Bible, and gave him one. Another said, in a sermon, that 'the Fourth of July is celebrated in commemoration of the battle of New-Orleans!' Still another, in reading the minutes of his association to his people, called on a brother to read the statistics, as he was himself not '*cursed* in figures.' The figures in question expressed a number less than one hundred!'

Let *us* pass, gentlemen-objectors, and attack 'The Home Missionary' religious Magazine. . . . It is *quite* sufficient, to those who 'know the parties,' to mention this simple fact: young Sanderson, formerly of Philadelphia, now of 'this ilk,' has opened '*The College Hotel*,' corner of Murray and Church-streets, Columbia College Park; fitted it up in the most *recherché* style from top to bottom; parlor, chamber, kitchen, cellar, all *complete;* and with a *cuisine*—— But 'it 's no use talking:' *go there once*, with a party or otherwise, and 'rise, and report progress' to us after

breakfast, dinner, or supper; or lodge one night in his cool, airy chambers, and you will be 'qualified to be spoken to on this subject.' . . . We should be sorry to give expression to a word which might check the literary aspirations of a young person 'anxious to *excel* in verse;' but we must say to the juvenile writer of the sonnets to 'Milton' and 'John Quincy Adams,' that they are both defective. The lines from the first-named which follow are all that can 'pass muster:'

'Milton! two hundred years have left their mould
Upon the stone that marks thy grave, and yet
Methinks I hear thy voice. Oh! never let
Its music leave me till my heart grow cold,
And I with thee be gathered to the fold
Of the Great Shepherd. Then will I forget
Its melody of earth, when I can set
Me down beside thy spirit there, and hold
Unequal interchange of thought with thee.'

As our Bunkum contemporary would say, we 'dono when' we have laughed so heartily as at the following description of an Irish duel. A blustering bully, who had killed 'on the field of honor' a dozen men, challenged a good-natured person named Fooks, a general favorite, to a deadly encounter. His 'cartel' was accepted; and against the earnest remonstrances of all his friends, who saw only certain death before him, Fooks appeared upon the ground at the time appointed, having, as the challenged party, chosen his own weapon:

'Precisely at twelve o'clock his antagonist appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood horse: a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, 'I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his *friends* (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place.'

'Here he comes himself!' cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Fooks.

'He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing-gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremeties covered by the extended folds of the dressing-gown, was not as yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed toward the spot where stood his astonished adversary.

'Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr. Fooks' costume, his mettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gaudy dressing-gown flaunt beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription, 'What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on, and meet me like a man!'

'Always happy to oblige a friend,' said Mr. Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted; turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle and shouting, 'Come back, ye spalpeen, come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and a child's rattle!'

'But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat and the bloodless triumph of Fooks. The bully had not the courage to return to the country and brave the merciless ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of his property, and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace, as his neighbors soon learned to appreciate him, and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with him were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies, or crimson dressing-gowns!'

By-the-by, what a striking illustration of the peculiar kind of courage involved in the 'duello' was the incident of the two young negro bloods who the other day in Philadelphia arranged to look themselves in a room, armed with bowie-knives, and to make no out-cry until one or both were hacked to pieces! . . . Our steamers are educating practical physicians. The cholera has evoked true medical science, and

developed its best effects. Mr. BENEDICT, of the 'Troy,' should have his parchment at once, and so should Second-captain PATTERSON of the 'Erie;' for both have more than once earned their 'degree' the past season by timely and efficient medical aid, without which their involuntary patients must inevitably have perished. Good medical attendance and kind nursing combined, and all 'afloat,' are blessings which supply a hitherto very important desideratum in our river-steamers. . . . WE are not surprised to learn that Mr. MARTIN, son of the eminent illustrator of MILTON, is winning all suffrages in Providence, (Rhode-Island,) by the extraordinary beauty of his portraits of children. . . . THERE is to our conception scarcely any thing more touching than the relations which, in our older families, exist between aged servants and their masters or mistresses. They grow up together; the interests, the hopes, the fears, of the one become those of the other; and when death comes, which comes alike to high and low, there are ties severed than which few are closer or more holy. In a recent pleasant visit at one of the old palatial manor-houses on the Hudson — memorable, beside many other things, for the great men of our country who have made it the place of their sojourn while yet its honored founders were alive to welcome them with true old-time hospitality — we accompanied our accomplished hostess to the family burial ground, overlooking one of the most varied and charming landscapes to be found on our glorious river. Amidst the white marble monuments that mark the last resting places of those whom the country had delighted to honor in her darkest days, there arose a plain white slab, bearing the following inscription:

'TO THE MEMORY OF

Nancy Burnes,

Who died April eighth, 1849, in the forty-ninth year of her age.

A FAITHFUL NURSE: A TRUE FRIEND: AN HUMBLE CHRISTIAN.

In token of their affection and gratitude,

THIS MONUMENT

IS ERECTED BY

CATHARINE E. VAN CORTLANDT AND HER CHILDREN.'

'Not with eye-service, but in singleness of heart, fearing GOD.'
'Blessed are the dead who die in the LORD; For they rest from their labors.'

One after another the tears of a true mourner coursed down that mother's cheek, as she gazed upon the newly-erected stone, and called up in long review the watchful attention, the meek and silent assiduity, the sincere and unwavering affection, of that 'good and faithful servant,' and especially of her devotion to one dear little boy, an invalid from his birth, whom she had watched over for years with all a mother's tenderness and scarcely less than all a mother's heart. We are glad to be able to preserve in these pages a record of the worth of an humble colored servant, whose virtues could call forth the warmest gratitude of an eminently affectionate heart. . . . OUR esteemed contemporary, Mr. HIRAM FULLER, of the '*Evening Mirror*,' has been appointed by the PRESIDENT to the office of 'Naval Store-Keeper' at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn. This valuable and important station was unsolicited, but it is a deserved tribute from the national chief magistrate to one who had exerted himself, without fee or hope of reward, in the columns of his popular journal, to extend the principles and enhance the honors of Gen. TAYLOR. Mr. FULLER has already, in his new vocation, won the reputation of an efficient and faithful public officer. . . . THE favors of publishers and private correspondents will receive due attention in our next number.

THE INEDITED WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON:

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

FROM HIS

LETTERS, JOURNALS, AND OTHER MANUSCRIPTS,

IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS SON,

MAJOR GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

WHAT Lord Byron said of Pope may with more justice be said of himself: "He is the Poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our Literature:—HE HIMSELF IS A LITERATURE." Throwing aside the trammels of conventional life, in his hatred and disgust at the cant and hypocrisy which sought to annihilate him on account of his youthful irregularities and indiscretions; and relying solely on the vast power of his own mighty genius, he contemned and defied both the World's censure and praise. But for the very faults of his early education, the misfortunes of his youth, and the disappointments which awaited him as he merged into manhood;—but for the natural moodiness of his spirit, and the possession of affections, that longed for something around which to entwine;—but for the want of a mother's love, and the loss of a wife's affections;—but for a combination of evils, which would have prostrated another,—but for all these,—the genius of Byron might have slumbered, and been lost to us and to posterity. "The light that leads astray is the light that shines from Heaven," and this glorious light which sheds its effulgence over every page of his writings, will be sought for in vain in the effusions of his most gifted contemporaries. It is this lightning-flash of genius, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, that will cause posterity to speak of the nineteenth century as THE AGE OF BYRON. With Shakspere, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, the name of Byron will in future ages mark a brilliant period in the development of English Poesy, and the generations yet to come will treasure the smallest relic of the Master-mind.

The valuable unpublished materials, which the editor has been enabled to amass, in tracking the footsteps of Lord Byron through all his pilgrimages, consist of about ONE THOUSAND LETTERS; THE RAVENNA JOURNAL OF THE YEAR 1822, enriched with copious notes by the late Sir Walter Scott; NUMEROUS UNPUBLISHED POEMS, including the suppressed portions of his printed works; and a mass of ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES OF LORD BYRON by the Countess Guiccioli, Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Miss Bristowe; by Archdeacon Spenser, Sir Humphrey Davy, Messrs. Horace Smith, John Taylor, Trelawney, Gordon, Captain Boldero, and others. To these he is kindly permitted to add NUMEROUS LETTERS ADDRESSED TO LORD BYRON by his most familiar friends.

A quarter of a century has passed away since the death of Lord Byron, and twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Moore's admirable Notices of the Poet appeared. During that period death has been busy with those, out of regard to whom Mr. Moore was induced to omit passages in the published correspondence,

as given in the seventeen-volume edition of Lord Byron's Works. These passages will now be restored, the editor feeling assured that the Public will uphold him in what he looks upon as a sacred duty, the rescuing the memory of Lord Byron from the many unjust aspersions cast upon his character, either from interested motives, or for the mere gratification of envy, hatred, and malice. In publishing these the utmost delicacy consistent with truth and candour will be observed; but if any one should feel aggrieved, the editor disclaims at once any intention of giving pain by the publication, and would call to mind what Tyers says in his Rhapsody on Pope, "All such writings and discourses as touch no man will mend no man."

The publication of these works of the Poet in England having been prevented by an injunction of the Lord Chancellor, obtained through a combination of influences of which it is unnecessary to speak, the editor has determined to give them to the Public of the United States, and thus place the world in possession of the materials for doing complete justice to the greatest of modern Poets.

The following distinguished persons had signified their intention of patronising the work:—

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.
THE COUNTESS OF LINCOLN.
THE COUNTESS OF CHARLEVILLE.
THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT MORPETH, M. P.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD ASHBURTON.
THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT FALKLAND.
THE LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT ADAIR, G. C. B.
JOSEPH NEELD, ESQ., M. P., F. S. A.
BERIAH BOTFIELD, ESQ., M. P.
HUDSON GURNEY, ESQ.
DAWSON TURNER, ESQ., F. R. S., F. S. A.
HORACE TWISS, ESQ.

The Work will be published in Monthly Parts, at 25 cents each. At the commencement of each Volume AN ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE and FRONTISPIECE will be given; *and amongst other subjects already in the engraver's hands, are* THREE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS, *the first a curious mathematical sketch taken about the age of eighteen, the second a copy of the picture by West, the well-known American Painter, and the third a sketch from the celebrated statue by Thorwaldsen at Cambridge.*

The publication will commence on the 1st of Oct., and be continued on the 1st of every succeeding month, till the whole is completed. It is imagined that it will not exceed four volumes.

A liberal discount to the trade, and no order attended to unless accompanied by cash.

G. G. BYRON, PUBLISHER,
257 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

August 21st, 1849.

*** Postmasters and others transmitting orders with money from the interior, will be entitled to retain 15 per cent. If sent by mail, the postage must be paid in advance.

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THIS paper is published in the City of New York, and is circulated extensively in the Eastern, Western, and Middle States, and partially in the Southern and Southwestern States, of the Union.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE

is neatly printed on a royal sheet, whereof three editions are issued every day but the Sabbath, in order to supply each subscriber with the latest news possible. It is afforded to subscribers by Mail at $5 per annum. It is intended to equal in amount and value of matter any Daily issued on this continent.

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is issued every Tuesday and Friday, on a sheet of the same size with the Daily Tribune, at $3 per annum, or two copies for $5.

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is printed on a large double-medium sheet, making eight pages of six columns each, and contains the choicest matter of the Daily issue (the correspondence alone costing several thousands of dollars per annum), and can hardly be exceeded as a *Newspaper* by any Weekly in the country. It is afforded to those who subscribe singly at $2 per annum; ☞three copies $5, eight for $10, twenty copies *to one address* $20—payment in all cases being required in *advance*. When the term paid for has expired, the paper is stopped; so that no man need fear being annoyed with bills for papers he never read and did not want. Subscriptions may commence at any time.

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☞ *Notes of all specie-paying Banks in the United States are taken for subscriptions to this paper at par. Money enclosed in a letter to our address, and deposited in any Postoffice in the United States, may be considered at our risk, but a description of the bills ought in all cases to be left with the Postmaster* G. & M.

New York, August 1, 1849.

☞ The Publishers, in their Prospectus, say, "that they are—

"*Resolved* that no American journal shall exceed the Tribune in the variety, extent, or accuracy of its Intelligence, while to Literature, Poetry, and Art, they devote all the space that can be spared from the topics of the day."

The following extracts from notices of this Paper, published in various parts of the United States, will show how far the Publishers were justified in the foregoing announcement:—

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—This powerful journal, which is a perpetual fountain of thought and opinion upon all moral and political subjects, seems full of its original vigor and freshness. *The Tribune* is everywhere along the whole line in the thickest of the fight. At one moment its broad shoulder lends conservative support to some cracking arch in our political frame, at another time it is found dealing ponderous blows upon some venerable fortress of human wrongs. Sometimes *The Tribune* may be wrong, and, in its impulsive zeal, it may sometimes "run things into the ground," but it is always straightforward, honest, fearless—and generally comes out about right.—*Wisconsin Herald.*

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Without disparaging the merits of any one of the excellent political journals throughout the country, we think we can safely say, that no better periodical of the newspaper kind is issued from any press in the Union, than The Tribune. The greatness and variety of reading matter which it weekly lays before its readers, can not fail to interest all, however much they may differ in their notions of what a newspaper ought to be.—*Greenville Banner.*

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Although we differ from this print in several very important matters of political economy, we are none the less willing to acknowledge its unequaled merit as an American press; generally dignified, always talented, and ever marked by a heart-felt desire for the true elevation of the people.

We are content, even democrat as we are, to recommend The Tribune—for we believe that what of Truth it inculcates will be apt to "rise again" in the minds of its readers; while its errors must eventually "die amid their worshipers."—*Brooklyn Freeman.*

☞ The New York Tribune, decidedly one of the very ablest political journals in the Union. * * We are aware that Horace Greeley is a Northern man with Northern principles, an open and undisguised Free Soil advocate, and so far as these peculiar sentiments extend we dissent from him; but as a Whig—on all the great national issues which have long been before the country—as a man of vast political knowledge—we admire him. Few men in the nation have a larger stock of practical good sense; he is excelled by none as a political writer. Upon the Tariff question especially he is transcendently able, and has long been known as the champion of American Manufactures.—*Tennessee Packet.*

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☞ It is hardly necessary to add encomiums upon a paper so universally known and of so wide-spread influence as *The Tribune.*—*Essex County Republican.*

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NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—One of the best of the New York papers for news and commercial matters, as well as politics, is the Tribune.—*Knoxville* (Tenn.) *Tribune.*

☞ The New York Tribune is strongly commended to the general reader, as an eloquent defender of all those great principles laid down in the charter at Philadelphia, beside its strong Whig tendency, it may safely be set down in the list as one of the ablest and fairest party papers in this country. We consider it unnecessary to urge its claims upon the attention of our citizens, for every school district and by-way is conversant with the New York Tribune.—*Cherry Valley Gazete.*

☞ A description of the character of this paper is unnecessary, as it is so widely circulated that almost every one has some acquaintance with its value as a truthful expounder of Whig doctrines—and as a literary and scientific paper it is far above the generality of newspapers. In its arrangements for the early and correct publication of news, both foreign and domestic, it has no superior, and but few equals.—*Glean's Falls Clarion.*

☞ To such of our readers as wish to take a city paper, we commend the New York Tribune. We need not to speak of its political character, or of the fearlessness, honesty, and ability with which The Tribune is conducted. But its foreign correspondence has, in our opinion, no rival.—*Madison County Whig.*

☞ As an advocate of Whig measures, it is perhaps the most efficient journal in the country, while it is unsurpassed as a news medium.—*Nat.* (N. J.) *Standard.*

☞ The New York Tribune is one of the ablest conducted journals in America.—*Indiana Whig.*

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—This paper is so well established in the public confidence as to need no word from us in commendation of its merits. We do not hesitate to say that the *New York Tribune* is the best *news*-paper in the United States. It contains daily more domestic news than any other that now occurs to us, and beside giving as much foreign intelligence as any of its neighbors, the letters of its numerous foreign correspondents enable it to present a better view of general European affairs than can be obtained elsewhere. But what gives *The Tribune* a peculiar value, in our estimation, is its high moral tone, its deep sympathy with the struggles of mankind everywhere, its clear apprehension of the great law of Progress, and its abounding hope of a better day for the world, built upon a rational view of human nature and a just appreciation of the omnipotent causes now at work to elevate our Race.—*Gem of the Prairie.*

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—We question whether, all things considered, there is a more valuable or interesting journal published in the United States. It contains a vast fund of reading matter, including the best foreign correspondence of any newspaper in the Union.—*Weekly* (Pa.) *News*.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXIV. OCTOBER, 1849. No. 4.

The Symbol of Darkness.

A WOUND-UP TALE OF AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

After scrutinizing the neighborhood sharply, that abominable old settler, whose character we took occasion to discuss in our last chapter, called out: 'Come forth, ye children of Night! — the coast is clear. Be bold, ye myrmidons! ye eagles of Acheron!'

At this, fourteen diabolical troopers, mounted on coal-black steeds, wild storming colts with wings, caught on the Stygian bottoms, issued from the obscurity, revolving designs within their breasts, compared with which the smoke of a coal-pit is celestial. Their malevolent leader, *z*, scanned them a moment with much satisfaction; then, waving his hand, away they tore, bending forward, and skimming the ground like night-hawks. Away they sped, and, scoundrels as they were, it was nevertheless a rare sight to see them sail across the country in a perfectly straight line, for an hundred leagues, swifter than swallows; only swerving as some encampment of the frontier guards glimmered in the glens; then, as a dark pile of mountains rose before them, they inclined toward the ocean, as it lay off in the north-east without a ripple. On this they dashed, and you might mark their track for miles by the glistening of the waters where the horse-hoofs touched, or the edge of their wings, straight as the line of a rail-road. The admiral of the realm happened to be cruising on those seas with a four-decker; but old *z*, fearing no such huge, clumsy, lumber-stack, whistled with his satellites under its very stern, as it lay silently on the sea. The admiral, though, was well acquainted with the ropes and other articles manufactured from hemp, and knew in a minute that those were no bumble-bees or wild-fowl; so he let off his big guns, little guns, bomb-shells and muskets, and run all his spare lanterns up to the mast-head. The Symbol of Darkness by this time was leagues away, and chuckled

down to his fifth rib to hear the spiteful old salt burning his powder and lamp-oil so abundantly. But if he had looked behind, he would have become aware that his joke on the admiral was likely to be a serious matter, for the alarm was communicated to the frontier-guards; rockets were shooting up hundreds of miles along the marches; yea, the whole land behind him was alive with an army wide awake to lay hands on him at his return. But the atrocious old fellow who was unconsciously the object of so much kind consideration had meanwhile turned a tall promontory. Any body but those malevolent troopers would have halted with amazement. Upon a mountain not very distant was the habitation of the Grand Quadratic, blazing with splendor, like the palace of Lucifer. The illuminated amphitheatres, the prisms filled with many-colored light, the yellow cylinders, the silver cones, the purple globes and the ever-changing hemispheres, made a confusion of magnificence which would have stunned those wild sons of Night, were it not that all sense of the sublime and beautiful had been destroyed in them by their depraved propensities. So they scudded across the bay, over the plain, and ascended the long dike without meeting a single sentry. The Symbol then concealed his followers under a bridge which crossed a chasm between the dyke and the mountain, and bidding them to 'keep dark,' (no difficult thing, considering the atrocity of their natures and the obscurity of the night,) he disguised himself in the uniform of the Light Tangents, a corps which patrolled the frontier, and entered the great hall.

I was petrified! In ten minutes this arch-renegade had quizzed the sublimest dignitaries of the realm, in fifteen he made a fool of the Lord Coëfficient, and just as the twentieth was fulfilled he stood, with audacity altogether disgusting, before the imperial throne and the potentate who sat upon it. The latter, seeing a young Tangent, apparently just from the frontiers, waiting with much humility before him, spoke in his usual four-story rhetoric to the following effect:

'What tidings bringst thou, Vigil, swift of steed, from the troubled marches of our slumbering realm? Doth that stiff-necked traitor, whose base plots have oft disturbed the Atlantic of our sleep, and scared the tremulous dreams with vague uproar, yet tempt the swollen billows of our wrath?'

The insidious scamp who was thus addressed then actually spun off, with an air of modest confusion, a yarn which was not only characterized by an utter disregard of truth, but which involved contradictions so glaring, that at any other time they would have been fatal. Unfortunately it happened that the Bench of Seers (their mathematical sense is so acute, that a sophism or contradiction affects them as a discord does a musician,) was beginning to feel a little wild, possibly from the effect of certain goblets which 'prevailed' around the throne; (his majesty too was a little more magnificent than usual, and the First Fluxion was talking thick;) so the wilder these reverend old gentlemen felt, the more prophetic they looked, till you would have supposed them a grand jury. One of them, though, was inclined to be boisterous, and was quite facetious about

the 'Pons Asinorum.' Old *z* thus escaped undetected. He now ranged deliberately through the vast building. Mirth was at its height; a perfect maëlstrom of dancers whirled through the amphitheatres, while the noise of horns, viols and organs resounded from each lofty cone. In the banquetting-halls the tables were crowded with revellers elevated to about two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit; and when old *z*, with unbounded effrontery, stood up in a chair of state at the head of the great dining-room, the late occupant of which had just fallen, overpowered with the responsibilities of his station, and after a few remarks of an incendiary character, drank to 'the confusion of all rebels, and to the especial confusion, discomfort and annihilation of the Black Rat of the Frontiers,' (one of his own honorary titles,) the house fairly cracked with applause. Fluxions, Signs and Exponents pounded the mahogany so mightily, and cheered so vehemently, that every other tumult in the palace paused for an instant, and the clerical Surds, who had been rather relaxing ever since they sat down to the good cheer, two hours before, sprang upon the tables and roared like bulls of Bashan on the verge of insanity.

But I will not attempt to follow this abandoned wretch through all his crooked ways; the details of his operations are too shocking to meet the eyes of an intelligent and discriminating public. I will not disclose the dastardly machinations, the profound plots and the perfidious suggestions by which he enticed several ladies of quality and virtuous education to the ravine where his troopers lay hid, who tied them up in bunches, (hands hitched to feet,) coupled and slung them over their horses with as little compunction as if they had been saddle-bags. But the remorselessness with which, last of all, he conducted thither the ethereal *y*, was really appalling. This radiant being he found leaning, 'like a star, apart,' against a lofty cylinder which overlooked the ocean, meditating a sonnet concerning the monsters of the briny deep. His tactics were marked with consummate duplicity. He accosted her in the language of a young man haunted by the 'Everlasting Nay;' then, as he saw that the sympathies of that spiritual creature were aroused, by quoting a sentence from Goethe which could not be sounded with a lead and line, and by professing to be partial to 'baphometic fire-baptism,' he quite stole her heart. But we can't dwell on these painful details. Once at the bridge, the old rebel threw off his disguise, called up his satellites, tossed the frightened *y* on his horse, and springing on himself, gave a yell which rang through the palace with startling effect. The revellers were instantly sobered, and the dragoons of the guard, suddenly awakened, galloped furiously down the dyke to the plain country, and scoured the neighborhood just about as you would expect to see men scared out of their sleep and only knowing that *something* was wrong; keeling each other into the ditches, cracking their carbines at every sheep, and flying around like bats at noon. As for the Grand Quadratic, he was in a high fury, and swore by the Binomial Theorem that he would utterly eliminate the Symbol who had offered him such an indignity, and all Quantities, known or unknown, in any manner abetting him or offering 'aid and comfort.'

v.

The Symbol and his troopers went down to the sea-shore with exultation, and riding across the bay, disappeared in the shadow of certain precipices, which were piled out into the ocean for many leagues. Now when they moved slowly along under the awful dark cliffs and war-scarred promontories, and when they sometimes heard whining phantoms in the caves singing faintly on a minor key, and sometimes caught a discordant stanza from inner basaltic saloons, where leather-lunged Tritons and furious journeymen of Vulcan were making night hideous, one of these brigands, whose name was Ybbl, beholding Ophiucus and the planets above, the smooth ocean below, and the luminous castle on the mountains, broke forth into a psalm which the infernal raftmen sing when steering down the channels of Puriphlegethon. All lifted up their voices in the chorus; a strange and appalling ululatus. The moral lunatic, who had a kind of trap-rock music in his otherwise altogether felonious soul, descended with a couple of hoarse dragoons to the bottom of the lower clef, and ground a steady, rolling bass, like under-ground thunder; others ascended spirally to the dizzy leger lines above the staff, and lost themselves in the regions above; while the rest of the corps rambled through the chromatic scale; now carelessly, with disgraceful discords; now grandly, like kings in chariots; now fiercely, like horsemen in battle, with spears and trumpets.

Thus passing under the precipices, to the great wonder of marine deities, they halted at the outward cliffs, where the Symbol surveyed the visible heavens and expressed the result of his observations as follows:

'Time weareth on, ye brindled burglars! Now the clock-tower of the Pole strikes two; guns are firing in the eastern fort, to rouse the dreaming cavaliers of Daybreak; the stars wink mischief; therefore, ye diaboli, buzz like the lightning-bugs of Erebus!' The burglar then whispered some smoking syllable into the ear of Pyribroskon, the Stygian steed, and off the squadron flew over the ocean, on a line that seemed to have been staked out by an aquatic civil engineer. You might have seen them for miles, for their cattle were provided with fire-fly wings, flashing incessantly.

Lights glimmered in the horizon. The monomaniac grinned amiably. There lay the four-decker, black and motionless, a huge timber dragon; the lighted port-holes were like eyes, and seemed to wink. Again the old admiral heard an infernal hum over the waters, fiery wings sparkled by, and three-score hoofs, like skipping shot, went spattering under his bows.

'Fire! fire! fire!—up with your signals!' shouted the mariner, and straightway the vessel was 'wrenched with a woful agony;' all the batteries spouted flame and thunder for a space of time, lanterns ran up to the mast-head on cords, like spiders, and then the monster relapsed into sluggishness as perfect as if it had merely yawned, cracked its joints, and gone to sleep again.

Now signal-fires were kindled on the mountains, rockets shot up

from the plains, sharp streaks, like electric sparks, leaped from point to point, from hill-top to hill-top, far away to the wild frontiers of the North, and captains galloped along the sea-shore, just ahead, with torches, making unnecessary noise. 'Now fly like hawks!' said the Symbol, and he sprang to the land with his followers. A regiment made at him from the shadow of a bluff. 'Down with the Black Rat! down with him!' 'Knock him on the head!' 'Break open his brain-kettle!' 'Pray, gentlemen,' (by the surgeon, probably; he was a phrenologist,) 'pray have the goodness not to injure the skull.' 'Yes, we 'll handle it soft! Give me another axe!' These, and other intimations of an intention to make a 'subject' of him, greeted the ears of old *z*. For an instant that moral catastrophe was uncertain whether the wheel was broken at the cistern or not; for sabres, pole-axes, and other cutlery flourished around his head in a most disagreeable manner; but the gallant Pyribroskon bounded by like a nor'-wester. One trooper bit the dust; to wit, Zygzerinn the Sulphureous, a sweet babe, seven feet high, and brindled; the rest escaped unwhittled.

Now began a rat-hunt most odd, most tall. From every glen, grove and encampment, the enemy poured forth flambeaux, blowing horns incoherently. The freebooters found it necessary to drop their ladies, who were picked up the next morning with nerves very much unsettled; but the Symbol whose rascality rose to heroism with the danger, held on to the unfortunate *y*, and rode furiously ahead. On came the pursuers, Tangents-Cotangents, in fact the whole Traverse Table, and appendix of 'Flint's Surveying,' with sabres glancing hungrily, with axes whirling carniverously, while their ten thousand torches were a signal to each hunter afar. 'Your bows, my infants,' said the rebel. Thereupon his ferruginous troopers drew their iron bows, bending forward, and kept a stream of arrows flying over their horses' heads. This cleared the path of stragglers effectually; for the victim saw only a streak of fire in the air, and in an instant was burnt up with lightning. On, thou most rediculus mus! on, ye eagles of Acheron, the stream of torches is swelling incessantly, horn-quavers ascend more tumultuously to the stars; but a little farther and the outer blackness looms up, friendly to diaboli; scamper, ye mice of Erebus!

'Ha! ha! you million kittens!' screamed the black rat triumphantly, and made use of several very vulgar feline metaphors. The dragoons grew presumptuous and shot a sheaf of arrows toward the constellations, and the Stygian steeds tossed high their beautiful tiger-heads. Then to their dismay, ten thousand enemies leaped up from ambush on the very edge of the abyss, and like the east wind rushing from the east, and the west wind rushing from the west, ten thousand more came down on the right hand, ten thousand on the left. 'Wheel about, quick, ye hawks!' said the rebel, and with four of his satellites, barely slipped from the focus of the whirlwind. Nine outlaws brained with axes, and nine sharp-fanged steeds were trodden to the dust. Of the whole eighteen there did not remain three baskets full.

'Now again, old crow, for the sea shore.' The riot of the enemy grew fiercer. 'Down with the black rat, down the old animalculum!' was the cry, and the mob again went sailing across the country, fuliginous with torches.

But by this time the spies of night came skulking in from the east, and the vanguard cavaliers of Day-break saluted gallantly the fair morning star. Straightway certain sulky ghosts bestirred themselves to break up the camp of Darkness, and hurried off the baggage trains toward the west with the trumpery of the sable queen's pavilion. Our gay old quail began to be anxious, knowing that at the first touch of sun-light the winged steeds of Styx would be turned to flies, and then 'thou wert but a lost monster;' beside, day was obnoxious to his followers, as for himself, being amphibious, he had not much choice between light and darkness, though he rather preferred darkness.

. . . . . .

By rapid curving and various manœuvres, strongly marked with the duplicity which formed a respectable part of his character, this eccentric fowl found himself at last within ten leagues of regions opaque; the enemy could be seen in the horizon trying to smoke him out of a cave, into which at least a thousand declared they saw him take refuge. Looking behind, he became aware of one afar off, riding on a steed swifter than the tornado. 'By the ten Dragons of Domdaniel, a horse of the stars! On, my leopard;' and for once the miscreant turned pale. The stranger was the Unknown Quantity. He rode (this was a *very* 'great' country,) one of those meteoric mustangs, which the astronomers often saw racing in droves across the tremendous wilds beyond the outward planets, sailing with fiery manes from Capricornus to the Void. . . . . Well done, old wolf! The Symbol has plunged from the rocks into ancient Night. Tremors agitate the curtains of Darkness, and thunders roll off in the distance like a train of cars.

VI.

Phagarithmo, the magician, lived in a cave where the Solar Spectrum never ventured. This wonderful being passed his days in a mathematical trance; either revelling in the rarified atmosphere of Pure Reason, 'above the highest flight of the condor,' or in the mines below, wandered through diamond-arched, star-hung, golden-gated labyrinths, garrisoned by the Genii, where mere mortal Professors groped about cautiously with lanterns, seeing only dingy iron cellars that might contain fire-damp. Before him the Tribes of Darkness quaked; at his glance certain Theories in high places shook in their shoes. The Grand Quadratic was inaccessible, remembering how but two years before he went forth in his chariot with an imperial host, and with every implement, combustible and destructive, in the royal arsenals: how through much tribulation they reached the fortress of the rebel, cast up a mound against it and opened trenches; how the bastions were battered with forty-two pound formulas and sixty-eight inch corollaries, how he rained red hot fractions and lurid binomials on the whole fortifications, hurled meteoric diagrams

through the embrasures, and burst the compactest expressions in the gateway, all which did not so much as loosen a shingle; also, how brain fever seized the geometers, delirium prevailed in the ranks, how the whole army rolled back in rout, blinded by darkness, horrified by the sights and sounds there to be seen and heard, and falling by platoons into pits, to be devoured of monsters, and finally how a stupendous black rat visited the royal slumbers for three months thereafter.

Therefore our hero made his way to the mountains, and stated his case to Phagarithmo in concise and elegant language delivered with much propriety of inflection. He dwelt at some length on the charms of the ethereal captive, introducing several classical allusions, and rather bore down on the character of the robber, making use of actionable epithets. The magician chewed the end of a quill and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of a pair of snuffers. . . . . 'Now let my epitaph be written,' said the Symbol, when he saw the Chewer of figures coming through the unilluminated regions with a slate under his arm, and the Unknown Quantity bearing a lantern before him. He then ranged through his dusky den to inspect the bolts, muttering $a^2+b^2-\sqrt{px+c}$, and other profane ejaculations too disgusting to repeat.

The magician glanced with professional admiration at the fortress, but dismay crawled through the arteries of each particular villain. Some of the refugees would have sneaked off. The Rebel whose blood was up, swore by the Ten Dragons, that he would stick the first mutineer on the point of an asymptote and roast him in the furnace, stirring the coals at the same time with his weapon. Thereupon discipline was restored.

Now, resting his elbows on a rock, the magician looked steadfastly at the asylum of the thief, twisting his fists in his hair. Silence pervaded those regions. The Symbol who was game throughout, paraded around the battlements like a Titan. The Princes of Darkness came up from the distant empires of Demogorgon, some on elephants, some in chariots drawn by dragons and hovered angrily around. Among them was one Tenebrurges, a grim pirate from the oceans of Erebus, who though of a disposition savage and elephantine, had hired the enormous rascal, whom we are now besieging, to kidnap the ethereal y. Just returning from a cruise, this brindled bucanier drove up from the coast with a pair of unicorns to claim his bride, and hovers around with growls.

Three times the Day God's locomotive rolled down the steep western grade into the Terminus, roofed with the flaming clouds; three times the stars assembled in mass-meeting on the plain of Night, and fierce Orion harangued the burning populace with words resounding from the Poles; three times again the gates of the eastern dépôt swung open, and the golden engine ran out upon the fog-embankments, rumbling gloriously above the sea and the rivers.

Phagarithmo, the Magician, seized his pencil. At the first scratch of it, x felt himself transposed to the other side of the equation. In two minutes the outworks melted away, the little figures were extinguished, and the infinitesimals went up like thistle tops in a whirl-

wind. Like a battering ram of Demetrius Poliorcetes, that resistless slate-pencil stove through the fortifications. Vincula burst before it, Parentheses crumbled like sheet iron; and when with a great crack like the falling of Jericho, the whole fortress fell asunder a confused pile of algebraic *debris*, our hero sprang forward and knocked the properties of *x* in a summary manner. . . . . .

This tale must here end. The Powers of Darkness fled, and Tenebrurges the grim Pirate, wheeling his black unicorns, vanished in the eternal shades. The fair *y* was hauled out of the ruins safe and sound, and by royal consent was afterward united in a vinculum with the gallant *x*. The subsequent fortunes of that moral carricature, the Symbol of Darkness cannot here be recorded; suffice it to say, they ought to be a warning to every rebellious animalculum.

THE KING FISHER.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

Poetic haunts are thine,
Bird of the snowy ruff and saucy crest!
Plunging in streams that hurry to the brine,
And lakes of azure breast:

II.

And by the mill-pond's edge
Full oft, when strolling, I have heard thy cry,
And marked thee, over water-flag and sedge,
Speed on thine errand by.

III.

Supported in mid-air,
Above the river by thy humming wings,
How flames thy glance while trout its bosom fair
Break into widening rings!

IV.

Amid bright scenes, like these,
The days of thy wild life begin and end,
Seldom a wanderer from the dry old trees
That o'er the waters bend.

V.

Did not thy belt of blue
Catch from the sky-reflecting wave a stain,
And the white gorget round thy neck its hue
From foam-bells woke by rain?

VI.

Thy voice is like in sound
The twirling of a watchman's rattle loud*
When grisly Danger meets him on his round,
Beneath night's leaden cloud.

VII.

Could not the brook and rill,
Ever thy loved companions, tune thy throat
To softer utterance; teaching thee to still
That harsh, alarum note?

VIII.

Thy favorite fishing ground
Is where dead trees make desolate the strand,
And other tracks are by the trapper found
Upon the yielding sand.

IX.

The torrent's angry roar
To thee, wild creature, is a sound of joy,
While keeping vigil, nigh the rocky shore,
Some victim to destroy.

X.

There with keen, restless eyes
I have beheld thee perched, half-hid in spray,
Then, with a sudden plunge, thy finny prize
Secure, and bear away.

XI.

Thine undulating flight
Mimics the billow in its rise and fall;
Mad rapids are more pleasing to thy sight
Than the grove's leafy hall.

XII.

Art thou the bird of Eld
That built its nest upon the cradling deep
Owning a charm, when wind and wave rebelled,
To hush them into sleep?

XIII.

The Halcyon of Song,
Whose plume was deemed a talisman to guard
The fortunate possessor from all wrong
By seer and fabling bard?

XIV.

I knew not, but the Past,
When I beheld thee, Bird, her face unveils,
And back on busy recollection, fast
Crowd old romantic tales.

* WILSON.

THE TIMES AND POETRY OF CHAUCER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE is an intrinsic merit in Chaucer's works. He was equally successful in his burlesque tales and his allegories, and yet he was a priest in Nature's temple and seemed almost to cast a new sacredness around her most venerated productions. Boccacio and Chaucer did much to drive out from the realm of poetry the inflated and romantic style which prevailed in their early days through all modern Europe. Representatives of the *natural* school, they have exerted an influence by their beautiful and truthful writings which has not even yet ceased to be felt.

He who would learn the peculiar character of Chaucer's poetry must not be satisfied with reading a *few* of his works. His minor pieces need to be studied, for it is in them we see the playfulness of his manner, his delicate perception of the beautiful, his love of nature, his fondness for writing, his foibles and his manly virtues, and the varied and interesting incidents of his eventful life.

Before him, every species of composition, prose and verse, had been performed by recluse hermits or ill-bred and uneducated scribblers. While science was 'wedded to immortal verse,' the muse was but the mere slave of her recondite companion. And hence, though we have a few specimens of the labors of these untrained poetasters, they are very much like the characters engraved on some column of a half-entombed city, which, while inscribed by the unremembered dead, convey to us little that can interest or instruct us of the nineteenth century.

Translations from the Italian and French soon became numerous, yet, with the exception of Minot, Langland and a few others, who composed original works, no one for some years arose to give a name and dignity to the English tongue. We may, indeed, say that till Chaucer's time there had been no great poet to reflect unfading honor on his country's literature, unless we except Gower. Chaucer's translations were numerous, and they did much to give a new impetus to the march of literature. While they did this for the language, they contributed to the formation of the style of his original works. It cannot be denied, that he modelled his poems after the Italian and French poets very much, still he was an original man. It is admitted, that in copying from Petrarch even, he never failed to surpass his master in fidelity to nature and in the beauty of his thoughts. Chaucer had read much, and hence his learning was by some mistaken for real genius. That he was 'talented,' is the most we wish to say of his natural abilities. If he may be accused of imitation, his was imitation worthy of honor.

To review all the productions of this 'chief poete of Britaine,' and

do it well, would demand a life devoted to the muses and a volume larger than even Tyrwhitt's edition of his own. We notice but a few.

Engaged in the civil and military service of his country in early manhood, employed in embassies and negotiations till he had lived out half a century, his works were mostly short pieces, yet containing sufficient evidence that they came forth from one whose instructor was nature, and whose study was the human soul.

His '*House of Fame*' is a splendid palace, though it is the 'baseless fabric of a dream.' It is full of imagination, abounds in philosophic truth, stirs our fancy and conjures up in us the feelings we might expect to have in gazing at the rock of transparent ice on which the castle was built up. Were ever the trials and dangers of a lover, in endeavoring to secure the object of his earnest desires, represented with more force and beauty than those of his hero in the '*Romaunt of the Rose?*' It is an allegory of a Rose which the lover plucks after long and severe struggles to reach it in a lovely garden. He crosses trenches, scales walls, and breaks through adamantine gates. The castles which he enters are all occupied by different divinities, while some oppose and others aid his progress. The garden of Love, in which grew the sought-for Rose, was surrounded by walls painted with various figures, as Hatred, Avarice, Sorrow, Old Age and Hypocrisy. Each is beautifully described, but our want of space forbids our making extracts. It professes to be a translation, but Chaucer, instead of adhering to the exact text, wished to improve its beauty and elegance. Our reason why it will repay perusal by every one who aspires to an acquaintance with the thoughts and manners of our fathers, is that in it he may learn what visionary doctrines about love were held by the provincial poets, and see the exact contrast which Chaucer's views bear with Plato's metaphysical and quite *impracticable* speculations on this subject.

In his '*Troilus and Cresseide*' he well describes the hesitations and delicacies of a youthful, blushing maid, as when in the presence of her bashful lover, she

> 'Opened her herte, and told him her intent.'

See his power of pathetic description when Troilus has unsheathed his sword, to plunge it to his heart. Cresseide spies the weapon,

> 'And gave him in her armes fast to fold;
> And said, O mercy, God, lo whiche a dede,
> Alas! how nere we werin bothe dede!'

What picture more in conformity to truth than that of Nature's face in his '*Floure and Leafe*,' and how beautiful the moral of the story is. The '*Floure*' is the symbol of idleness which

> —'Within a little space
> Wollen be lost; so simple of nature
> It be, that it no grievance may endure,
> And every storme rool blow it sone away.'

The *Leafe* is the symbol of Perseverance,

> 'Whose lusty grene may not appaired be,
> But keepeth her beauty.'

Or the Floure represents Beauty, fresh and unfading; and the Leaf, Goodness in 'immortal green.'

Why Chaucer pays such homage to the daisy, we cannot conceive; but he dresses it up like a master improving on Nature. But Chaucer's great work is his '*Canterbury Tales.*' The fruit of a period of life when most men think they are beyond exertion, it is one of the most splendid specimens of genius which England or the world has ever produced. Toiling in public life till the age of sixty-three, it was not until

> —— 'His labour all done was,
> And he'd made all his reckonynges,'

as he tells us in his 'House of Fame,' that he could again return to his own home, and once more court the muse. Cincinnatus was great when he left the field for the plough; but he had been not less great if he had embraced literature and striven to do something for posterity. There is, to us, something noble in the act by which one leaves active life in a busy, humming world, for his quiet retreat, whence he may diffuse, as from a central sun, the radiance of his own bright intellect and glowing heart. Chaucer did not go back to Woodstock, the scene of his early days, that he might live in ease and idleness, but to gather for himself some laurel wreath, and not dishonorably.

The character of the man is best seen in his *Tales.* The prologue, from its infinite variety of character, suggests the thought that it was written as a review of the life of the fourteenth century in Britain. It is here we see his power of imparting life and richness to comic incidents, and trace the natural current of his thoughts from the sublime to the ridiculous. Behold how his feelings change from grief to joy, and watch his soul's efforts to portray in fidelity to his perfect model the thousand shades of character which may be distinguished, by one who reads the heart, in such a crowd as were then on their pilgrimage to Canterbury. This work was never finished, though it occupied the author's attention many years; yet it is the one on which his fame chiefly rests.

These Tales seem to be a tissue of independent stories artificially joined together, put into the mouths of about thirty imaginary relators, who in turn rehearse them for their common amusement, as they journey on toward the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, each agreeing to tell one Tale in going, and another in returning, on the condition that he who tells the best Tales shall be treated with a supper at the inn in Southwark, at the expense of the rest; a proposal first made by the host when he promised that the one

> —— 'That telleth in this cas
> Tales of best sentence and most solas,
> Shall have a souper at youre aller cost,
> Here in this place, sitting by this post,
> When that ye comen again from Canterbury.'

The Prologue brings before us as curious a medley as could well be imagined; personages from every department of *middle* life; but

our notice of them must be brief. A few sketches must suffice to show us the manner in which Chaucer handles such subjects:

'A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man;
With him ther was his sone, a young Squier,
A lover and a lusty bachelor.
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse,
Of twenty years of age he was, I geese;
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and gretè of strengthe.
Ther was also a Nonne, a *Prioresse*,
Hirr over-lippe wiped she so clene
That'in hirr cuppe was no ferthing seene
Of grese, when she drunken hadde hirr draught.
But for to speken of hirr conscience;
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.'

Besides, she had 'her nose' long and well-proportioned, 'hirr eyen grey as glas,' and her other members equally well developed:

'A MONK ther was, when he is reckeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles, or rather when
Out 'of his cloistre' was held 'not worth an oistre.'
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas;
He was a lord full fat, and in good point
. . . . a fayre prellat,' not
'Pale as a forpined gost,
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.'

'A *Frere* ther was;' 'a wanton and a merry,' who could give absolution to the men, who 'instede of weping and praiers, would give silver to the pourr freres.'

He was so good that even the man who 'so hard is of his herte he may not wepe although him sore smerte,' could yet for the yellow gold receive from him a passport to the highest heaven. A fine hit this, at those men who can sell goodness for dust, and keep the ignorant crowd in subjection to an assumed and insolent authority. Chaucer had insight enough into things human and divine, to know full well that a wretch in priestly robe can never efface from another's soul the stains of guilt, that Divinity will not be mocked. How well he describes a priest worthy of the name; showing as much acquaintance with what constitutes a veritable man of GOD, as even Cowper in times when all had begun to think and act somewhat as men responsible for deeds of life:

'HE waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him so spiced conscience,
But CRISTES love, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he followed it himselve.'

His *Miller* is represented with a 'berd' which like a 'fox' was rede:'

'AND thereto brode, as though it were a spade
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and thereon stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowe's eres.'

The steward or 'Reve' was a slender colerike man:

'His berde was shave as neighe as ever he can,
Ful longe were his legges; and ful lene
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf yseene.'

In like manner he sketches all the pilgrims, and then proceeds to tell 'all the remnant of our pilgrimage;' but we cannot follow them on their journey. We have given a view of his way of treating such a subject, and must leave it to all who would have a thorough acquaintance with the manners of his time, to read these tales for themselves.

Few poets have equalled Chaucer in word-painting. In one bold, though antiquated expression, he shows us the character of a 'Doctour of Phisike.'

'For gold in phisike is a cordial,
Therefore he loved gold in special.'

Such are a few samples of his manner of describing his heroes and heroines; he gives an outline *cap-à-pie;* uncovers the mind and shows us the very heart. Like Shakspeare, he had an intellect which rose far above all competition in its power of judging character. Like him, he describes the peculiarities of man, personates all his passions, unveils and exhibits to us the myriad emotions which struggle in the soul. For conciseness and energy united, come to the Tales of Chaucer. Read the history of Patient Grisaldes, and you will find it clothed with a pathos which as far excels the power of Dryden or Johnson to draw out, as Milton's poetic eloquence surpasses that of his imitator, Akenside. He has deep communings with the spirit of Nature and delineates her glories with so much truth that all his pictures are 'gay, animated and fresh.'

He goes forth at morn when the world of being has risen from repose, 'when the grass is impearled with dew, and when the delicious scents of field and tree and flower are yet unpolluted by the beams of the flaring sun.'

His style of imagery is striking, gay, variegated and diffuse. He had a heart to love the fine and tasteful; the beautiful and sublime. Examine his works throughout, and while there may be a tale like the Revés' or the Miller's, that is filthy, vulgar and licentious, and some sentiments scattered through his poems of an exceptionable character, there yet are to be found inculcated the precepts of strictest morality and virtue. True it is, that error lives only by its combination with truth, but still we would not condemn unceremoniously what was written by one who seemed to be anxious to enforce the claims of virtue, humanity and religion. He wrote, not like one of modern times, as if he had had premonition of a destiny of wo and would hurl his curses at mankind, trifle with the most sacred associations and draw with a fiendish grasp the innocent and beautiful within the iron doors of hell; but his pen was allowed a wider limit than the sensibilities of the nineteenth century seem, and rightly too, to justify in poetry or prose. No writer has ever exhibited such a variety of talent as Chaucer. If he soared not with Homer and Dantè to the heights of human thought; regions on which none but the imaginative soul of the great poet ever gaze; if he launched not forth his lightnings and woke up the deep-toned thunder of his wrath at human infamy and guilt, like some of his successors; he yet has the immortal honor of giving a name to English poetry, and cannot die. His Canterbury

Tales need study, and they well repay one for his efforts to understand the language of his time. The production of a well-developed intellect, like Paradise Lost, these Tales are a fit representative of the great Chaucer; the result of a determination to give form and stability to the English language; a work wrought out of the rough materials of a superstitious age; a column not to crumble!

Such are his poems; we read not far in them before we see, with D'Israeli, the 'Sire of English poetry kindling the cold ashes of translation into the fire of invention; from cloudy allegory breaking forth into the sunshine of the loveliest landscape-painting; and from the amatory romance gliding into that vein of humor and satire which in his old age poured forth a new creation.'

We behold him a philosopher, looking out over mankind; a poet, haunting the wildest solitudes of Nature; a transcriber of her beauties and her glories, a painter of the passions and workings of the soul. Himself a man mild and gentle, his mind was cheerful and serene, his heart a warm one, his manner far from reserve or arrogance, fond of *convivials*, of expensive habits, an eager and enthusiastic student of Nature and the human heart. Like Shakspeare, in this last quality lay his success. He surpassed all his predecessors in the elegance, elevation, perspicuity and harmony of his versification; in fine, he showed the lustre and nobleness of the true poet in an age almost barbarous; and we think of him as of some of the master-spirits who immortalized Greece and Rome, with astonishment and delight. He pictured life and true emotion:

'He stooped to truth and moralized his song.'

Hence it is he merits the remembrance of a grateful world. His defects are made visible by the brightness of his excellence, yet like the sun's spots; hence we have passed most of them by unheeded. Gower was indeed a poet, but a dwarf by *his* side. Chaucer, like a Titan, piles up his thoughts high as 'frondosum Olympum;' and if he does not grasp 'the lightnings of creative Jove, and speak the words that call spirits and mortals and worlds into existence,' he yet stirs our feelings, and makes us acknowledge that he did

——'get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone'

right nobly. Be it that some want poetry that will flare upon them like the broad sun as he sinks to rest, that will take stern hold of the soul; they may yet admire the star which glitters in the far-off vault, and love the vine which creeps up in beauty as they pluck its fruit.

The painter's canvass shall decay and perish, the sculptor's column shall lie in ruins, music's voice shall be still; yet the poet who dips his pencil in the life-blood of the heart shall bring out forms and colors whose truth and loveliness will be noticed and felt wherever such a heart may throb. His ear may be dull, his eye glassed and chill, his heart cold in death, but his

'Reliques bear a charmèd life,
And speak though he be silent.'

Chaucer needs not the laurels which he gathered in military service to wear about his brow; his cup is full; and could works of man purchase exemption from the penalty affixed to the guilt of life, he surely made a glorious entrance into immortality. He tore no tender heart asunder and left it to bleed in mortal agony in domestic life; and had he left behind him in his own works no evidence of resentment and indignation toward Gower, at one time his best friend, not all the efforts of enemies to cover up his name and character by a load of infamy would ever have served to make the heart, with the smallest amount of charity in it, believe that his star does not shine as fair as that of any hero who has illumined the pathway of mankind through a world of darkness and of guilt. Let his failings be forgotten, and his memory be dear to all who glory in speaking the English tongue. If his works are a speck thrown on infinitude, they are yet a monument in whose chambers we may sit and decipher the thoughts engraved on its massy walls by one of the unforgotten dead. Praise then the hero

> —— 'who in times
> Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
> To tame the rudeness of his native land.'

DIVINE LIGHT.

BY J. CLEMENT.

How desolate the region where the sunlight never falls;
Its darkness how mephitic! how its gloominess appals!
No verdure pranks its bosom, and no bird of cheerful song,
To break the painful silence, doth its melody prolong.

More gloomy is the realm where the seeds of MIND are sown,
But Ignorance with vices hath its borders overgrown;
No flowers of moral culture there the balm of health exhale,
The rank and deadly nightshade flings its poison on the gale.

There cold and scaly reptiles that by Superstition bred,
Are on the slime of Passion in its fattening freedom fed,
Holding their horrid banquet 'neath the fossil tree of life,
Wage ceaselessly and silently a self-consuming strife.

Then let the light be scattered where the Darkness now abides,
Which Error with his minions, like a ghostly spectre strides;
And where is seen the barrenness and desolating gloom,
Shall sound the voice of Gladness and appear the vernal bloom.

The forms of angel brightness that so beautify the mind,
Where Truth has poured its lustre and its jewelry enshrined,
Shall people every realm where the Passions have their birth,
And like her ancient Eden, then, shall blossom all the earth.

Buffalo, (N. Y.,) 1849.

STANZAS: ICEBERGS.

BY FREDERICK G. CARNES.

I.

Proud Winter's adamantine chain,
Coiled round the Arctic Sea,
Through lapse of lingering months, in twain
Unlinks exultingly.

II.

Encompassing the Northern Pole,
Where Life had slept so long,
The new-born tides begin to roll,
And shout their glorious song.

III.

And on their boisterous surface hurled,
And clustering night by day,
To traverse stately o'er the world,
The icebergs break away.

IV.

On high their pinnacles they rear
Translucent in the sun,
And deep beneath the waters steer,
And swiftly journey on.

V.

But though they idly float, and bear
Destruction in their course,
Their beauty soon must disappear,
And yield their stubborn force.

VI.

For lo! the solar rays incline,
And struggling with the fire,
Summit and base yet gorgeous shine,
Then silently expire.

VII.

The multifarious forms of sin
Thus rankle round the heart,
And richly robed, acceptance win,
Unwilling to depart.

VIII.

But when the Light of Truth awhile
Comes gathering to its aid,
The Tempter ceases to beguile,
The phantoms quickly fade.

New-York, August 10, 1849.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

Our host having taken his seat on one of the carved stools brought out here for our use, and his visitors arranged in their respective places, his ministers, medicine-man, keeper of the harem, the bearer of his staff of office, somewhat resembling a shepherd's crook, and carved rudely on the handle, and his messenger, with the message-cane in his hand, all squatted themselves around him, while another man, a butler, or maître d'hotel, I suppose, brought gin, brandy, French liqueurs, etc., on a large plated tray, or waiter, which, after a glass of water had been first handed around, to keep, as they say, the head and stomach cool for 'palaver,' were offered for our refreshment. When all the glasses were supplied, the cabocere would rise, and advancing toward us, with a jovial smile and graceful attitude, touch the glasses of those of his guests who were nearest where he stood, with his own, as in France and on the continent, and then all would drain them to the bottom.

On being informed by one of our party that the commodore and some of our officers would like to pay a visit, did circumstances permit, to the King of Dahomey, he promptly replied that his master would be very happy to see us. And if all, or even a small portion, be true of what we have heard of this monarch, his capital and people, it would be a rare treat indeed to make the excursion. The distance is only three days' journey, and that in the most luxurious of all styles of travelling, in hammocks which the bearers carry about six or seven hours during the day, avoiding the heat and fatigue after eleven or twelve o'clock. The governor also apologized for the scantiness and neglected condition of his costume, stating that while the king is out of his house, on the war-path, or otherwise, as he has been for the last forty days, his official representatives are not allowed to change their dress, shave or clean themselves, during such excursion or foray. How long this 'taboo' on the toilet is to hold, no one can imagine; but it is to be hoped, for the benefit of the cabocere and his fellow sufferers, that the return of the royal absentee may be speedy and prosperous. The clay-smearing of their foreheads by the royal agents, we were told, is a ceremony always practised upon the reception of news from the king, or at the mention of his august name, and hence is it that 'the sign' must be pretty frequently displayed on the persons of his slaves. And yet, though the highest native dignitary in the land is so infinitely below the Fetiche king, that, like the rest of his kind, he is but an abject, dirt-eating slave; still as the nominal representative of royalty and divinity, a homage, base and degrading, is paid him by his inferiors, which, in our republican way of viewing things, however odd and interesting, can but appear superstitious and debasing. Thus, while we were engaged in partaking

of the cabocere's liquors, and interchanging palaver, some dozen or so natives suddenly made their appearance, and casting themselves in the dust, with deep prostrations, repeated salams, and clapping of hands, paid their lowly reverence, and as suddenly retired from the scene.

We had now come to the end of our interview, and rising from our seats, we resumed our returning route, escorted by the stately governor, and attendant suite, even out into the street, where, with a hearty grasping of hands, and the usual snapping of fingers, we parted with Abbas, much pleased and gratified with our hurried visit, and the strange things we had witnessed.

The balance of my story is soon told. Proceeding to the French fort, we again met a kind reception, and rich in presents and good wishes, about two, P. M., once more entrusted ourselves to our luxurious hammocks and trusty bearers, for the returning passage of the dark lagoon. Naught occurred to mar our return trip, or detract from the pleasure, comfort and safety of the whole excursion. But as the tide was higher in the lagoon than when we came through the previous day, it would have been a severe trial to delicate nerves to find one's self suspended on the heads of naked savages, either feeling the inky water oozing in beneath, or lifted in no comfortable or graceful position on brawny shoulders, where a false step, a slip of hand or head, might spill you into an element where swimming might be a thing to think of, but not to practise, and a filthy strangulation within the compass of probable events. But thanks again to our faithful Wydahns — passed the perils of the watery journey, behold us on the beach once more, and soon transported, safe, but not innocent of a ducking from the heavy rollers, through, I might almost say, a mountain surf, into our expectant boat. And as we pulled slowly to the ship, our good friends and hosts on shore spoke for their kind feelings and wishes through the ready battery, which roared out their loud adieu. Waving hats and kerchiefs, with many a hearty cheer, we rendered back the compliment, and soon were welcomed back by friends and messmates, as men restored from some strange and perilous adventure. And now that all the excitement is over, and the visit paid and well enjoyed, let us trust that not a man of all our party shall have to pay with fever his frolic on the shore, but have additional cause hereafter to congratulate himself that he shall have it in his power to say, I was one of those who saw and heard the strange men and things at Wydah.

Before winding up my day's narration, I must not omit to say, as said Lander, at Badagry, that 'It is the custom in this place, that when a man cannot pay his respects in person to another, he sends a servant with a sword or cane, in the same manner as a gentleman delivers his card in England.' Instances of this description we observed in abundance, and the 'message-cane' is as sure a passport and protection as the signet ring of the Middle Ages, or the Legalization or Visa of modern times. Again, though we saw none of them, we were told that the cabocere employs a number of women as bodyguard and soldiers; and it is asserted, that on one occasion, when the

Wydahns had secured a strong position, and driven off the invading army of Dahomey, these petticoat warriors redeemed the day, and restored victory to the Dahoman banner. In this the Wydahn governor imitates his lord and master at Abomey; for, as we are informed by travellers, that monarch keeps a large band of these bold Amazons, who not only know how to wield the arms that kill, but are celebrated as the best huntresses and most daring victors over elephants and other wild beasts that the country boasts of. And when, in addition to all this, we are told by those who have seen and know, that the present monarch is a superior man, for his kind, rich, powerful, hospitable and intelligent, and that his capital and country are full of strange and interesting things, it may be well conceived that our curiosity was excited, and our inability to see and hear for ourselves particularly annoying. Moreover, our respect for this monarch-despot and divinity though he be, was increased by the fact, stated as such, at least, that he himself disapproves of the human sacrifices that are annually made to the superstition of the people, and the tyranny of custom; and though his palaces and houses be decorated with human bones, and cruelty be stamped on all his wars and forays, he still only submits to the overruling necessity which forces him to the perpetration of things at which it would appear, he protests and is opposed. A gentleman, resident at Wydah, who has made a trip lately to the capital, assured me of many of these facts, and stamps most of what has been written of this great African potentate, as sheer exaggeration. He was received kindly and politely, found the country in good cultivation, and the people quiet and contented; and is convinced that the monarch of Dahomey, must be indeed rich and powerful beyond what is generally understood and believed. The Governor Abbas, whom we visited, is the representative of royalty, so far as the natives are concerned. The principal power and influence are vested in the old De Sonza, through whom white traders and strangers must communicate with Abomey. The Governor, in a word, is the official agent of his lord and master for domestic purposes, and the Portuguese is the man whom he most consults and defers to, and through whom, as it were, the foreign relations and commercial intercourse go on. But when the old man dies, it is a question whether his mantle will fall upon either of his children's shoulders, or whether some other aspiring and enterprising stranger shall fill the vacated place. But be it as it may, the road to riches, honors and emoluments in this benighted land, would seem to be the slave trade. To this lucrative business, industry and commerce are sacrificed, and it is a very doubtful matter whether king or people can be persuaded or compelled to abandon this shocking traffic, for more regular pursuits, however strong the appeal or flattering the prospects; and yet the profit on slaves does not appear to be great enough to justify the risk and penalty. For the blacks cost about eighty or ninety dollars ahead here, and bring only two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty in Brazil. So that when the chances of being caught are considered, it would not seem so good a business as at first blush one might feel inclined to infer. Still this portion of the world is the hot-bed, the fruitful thea-

tre of the slave trade, and I very much question whether cruisers, money, force or cunning, will ever eradicate the curse or cure the evil. So long as these dealers in human flesh can afford to lose two out of five shipments in running the gauntlet off the coast; so long as the returns shall be more inviting and enriching than the slower and peaceful occupations of agriculture and commerce, and the feuds among the natives be perpetuated, so long shall the market be well supplied, and the pains, risks and penalties be provoked and encountered. The demand will always regulate the supply, and so tempting are the inducements, so familiar and so popular the business among these people, that nothing less than a general consent of civilized nations to make it piracy and affixing immediate and inevitable death as a punishment for all parties caught in the act or privy to the trade, or else by subsidy or more tempting rewards, securing the coöperatian of the King of Dahomey, and other slave-dealing tribes and potentates, will ever produce the desired result, and rid the world of this violation of the laws of God and man. Confiscation, pecuniary loss, cutting off and setting adrift on the coast, public condemnation, destroying baracoons, armed cruising, and all the present appliances for punishment and prevention, will, in my humble opinion, do little or nothing toward effecting the much-to-be-desired consummation. Death, instantaneous and inevitable death, at the yard-arm and by hemp, not disgrace, ignominy or loss in character and pocket, will do the work. Colonization, did climate and circumstances permit, by civilized people, might go far toward effecting this end, but nature and destiny seem to make this sun-scorched, fever-stricken coast, forbidden soil to the white man, and none of the race can long expect or hope to survive the insidious, deadly effects of the climate, and the privations of the horrid exile. If our own blacks could line the coast, resist the hostility and incursions of the native tribes, and would prove faithful to the regenerating mission, much might possibly be done in the good work and in the right direction, but this is an event to dream of and desire, not to look for or realize.

Enough have I heard, seen and understood to make me very desponding about the suppression or diminution of the slave trade with the actual means applied by England, France and the United States for that purpose. It may sound well in official reports, make some noise in the public tribunes and prints, but still will it stand forth a fact that the slave trade goes bravely and profitably on, and christian interference is derided and made abortive. Let those whom it concerns look that this be corrected and made otherwise.*

* Note by the Author. — While preparing the foregoing pages for the Knickerbocker, I was so struck with the following as confirmatory of the views entertained and expressed by myself on the subject, that I deem it fit and appropriate to extract: 'The Liverpool Times of the seventh of July, contains a report of the select committee appointed by the House of Commons, being in continuation of the inquiry to consider the best means which Great Britain can adopt for the final extinction of the slave trade. The result of the inquiry is, 'that a long and large experience of attempts to suppress the slave trade by a naval force, leads to the conclusion that to put down that trade by such means is impracticable,' and the report recommends that 'Great Britain should be released from those treaty engagements in respect to this trade, which place

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8. — To-day the roadstead does not look as lively and animated as yesterday. For the King Fisher and Brittermast which looked in last night, have started on their several cruises, and we are making our arrangements for our southern trip. Diminutive bullocks and goats, vegetables and fruits, are coming in upon us as 'dashes' from Governor Abbas and the Señors de Sonza, and the ship is quite a menagerie of beasts and birds, few ornamental but most of them decidedly useful and acceptable donations, noisy though they be, and decidedly in the way. Our departure was postponed yesterday, for the purpose of giving M. de Sonza and his friends an opportunity of seeing the ship, but in this we were doomed to disappointment, for owing to Señor Antonio's indisposition and the unfavorable state of the beach-surf, our boat despatched in the forenoon for such of the gentlemen as wished to pay us a visit, returned with only Mr. Roberts, the British factor, on board. He partook of a collation in the cabin, and after being shown around the ship, and entertained to the best of our abilities, returned to shore. Soon after his departure, about three P. M., we got under way, and soon after the return of our boat, were overtaken by a sudden squall, which although stiff and irregular enough to induce us to shorten sail, and render every thing snug, was not sufficiently strong to make us uncomfortable. But before midnight the sky cleared again, and we are making our course with our usual comfort and good luck. We have every reason to hope that this change for the better will be lasting, and that our progress southward will be prosperous and easy.

As a remark which may be of some interest, I ought to state, before leaving the subject of our visit to Wydah, that it is rather a remarkable thing, as showing the light which the trade is looked upon among these people, that not a few of the slave-dealers in the town, and those none of the poorest, were originally themselves its victims, and upon emerging from their servitude in Brazil, have returned to their native country, and are now engaged in the business. From the appearance of the soil, of a red clayish color, one might suppose that its capacity of production would be trifling, and so infer that it is no wonder why slave-dealing should be preferred to all other kinds of business; but the earth, unpromising as it seems, is exceedingly fertile, and of great depth. It produces abundantly coffee, the cotton-plant, bananas, oranges, calabashes, corn, etc, and requires but little cultivation, nature supplying the negligence and laziness of its owners. And land is deemed of such little value, that if a white man wants it to

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the question of maintaining a blockading squadron beyond the free and exclusive control of the British authorities. The committee entertain the hope that a suppression may be effected by pacific means, the improvement and civilization of the natives.''

When we reflect that in addition to our own force of eighty guns, the British keep up on the west coast a squadron of twenty-five sail, at an annual expense of at least three hundred thousand pounds sterling, and the French government does somewhere near the same thing, and yet thirty thousand Africans are yearly exported into slavery, we may well be allowed, while entertaining hope, to express great misgiving and apprehension as to the future state and effect of this horrid traffic.

build on or till, he has but to call upon the cabocere, and he has as much as he may need for the asking. But though vegetation is so prolific, and the soil so productive, domestic animals appear to be small and stunted in their growth. Cattle, horses, dogs, goats and sheep, are generally on a very small scale, while, on the other hand, alligators, snakes, birds of prey, elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, panthers, etc., prove how generous and liberal is Nature when untrammelled by artificial interference. Some few miles in the interior, between Wydah and Abomey, many of these large species of animals are found in abundance, and they are eagerly hunted by the natives. Of birds we saw white cranes, filthy-looking vultures, curlews, wild ducks, flocks of brownish birds with long tails, and one in particular, attracted the notice of one of our party, of a green color, resembles our kingfisher, and is known as the hour-bird. It is said that it either calls out regularly every hour, or that a fixed time, say a couple of hours or so, elapses between its notes, in the uniform and measured return of which it never fails or makes the least mistake. The celebrated Wydah bird, in spite of its name, is not a native of this place, but comes from Badagry, further to the southward and not far from Lagos.

As a specimen of the small proportions of some of the Wydahn domestic animals, one of our officers had the curiosity to get the measures and weight of a cow, bull and two goats, a part of the 'dashes' from the cabocere and the Señors de Sonza. The first was five feet in length; girth, four feet four inches; height, three feet three inches; the second, length, four feet four inches; girth, three feet eleven inches; height, two feet nine inches; average weight when dressed, one hundred and forty pounds. The goats measure, one, two feet four inches in length, and one foot nine inches long; the other, two feet three inches in length; height, one foot eleven inches.

Wednesday, February 9. — This morning we are favored with a fine, bright day and delightful breeze. We are calculating upon reaching Lagos either this evening or early on the morrow, and were even induced for a while to believe that we might stand in for Badagry on our way to the former place, and perchance procure something strange and interesting from that great African curiosity-shop, so particularly visited and described by Lander. But the breeze could not be persuaded to favor us on this occasion, and so by one P. M. we had altered our course, and were soon steering direct for Prince's Island, thus bidding an unexpected adieu to the coast.

The only event of much personal importance that has occurred since our departure from Wydah, was my resignation of the catership. It being found that the *arduous* duties of that important office interfere with those I am expected to fulfil in the cabin, I have therefore shuffled off 'the honors and emoluments' of a post which I had occupied for so brief a period. But, thank Heaven, I am relieved, and have but to wish my successor, the master, a more efficient, economical and satisfactory administration than his too lenient predecessor.

THE PILOT: A ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN.

THE red sun dropped beneath the wave,
  With silent steps stole dark-robed Night,
Our good ship bent to the western wind;
On, on she rushed, and far behind
  Her sea-foam track gleams pearly white.

Through all that weary, lingering day
  No blessed favoring breeze had blown,
And not a ripple marked our way;
With heavy, flapping sails we lay
  On the long sea-swell idly thrown.

But now knew we that port was near,
  For lustily the look-out cried:
'A sail ahead!' and with a cheer,
We saw the pilot's boat appear,
  Like white-winged sea-bird, at our side.

The pilot was an ancient man,
  Yet wildly brilliant was his eye:
His face by the compass-light looked wan,
And fixedly seemed he to scan
  The wind clouds coursing through the sky.

I saw it not, but many say,
  That o'er his manly stalwart frame,
As the pale moon, with feeble light
Pierced the dim curtain of the night,
  Sudden a fearful shudder came.

And onward still the good ship danced,
  Over the sea with bounding keel,
The white wave-crests in the moonbeams glanced,
The pilot stood like one entranced,
  And firmly grasped the wheel.

Hark! heard ye not the breaker's dash!
  Haste! haste! pale mariners, heave the lead:
Sparkling and bright the waters flash,
The line goes down with sullen plash,
  Three fathoms to the channel's bed.

Why heeds he not the warning cry?
  The deep sea line again is tossed,
And every face is blanched with fear,
For well we know the reef is near—
  The reef no keel hath ever crossed.

The mariners gaze with wild surprise,
  The ship holds on her foaming way;
All, all around before our eyes,
The breakers roar and whirl and rise,
  Like wild beasts eager for their prey.

O Christ! it was a fearful sight!
That tempest-beaten rock-bound shore;
The light-house bell from the jutting height,
Came booming through the murky night,
Above the billow's awful roar.

The clouds like evil spirits spread
Their wings of darkness o'er the deep;
And rushing on in foaming chase
Like desert coursers in the race,
The wild waves o'er the ocean sweep.

A mortal fear chilled every heart,
And all the deck was still as death;
And eyes glared wild with stern despair;
To many mother many a prayer
Was sent, with trembling breath.

The sea-birds fled, a timid flock,
Shrieking, they fled the driving blast;
Beneath our keel lay a coral rock,
Grating we struck with earthquake shock,
The boiling waves broke o'er us fast.

Oft wearied Nature gently yields
Without a pang the last dread strife;
But fearful is the thought of death,
When youth and strength, with panting breath,
Cling fast to every hope of life.

Right onward came a mighty sea,
High was its crest, and dazzling white;
On its broad bosom up rose we,
From ruin saved most wondrously,
By the great billow's giant might.

The saffron tint of dawning day
Lit up the wave and orient sky;
The storm-winds ceased their boisterous play,
We safely made the harbor-bay,
And saw the city looming nigh.

Where he had stood the live-long night,
There silently the pilot stood;
We gazed at him by the waning light;
We spoke not, breathed not, for the sight
Had well nigh chilled our very blood.

His cheek was pale, his form was cold,
His manly breast heaved forth no breath,
In whispers through the ship 't was told,
It went like flame from deck to hold,
Our silent helmsman had been Death!

Living Pulpit Orators.

THE REVEREND H. B. BASCOM, D. D.

GORGEOUS ILLUSTRATION.

IMAGINATION, chastely cultivated and legitimately employed, is of great service in the pulpit. A living language, springing from a fervid heart and vivid mind, creates mental life and feeds it; but frigid and artificial expressions can as little convey the perceptions of dignified existence, or elicit lofty aspirations, as silence can express sound. A fiery and flexible imagination is requisite to penetrate all intellectual creations with vital life, and this grand attribute has been truly named 'the shaping spirit.' More plodding faculties may accumulate a multitude of heterogeneous materials, but it is this power alone that can give unity to the otherwise formless mass, mould it into symmetry, and invest it with divinely harmonious charms. The relative proportion of this power in different men, measures most accurately their respective influence as pulpit orators. It is this that best enables the happily endowed to

> 'TRACE beauty's beam to its eternal spring,
> And pure to man the fire celestial bring.'

It is but a too manifest and reasonable ground of complaint in our day, that dreary, prosaic fact has established its empire in glade, forest and cavern, over land, sea and air, on the bench, at the bar, and in the pulpit, having banished spiritual essences from these lower skies, and left as food for the mind and heart only that which is 'stale, flat and unprofitable.' In some spirits, however, there yet remains a goodly share of that quality through which we are admitted to the great Council of Nature, to be imbued with poesie that makes the soul to become like GOD in love and power. A North American reviewer has said in sober truthfulness, that 'Imagination is the highest exercise of that august faculty from which it is vulgarly esteemed so distant, namely, reason. It is the instinctive (if we may so call it, in the absence of any readier term) perception of remote analogies; in other words, of the unity of truth. It has been said of Shakspeare, the greatest imagination in the history of literature, that as much reasoning faculty was required for the production of one of his dramas as for that of the *Novum Organon*. According to our view of the matter Bacon's great work indicates the presence of imagination only second to that which found its natural outlet in Hamlet and Lear. Many examples, were it necessary, might be brought to prove that the great mathematical or scientific mind is not so different in kind from the poetical as is generally taken for granted. It will be enough if we merely mention Pascal and Davy.'

But the imagination which enters into the composition of true eloquence is not a mere raree-show; an ostentatious display of adornments, instead of a sober elucidation of principles. It is prëeminently the creative power within us, and makes man most to resemble GOD. Like a divinity, it builds its universe, kindles it central suns, rolls abroad innumerable worlds, leaving pains-taking judgment to measure their orbit and estimate their momentum. The mightiest discoverer in the kingdoms of science, and the most captivating artist that ever delineated truth in her highest sphere, is imagination. Poetical conception has ever done more toward the invention and enforcement of important principles, than logical deduction. It is rare that by the mere exercise of the logical faculty any great truth is either found or fortified. Imagination, by its far-flashing glance first unfolds, then comes forward logic to confirm. When Newton saw the apple fall, it is believed that there simultaneously arose in his mind a vision of universal order and harmony. The bright idea revealed to him central suns, revolving orbs, acting and reäcting systems in unclouded beauty and grandeur. Doubtless, the new theory of the world at that instant, born to revolutionize all physical philosophy, was complete in the mind of its author long before the propositions of the *principia* received their rigid scientific form. The first perceptions of important doctrines ever require successive generations so to verify as to reduce them to a practical application and efficient use. But from beginning to end, it is imagination, seeing truth intuitively, that leads mankind to serener heights and broader views. It is this faculty that enables its possessor to turn over and over in his mind all the resources he can command, realize and make them intensely his own. Often will such persons in the obscurest walks of life, and with the least formal education, give out original thoughts, 'like jewels dropping from a fairy's mouth,' until those who have been blest with vastly superior advantages stand with mute admiration in their commanding presence.

The highest type of philosophy always most nearly resembles poetry in essence and form. They have the same source and a common essence. We are not speaking of the evanescent gewgaws of fancy, but the substantial creations of reason sublimated by imagination. As an example, we have referred to Lord Bacon, and may here add that in many of his Essays passages of extraordinary beauty abound, which need only a more arbitrary metrical form, to be classed with the first order of poetry. It was the same quality which gave to the language of Plato that charm which caused the ancients to declare, 'Such was the Greek the gods themselves would have spoken!' This poetic afflatus is the natural breath of all great writers. It is the perpetual accompaniment of every warm heart and powerful intellect, a penetrating and beautifying quality which cannot be highly developed and delicately cultivated in any soul without producing increased clearness and depth of spiritual insight as its effects. Those who have gone farthest in profound discovery have also possessed the power of presenting their mental treasures to other minds, invested with the most attractive lustre like robes of heavenly

light. Nothing can be more unjust or mistaken with respect to imagination, than to regard it as a mere aimless, reasonless power, exemplified in grotesque conceptions, which have neither sense, beauty, nor grandeur in them. The mind devoid of rationality cannot be imaginative; cannot depict truth in a manner that at once touches and controls the judgment and conscience of mankind; and this is a quality just as essential to success in the pulpit, as in artistic portraiture or scientific demonstrations. Imagination is the creative power which imparts definite form, captivating existence, and enduring vitality to the conceptions and principles of intellect in every exalted grade; and hence it is that the profoundest as well as the loftiest philosophy is

> 'Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

It has already been intimated that no master in any department of mental greatness can be graceful, imaginative, or original, except so far as he is truthful; and that the pursuit of beauty, instead of diverting him from the exactest science, will not only increase his desire and necessity for it tenfold, but augment his capacity to create as well as to enjoy. This will explain why it is, that orators as well as philosophers, who are really great in the possession of both imaginative and logical powers, base their boldness of conception and facility of execution on a mass of knowledge far exceeding that possessed by those who are frigid in its accumulation, or fanciful in its use. The astute form and passionless elocution which so often accompany the exercises of the rostrum, are not signs of the intrinsic merits of the speaker, but of his paucity rather; as true energy and brilliancy are not indications of heedless temerity, but of sagacious knowledge.

Among the clergymen of our land, Dr. Bascom, late President of Transylvania University, Kentucky, is distinguished for the possession and habitual exercise of a gorgeous and forcible imagination. This is by no means his only efficient attribute in the pulpit, but it is a very prominent one, which he indulges in vivid descriptions and fervid appeals, because he believes that, 'Christianity, as a scheme of doctrine and practice, requires, in order to its successful promulgation, that its teachers should, above every other qualification, possess a sincere and profound attachment to the truth they proclaim. It is itself a great, earnest, awful reality. It professes to be, and is, an embodiment of facts, in their own character perfectly astounding, and in their bearing upon human destinies momentous beyond conception. Nothing, consequently, can so ill assort with its tenor or its claims as a cold, professional, irreverential exposition and enforcement of them. He who has not himself trembled in view of its unspeakable majesty, who has never, in its presence, been rapt in adoring wonder, who has never gazed, dumb with admiration, at its surpassing beauty, never wept forth his heart's homage to its tenderness, never glowed under the kindlings of its love, will prove a miserably inefficient instructor in the department of spiritual things. Who but a lover can paint the fears, joys, anxieties, raptures of love? What but

> 'The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Glancing from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,'

can discern the soul of nature, or see those visions of the exquisitely fair in the material world, which it is his calling to transfer to song? The first qualification demanded of a teacher of any given science is fond and reverential devotion to it. Without this, his lectures are nothing better than straw. But if this be so, what shall we say of the swarm of fashionable triflers who, having never felt a single emotion which can be dignified with the epithet *religious;* the springs of whose moral sensibilities lying beyond the ken even of their own consciousness, too deep for notice, too central to have been unsealed by any thought which has hitherto found its way into their hearts; what shall we say of these men, dandling with *nonchalance* the solemnities of revelation, and having, week by week, their superficial and dogmatic say, about objects the greatest with which human minds can be conversant?'

Southey, in describing the unavailing efforts he once made to attain refreshing slumber, has given us a fine specimen of satire on dull preaching. 'I put my arms out of bed. I turned the pillow for the sake of applying a cold surface to my cheek. I stretched my feet into the cold corner. I listened to the river, and to the ticking of my watch. I thought of all sleepy sounds and all soporific things; the flow of water, the humming of bees, the motion of a boat, the waving of a field of corn, the nodding of a mandarin's head on the chimney-piece, a horse in a mill, the opera, Mr. Humdrum's conversation, Mr. Proser's poems, Mr. Laxative's speeches, Mr. Lengthy's sermons. I tried the device of my own childhood, and fancied that the bed revolved with me round and round. At last Morpheus reminded me of Dr. Torpedo's divinity lectures, where the voice, the manner, the matter, even the very atmosphere, and the streamy candle-light were all alike somnific; when he who by strong effort lifted up his head, and forced open the reluctant eyes, never failed to see all around him fast asleep. Lettuces, cowslip-wine, poppy-syrup, mandragora, hop-pillows, spider's-web pills, and the whole tribe of narcotics, up to bang and the black drop, would have failed: but this was irresistible; and thus twenty years after date I found benefit from having attended the course.'

But, we need not add, Dr. Bascom's preaching is not of this kind. He perceives more importance in the business of the sacred desk, and enters upon its functions with more becoming zeal. He does not leave his hearers stupidly to snore under his ministrations as coolly to approve his counsels, but arouses all their energies, and hurries them forward to the possession of rapturous hope, if possible, with irresistible impetuosity. His glowing words are often charged with electric fire, to force their way to the inmost recesses of the soul, and kindle therein the luminaries of immortal bliss. In achieving a work so sublime, he deals with no stinted measure in imagination, never forgetful in his best endeavors that,

> 'This magic art
> Must strike each string that vibrates on the heart:
> With taste, with judgment, energy refined,
> Must trace the various passions of the mind:
> Must to the powers of genius vigor give,
> And bid each animated sentence live.'

The utility of apt illustrations in preaching, the necessity of their being simple, and not in too great profusion, are well stated by a writer in the London Quarterly Review, in an article on Hare's sermons. The preacher had spoken of 'smugglers and poachers,' 'tea and wheaten bread,' upon which expressions and their like, the critic remarks:

'We have preachers in our time who would have flinched from expressions so natural and straight-forward; and would infallibly have warned their poor people against holding any intercourse with *the nocturnal marauder on the main or the manor;* and have suggested to them the gratitude they owed for a *fragrant beverage and farinaceous food.* And so might Mr. Hare, if his taste had been less correct, and his desire of doing good less earnest. Affectation is bad enough anywhere; in the pulpit it is intolerable.'

The writer goes on to condemn the excessive quaintness which prevailed about the time of the Reformation:

'Accordingly, within a century after the Reformation, we find Thomas Fuller, the last man, from natural temperament, one would have thought likely to offer a caution upon such a subject, saying of the faithful ministers: 'His similes and illustrations are always familiar, *never contemptible.* Indeed reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon; but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to wake thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote.' Preaching, therefore, now took an opposite tack, and from having been certainly once too succulent, by the time of John Wesley had become sapless. This was one cause which rendered the new style of preaching adopted by him and his followers so attractive. The standard, according to which the character of the imagery and diction of the pulpit of modern days was regulated, was not fixed before the divines of Queen Anne's time; as the vocabulary of poetry, according to Johnson, was not determined before the age of Dryden. In both cases the restraint has been injurious to the subject of it. There was a Doric simplicity — 'wood-notes wild' — in the poets before Dryden, for which the greater correctness, it may be, of those who have since lived, is but a poor substitute; and there was a homely vigor in the sentiments and phraseology of the pulpit of the first and second Charles, which has been ill-replaced by the decorous tameness of later times. Surely it is a morbid taste, and one that requires correction, which would kick at images that satisfied a Barrow; and yet we could point to numbers in his sermons which would now be rejected by the preacher, even the village preacher too, as mean and pedestrian. The familiar illustrations, therefore, by which a subject is rendered clear to persons slow to apprehend, and interesting to persons hard to be excited, is a figure not lightly to be renounced in deference to the false refinement of the magnates of a congregation; though doubtless capable of abuse. We say false refinement, for there are parables both in the prophets and in the gospels, against which the same parties might raise the same objection.'

In a similar strain, and with a like object, though with still more expansion of thought, a masterly writer in the Edinburgh Review remarks:

'We have long felt that the eloquence of the pulpit in its general character has never been assimilated so far as it might have been, and ought to have been, to that which has produced the greatest effects elsewhere, and which is shown to be of the right kind, alike by the success which has attended it, and by an analysis of the qualities by which it has been distinguished. If we were compelled to give a brief definition of the truest style of eloquence, we should say it was 'practical reasoning, animated by strong emotion;' or if we might be indulged in what is rather a description than a definition of it, we should say that it consisted in reasoning on topics calculated to inspire a common interest, expressed in the language of ordinary life, and in that brief, rapid, familiar style, which natural emotion ever assumes. The former half of this description would condemn no small portion of the compositions called sermons, and the latter half a still larger portion.

'We would not be misunderstood. It is far, very far, from our intention to speak in terms of the slightest depreciation of the immense treasures of learning, of acute disquisition, of profound speculation, of powerful controversy, which the literature of the English pulpit exemplifies. In these points it cannot be surpassed. In vigor and originality of thought, in argumentative power, in extensive and varied erudition, it as far transcends all other literature of the same kind, as it is deficient in the qualities which are fitted to produce popular impression. We merely assert that the greater part of 'sermons' are not at all entitled to the name, if by it be meant discourses *specially adapted* to the object of instructing, convincing, or persuading the *common mind*.'

Speakers, constituted like Dr. Bascom, are in danger of two vices in style, a surplussage of decoration and extravagant display.

In the first place, it is of the greatest importance to avoid the two extremes of glare and monotony. As an adroit artist breaks his colors, carefully distributing light and shadow over his landscape, so the preacher, if he would be constantly interesting, must be continually diversified. A luxuriance of ornament, especially of the same kind, destroys that simplicity and repose, which are the perpetual accompaniments of true dignity. The refined Greeks were wonderfully acute to the proprieties of things, and in their master-pieces of plastic art have left us the most striking symbols of every grade of excellence. In their hands, Minerva's drapery was made to descend in long uninterrupted lines; while a thousand amorous curves embrace the limbs of Flora. Considered as types of pulpit eloquence, it is needless to say which of these we should emulate.

Dr. Bascom in some respects resembles Jeremy Taylor, of whom it has been said, that he thought in pictures, and his ideas were shadowed out in lovely images of beauty. 'His fancy colored his understanding, which rather painted elaborate metaphors, 'long drawn out,' than analyzed the complexity of a problem, or conducted

the discussion of a topic, by logical processes. The material world furnished his stock of similes. He drew on it for illustrations, rather than seek them in the workings of his own mind. His descriptions are almost palpable. They have an air of reality. His landscape is enveloped in a warm and glowing atmosphere; his light is 'from heaven.' His style is rich and luxuriant. He is all grace, beauty, melody. He does not appear so anxious to get at the result of an argument, to fix the certainty of a proposition, as to give the finest coloring to a received sentiment. He is more descriptive and less speculative. He reposes on the lap of beauty. He revels in her creations. The thirst of his soul was for the beautiful. This was with him almost synonymous with the good—'the first good and the first fair.' Is it not so? Is not the highest truth the highest form of beauty? Our common idea of beauty is more sensual and tinged with earthliness. But the Platonic and spiritual conception is nobler and truer. His style is naturally poetic from the character of his mind; he had that poetic sensibility of feeling that saw beauty and deep meaning in every thing. His imagination colored the commonest object on which it lighted, as the bow of promise throws its tints over all creation; through this, as a veil, every object appeared bright and blooming like the flowers of spring, or dark and terrible like the thunder-cloud of summer. Its general hue was mild and gentle; he had a more genial feeling for beauty than for grandeur; though his awful description of the Last Judgment is stamped with the sublime force of Michael Angelo, or rather, like Rembrandt's shadows, terrible with excess of gloom. In this grand picture are collected all the images of terror and dismay, fused into a powerful whole by his so potent art. It is first a solemn anthem; a version of the monkish canticle; then you hear (in imagination) the deep base note of the last thunder that shall ever peal through the sky. You are almost blinded by the lightnings that gleam in his style. Presently, a horrid shriek of despair, (the accumulated wailing of millions of evil spirits,) rises on the affrighted ear. And anon, the trumpet with a silver sound is blown several times, and all is still. With what a subtle power this master plays on the conscience of his readers! He makes the boldest tremble; he magnifies, he reiterates, until the best of men shall think himself a fellow of the vilest!'

The instance we have just quoted is a monition, as well as a marvel, in respect to pulpit exercises, since the mere beauty and flow of outline will unavoidably lead toward sameness and insipidity. 'The things most delicate require most pains.' The poet Mason called Simplicity the 'arbitress of all that 's good and fair;' but this is by no means incompatible with richness of material and elaborate finish. In short, as Mr. Alison has said: 'In all the Fine Arts, that composition is most excellent in which the different parts most fully unite in the production of one unmingled emotion, and that taste the most perfect, where the perception of this relation of objects, in point of expression, is most delicate and precise.' The unity of a discourse cannot be too manifest, nor can the finish of all its members be too carefully executed, but it must be the harmony of real substance and

many varied but correlative parts. Artificial constructions, loaded with affected embellishments, are like wax fruit and paper foliage in a dusty, confined vase; or rather they are like diamonds on a superannuated woman, they may array, but they cannot adorn. The cold and servile spirit of copyism inevitably destroys all valuable originality. To deviate into occasional abruptness, and extravagance even, is better than to preserve a perpetual monotony of style.

One of the most critical observers and powerful writers of this age has well said that 'the truths of nature are one eternal change — one infinite variety. There is no bush on the face of the globe exactly like another bush; there are no two trees in the forest whose boughs bend into the same network, nor two leaves on the same tree which could not be told one from the other; nor two waves in the sea exactly alike. And out of this mass of various, yet agreeing beauty, it is by long attention only that the conception of the constant character, the ideal form, hinted at by all, yet assumed by none, is fixed upon the imagination for its standard of truth.' With equal propriety it may be remarked, that there is no climate, no place, no hour of the day or night, in which nature does not exhibit new tints and tones, effects of light and shadow of the most diversified and fascinating kind. Such should be the model of all eloquence, secular and religious. It is necessary constantly to recur to nature and animate rigid forms with the air of life, but we should be careful not to descend to that emasculated softness which is a very poor substitute for the loftier attributes of manly strength. The most ornamental style requires large measures of simplicity to set off its decorations to the greatest advantage.

> 'Earth hath her deserts mixed with fruitful plains;
> The word of God is barren in some parts;
> A rose is not all flower, but hath much
> Which is of lower beauty, yet like needful;
> And he who in great makings doth like these,
> Doth only that which is most natural.'

The other vice in style to which a mind like Dr. Bascom's is exposed, is vociferous elocution and extravagant display. We do not assert that such is the fact with respect to this distinguished preacher, but only that a temperament of his high tone is naturally impelled toward this fault. Such a speaker is inclined, from an ardent and impetuous flow of feeling, to begin on a high key, which it is impossible and disagreeable to maintain through an ordinary discourse, so that 'oft expectation fails, and most there where most it promises.'

Oratory differs from a cold formal narration by a liberal though chaste use of figurative and metaphorical expressions; more ornamental than dull prose, less ardent and glowing than poetry. It is a style which strongly addresses the two most excitable faculties of the mind, its imagination and its sensibility. In order to attain this oratorical excellence one must have seen much, read much, and pondered a great deal on all that he has either perused or observed. Too many aim at popularity, by reducing their language to the lowest strain, and employ the merest puerilities for embellishment. The subjects preferred by such are chiefly dogmatical; and if a moral

theme is introduced, their preaching betrays no knowledge of mankind. They deal almost entirely in violent common-place declamation, as deficient in doctrinal precision as it is void of all just discrimination of character. Exaggeration prevents the rational hearer from applying the description to himself; and as the way of salvation is neither intelligibly nor humanely pointed out, he is rather exasperated than improved. Preachers who habitually wander through the barren fields of scholastic disquisition, or spin out labyrinthine allegories of interminable length, can create but little interest in a common audience. Neither can he be instructive or entertaining for a long time, whose voice is 'like a trumpet whining through a catacomb;' and whose whole action in the pulpit reminds one of the unfortunate bulls of Barrowdale, that went mad by the echoes of their own bellowing. Said old Thomas Mace, 'It is sad to hear what whining, tooting, yelling or screeching, there is in many country congregations, as if the people were affrighted or distracted.' But wherever and whenever such preachers are found, that which they most clearly exemplify is

> 'Letting down buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up.'

The habit of talking boisterously where no premeditated and well-defined purpose is to be executed, and where the excitement of the puerile declaimor must be entirely factitious, is undoubtedly very prejudicial. It produces that artificial style of address, which in emergencies that require real ability, fails to produce results corresponding with the high reputation which fluent wordiness may have acquired. Men who prefer to shrink from the patient drudgery of the library, and the unwearied emulation of the best models in matter and manner, cannot hope to be greatly admired, or even respected by intelligent people.

An old writer, with some quaintness, but much truth, observes: 'I grieve that anything so excellent as divinity is should fall into a slutish handling. Sure though other interposures do eclipse her, yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a good tongue that wanted ears to hear it. I will honor her in her plain trim; but I will wish to meet her in her graceful jewels, not that they give addition to her goodness, but that she is more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that art which is a means to heighten liking. Confections that are cordial are not the worse, but the better, for being gilded.' But this kind of refinement may be carried to excess, as La Bruyère complained was the case with the French preachers in his day. 'Preaching,' said he, 'is now-a-days become a mere show; that evangelic gravity, the life of preaching, is absolutely laid aside; an advantageous mien, a pretty tone of voice, exactness of gesture, choice of expression, and long enumerations, supply its place. To attend seriously on the dispensation of the holy word is no longer customary; going to church is an amusement among a thousand others, and preaching a diversion. The preachers play for the prize, and the hearers bet upon their heads. Oh the vain, unprofitable ser-

mons now-a-days! the time of the Homilies is no more; the Basils, the Chrysostoms could not restore it; we should fly into other dioceses to get out of the reach of their voices and their familiar discourses. The generality of men love fine phrases and handsome periods; admire what they do not understand; fancy themselves to be informed; content with deciding between the first and second doctrine, or between the last sermon or the last but one.'

Erasmus, with his delicate irony, and Latimer, with his vigorous sincerity, have keenly satirized the ecclesiastical drones, ignorant monks, 'bells without clappers,' and 'dumb dogs' of their day. But we have space and time only to transcribe another pithy extract from the French wit:

'The eloquence of the pulpit with respect to what is merely, and what depends on, the genius of the orator, is a secret known but by few, and attained with difficulty: how much art must there be to please at the same time that you persuade! You are obliged to walk in beaten paths, to say what has been said, and what is foreseen you would say: the subjects are great, but worn and stale; the principles are certain, but every one of the auditory perceives the inference at the first glance: some of the subjects are sublime, but who can treat of the sublime? There are mysteries to be explained, but they are better explained by the most familiar instructor, than the most rhetorical harangue. The morals, too, of the pulpit, though they comprehend matter as vast and as diversified as the manners of men, yet all turn upon the same hinge, return all the same images, and are extremely more confined than satire; after the common invective against honors, riches and pleasures, there remains no more for the orator to do but to close up his discourse and dismiss the assembly. If sometimes tears are shed, or any one is moved, let the character and genius of the preacher be considered, and perhaps it will be found 'tis the subject preaches itself, or our interest the chief thing which gives the concernment; and that it was not so much the force of eloquence as the strong lungs of the missionary which shook us, and gave us those motions. In short, the preacher is not furnished as the lawyer with matters of fact, always new, with different events and unheard-of adventures; his business is not to start doubtful questions, to improve probable conjectures; all which subjects elevate the genius, give force and compass, and do not so much put a constraint on eloquence as fix and direct it. He must, on the contrary, draw his discourse from a spring common to all. If he deserts his common-places he ceases to be popular; he is either too abstracted, or he declaims, he no longer preaches the Gospel; all he has occasion for is holy simplicity, but that he must gain; a talent rare and above the reach of ordinary men. The genius, fancy, learning, and memory which they have, are so far from helping that they often hinder the attaining it. . . .

'The profession of the lawyer is laborious, toilsome, and requires in the person who undertakes it a rich fund and stock of his own; he is not like the preacher provided with a number of harangues composed at leisure, got by heart and repeated with authority, without contradiction, and which being altered a little here and there, do him service and credit more than once. His pleadings are grave, spoke before those judges who may command him silence, and against adversaries who are sure to interrupt him; he is obliged to be sharp and ready in his replies. In one and the same day he pleads in several courts, and about different matters; his house neither affords him shelter nor rest; 'tis open to all who come to perplex him with their difficult and doubtful cases; he is not put to bed, rubbed down, nor supported with cordials; his chamber is not a rendezvous for a concourse of people of all qualities and sexes, to congratulate him upon the beauty and politeness of his language. All the repose he has after a long discourse is immediately to set to work upon writing a still longer; he only varies his fatigues. I may venture to say he is in his kind what the first Apostolic men were in theirs.

'Having thus distinguished the eloquence of the bar from the profession of the lawyer, and the eloquence of the pulpit from the office of the preacher, it will appear, I believe, that it is easier to preach than to plead, but more difficult to preach well than to plead well.

. . . . . .

'A preacher, methinks, ought in every one of his sermons to make choice of one principal truth, whether it be to move terror or yield instruction, to handle that alone largely and fully, omitting all those foreign divisions and subdivisions which are so intricate and perplexed. I would not have him pre-suppose a thing really false, which is, that the great or the genteel men understand the religion they profess, and so be afraid to instruct persons of their wit and breeding in their catechism; let him employ the long time others are composing a set, formal discourse, in making, that the turn and expressions may, of course, flow easily from him. Let him, after necessary preparation, yield himself up to his own genius, and to the emotions with which a great subject will inspire him; let him spare those prodigious efforts of memory which look more like reciting for a wager than any thing serious, and which destroy all graceful action; let him, on the contrary, by a noble enthusiasm dart conviction into the soul and alarm the conscience; let him, in fine, touch the hearts of his hearers with another fear than that of seeing him make some blunder or halt in his sermon.

'Let not him who is not yet arrived to such perfection, as to forget himself in the dispensation of the holy word; let not him, I say, be discouraged by the austere rules prescribed him, as if they robbed him of the means of showing his genius and attaining the honors to which he aspires. What greater or more noble talent can there be than to preach like an Apostle, or which deserves a bishopric better? Was Fenelon unworthy of that dignity? Was it possible he should have escaped his Prince's choice, but for another choice?

This writer has the highest opinion of Bossuet and Massillon, who have now become almost obsolete. A late writer in the North American Review, speaking of Robert Hall's superiority over the French divines in their own famous department of funeral discourses, says: 'We can remember the time when we hardly thought any sermons but theirs worth reading; while now they would yield us but Lentan fare. They never for a moment merge the rhetorician in the Christian preacher. They make the spiritual utterly subordinate to the artistical element. Their most startling appeals and apostrophes have more of theatrical clap-trap than religious unction. Their pointed antitheses, their epigrammatical horns of thought, their studied bursts of emotion, their measured flights into the empyrean, with the wires that pull them back upon the stage-floor in clear view, belittle the great themes of death, judgment, and eternity, and chill the heart while they amuse the fancy. We can imagine an easy and natural transition from their sermons to the ball-room and the theatre, and find no difficulty in believing, that their preaching might have been a favorite entertainment for the dissolute court of Louis the Fourteenth, without starting a penitential tear, or converting a soul. We should as soon seek warmth from the coruscations of the aurora borealis, as spiritual edification from their always brilliant and sparkling, but never fervent declamation.' Dr. Bascom escapes this viciousness of pulpit style only by being naturally endowed with more real ardor and spiritual integrity. Large measures of these attributes, under good control, are essential to produce effects that are radical, healthful and enduring. The heart must be purified and kindled with heavenly flames; zeal not flashy and furious, but mild and fragrant, breathing on all a sacred power, as if its source were

> 'Wreathed round with flowers and diamonded with dew;
> Such dew as gemmed the ever-during blooms
> Of Eden winterless, or as all night
> The tree of Life wept from its every leaf
> Unwithering.'

The preacher now under consideration has attained a wide reputation for the gorgeousness of the phraseology he habitually employs in his more labored efforts. We are aware that notoriety is far from being a just criterion of merit, since accident or impudence often 'throws a cruel sunshine on a fool.' Doubtless there are many names written on her immortal scroll, at which Fame blushes, but it is confidently believed that the one now before us comes not under that category. A whole life devoted to persevering cultivation, has enabled him nobly to win and worthily to wear the honors which belong to the industrious and the good. In every mind endowed with great original powers, one shining quality is apt to lend a lustre to another, or hide some glaring defect. What was said of Grattan, is an apt portraiture of Dr. Bascom's intellect.

'The boldness and grandeur of his imagery; the flight of his imagination, as well as the gorgeous richness of his language, attest the vigor as well as beauty of his mind. The mere critic may note many blemishes of style throughout his speeches: he may often be justly

displeased with incongruous metaphors; with vehemence tending to the bombastic; and with an excessive use of epigram and antithesis. But admitting that his speeches contain faults, which are interwoven with their beauties, enough of excellence will remain to win the admirers of intellect and genius. His eloquence,' said a distinguished living poet, 'was a combination of *cloud, whirlwind* and *flame;* a striking description of the partial obscurity, but startling energy and splendor of his style.'

The vivid pictures of thought and garish brilliances referred to above, are often met with in the review articles, academical addresses, and other literary productions which Dr. Bascom has given to the world. But in these he is much more chary of his gems than in his living speech. In the pulpit, when he delivers one of his elaborated discourses, what a cataract of jewels, flashing and pouring with inexhaustible gorgeousness, do we behold! We have listened to him till the sense fairly ached with gazing on the splendid profusion. A clerical friend, most intimate with this gifted orator, recently made an admirable remark to the writer with respect to his style. Said he, his finished sentences, so laconic, and full of blazing import, fall on my mind like repeated bolts of irresistible power. One expression, by its novelty and isolated strangeness of striking meaning, knocks out of my mind the impression made by its predecessor, the next in turn obliterates that, and so on to the end. All the time he was speaking I was enchanted, but came away without retaining scarcely a sentiment I had heard. It is much so. His fertility appears wild and lavish, as the uncleared woods of a tropical clime, and where, dazzled by gorgeous colors, obscured by gigantic and striking forms, it is often difficult to find a path. But 'its bewildered and bewildering eloquence is at worst like a mountain squall upon a stagnant lake, which though it tosses up weeds from the surface and slime from the bottom, gives insight into the depths, and causes a multitudinous sparkle over the waves beneath its changeful wing. Mind stagnates no less than mountain lakes, and a breeze beneficially rouses and refreshes it. If 'Beauty' has often led her pursuer astray, she has done so by times through agreeable mazes.'

Nothing is so repulsive to true genius, as coldness and insipidity; it creates with most pleasure and success, when these are most remote. Great masters excite fear in the scrupulous, by rushing at once to the verge of extravagance; but at the same time stimulate admiration by their intrepid vigor and agile charms:

> 'Strange graces still, and stranger flights they had,
> Yet ne'er so sure our passions to create,
> As when they touched the brink of all we hate.'

A good exemplification of the remark just made, was Whitefield. He was endowed by nature and grace to shake the nerves and hearts of men, produced effects which were as sudden as they were striking, and which made the world ring with their author's name. And yet, in good sense, profound thought, true feeling, and all other attributes

that constitute genuine eloquence, his printed sermons appear greatly inferior to those by John Wesley.

'Both so unlike, yet both so beautiful. How much more extensive and lasting in the religious world has been the influence of Wesley's calm strength of mind, than that of the gorgeous flashing of his vehement cotemporary. There is sometimes a happy union of rude but unaffected energy with plain and momentous truth; a combination of that ardent feeling which bears the hearer forward in its strong rush, yet offers him no violence, with the unforced and simple movements of the heart on the great topics of religion.'

Dr. Bascom is often exceedingly eloquent, because he was born with susceptibilities and aspirations of a true orator. The latent fire must exist before it can be fed and fanned. Experience, erudition, and exercise may add to its original power, but can no more bestow the gift if it exist not, than the careful cultivation of a barren desert will produce the rose, while it is insensible to both rain and dew.

'Some men,' says Dr. South, 'have souls so dull and stupid as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction.' Fortunately, our divine is not thus conditioned. His spirit teems with graceful majesty, and though he may sometimes limp in the arena of severe dialectics, as a swan walks awkwardly upon earth, put him afloat on the ocean of revelation, the element in which his imagination most delights, and he is seen to the very best advantage.

When mere prettiness forms the chief design, and to dazzle is deemed more desirable than strongly to affect, the means employed to heighten the elegant will be sure to degrade the sublime. On a foregoing page, we represented the gorgeous expressions of this preacher for mastery striving, where each rules a moment, and then they 'make themselves air into which they vanish.' This, however, was not to indicate a want of original force so much as an excess of it. But this is far from being his only oratorical trait, or even his best one. He is capable of, and not unfrequently exemplifies, that gentle flow of amiable sensibility which melts all the parts of a theme into a oneness most attractive, and which from an object of cold regard becomes the glowing one of sympathetic admiration. In such instances, 'the phrase falls upon the idea in ample and rich folds like a robe of purple on Olympian shoulders.' An athletic force of thought, symmetrical and firm, comports with the commanding air of his person, and stands forth amidst the listening multitude with an impressiveness seldom excelled. When Raphael, the greatest painter, represented Paul, the greatest preacher, at Athens, he substituted in the place of a serene, composed dignity, that animated expression which was harmonious with his character and exalted pursuit. Such action and energy of mind ever becomes the solemn service of the pulpit, and under its divine influence,

> 'The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,
> Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,
> Bending the stones, and crying 'Resurrection!'

HOW I LOST HER.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

I.

I LOST my love by kissing the bright chalice,
I lost my love by drinking rosy wine;
And so I owe the goblet such deep malice
As powerful pen is powerless to define.

II.

The poets of the world have ever blended
Woman and wine as dearest of man's joys;
Their sweet philosophy may now be mended,
The sparkling wine-cup has its dark alloys.

III.

I have in bumpers to my darling dear one,
Watering the love I cherished in my heart,
Drank her, the sweetest, fairest and most near one,
My fond frame palpitating in each part.

IV.

Yet this did never in my brain run riot,
Nor was I but by love intoxicate;
That passion reason would ne'er let keep quiet,
And many madnesses it made me mate.

V.

But when my secret in her bosom rested,
Which gently throbbed at what my soul confest;
When of all strength but hers I was divested,
And only in her favor could be blest:

VI.

When doting on her looks and sweet expressions,
Loving her eyes and voice more dear than gold,
And making with mine own, oft-made confessions,
I found, or fancied, that her heart grew cold:

VII.

Then flew I to the goblet, and drank deeper;
Drank to oblivionize my cankering care,
And for a time succeeded. Wretched sleeper!
To wake from stupor but to see despair.

VIII.

She was disciple of the Temperance Father,
And never could forgive libation-slip;
And once, when driven to despair, I rather
Think that she found the wine-juice on my lip.

IX.

It was a sin with her was unforgiving;
I knew it: we had explanation none.
My heart without her sunshine now is living;
Its occupation 's gone — its dream is done!

X.

Then seek not consolation in the chalice,
Whate'er thy sorrow, anguish, pain or care,
Lest you should bear it everlasting malice
For tearing from your arms your fairy fair.

XI.

This much I know: when next I go a-wooing,
Like her I 've lost, some lovely earthly daughter,
(I would not be without one,) my undoing
Shall not be wine; I 'll drink to her in water.

MOUNT SAVAGE RAMBLINGS.

BY VIATOR.

I.

THE ROAD.

The town of Cumberland, in the County of Alleghany and State of Maryland, is one of those dull, dusty, unfinished-looking spots, which are always going to be great, but are very slow in achieving greatness. For fifteen years it has been in annual expectation of a boat-connexion with the ocean, by means of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, the Erie of this region; and, though there is now a fair prospect that the hopes of its people will be realized, the long period of hope deferred has almost made their hearts sick, and they seem to look with comparative indifference on the troops of Irishmen who are scooping out a basin for the waters of the Potomac.

The shrill whistle of the locomotive wakes them up several times a day in the neighborhood of the hotels and the rail-road dépôt. Then the cars come and go from and to Baltimore, and, in connexion with them, go and come a host of stage-coaches to and from Wheeling, on the national road. Then there is a strapping on of trunks, a swearing of stage-drivers, a bustling of ostlers, and a barking of dogs, that is sufficiently animating. All who come into the town seem to be anxious at once to get out of it.

On the western side of the town a gap in Will's Mountain opens just wide enough to accommodate Will's Creek, the National Road, and the rail-road of the Mount Savage Iron Company, down which a huge locomotive draws about three hundred tons of coal daily, in large circular iron cars, which are carried on to Baltimore by another engine.

On the evening of the sixth of July, Anno Domini, 1849, might have been seen a long train of empty cars, on their way back to Mount Savage, to be replenished with coal, at the end of which train was a small car, in which were seated some fifteen or twenty passengers. A group of four demand more particular attention, as the movements of that group will be followed up by the author, who, being himself 'one of 'em,' has some right to know. There were, besides himself, an old lady, her daughter and her grandson, in his nurse's arms. I did not count him, because they don't consider babies any thing at the rail-road ticket-office. So much for the party. A gentleman pointed out to them the beauties of the valley, up which they were being slowly drawn by the engine, on a grade of some hundred feet to the mile, such a grade as requires great power to go up, but no power at all to come down, the engine being then used mainly to hold back.

Precipitous palisades, down which they slide lime-stone, crags of flint-stone, such as once was made into glass about here, mountains and hills on both sides, exhibiting in their occasional bold spots and fissures the strata of this rich mineral region — these were subjects which kept the eyes and ears well occupied during that ride of nine miles. Here a smaller road, called a tram, or mine-road, brings down little wooden car-loads of coal from Frostburg. It is some twenty feet above the level of the road we 've been riding on, and the iron-cars are run up under a platform, over which the mine-cars are rolled, and the coal dumped into them. While this is going on we shall be riding up 'Bruce Hill,' just above the Mount Savage Iron Works — and something of a pull for a horse.

And now let me tell the reader that we are on a visit to Bruce Hill, where there is a pleasant family to welcome us. There are, besides ourselves, two other adults, and a pair of stairs of children, beginning with a little boy four years old, called Walley: I mention these particulars because when people are reading letters from abroad they like to know exactly how their correspondent is situated.

Bruce House is a spacious mansion of two stories high, and some seventy feet wide, with plenty of room in it for us all, and abounding in all that is essential to comfort.

From this place we propose to visit the greatest mineral region in the United States, and I shall first look at the coal-mines, as that is the staple. Excuse me if I sometimes talk in the past, and sometimes in the present tense; sometimes in the first, and sometimes in the third person; and in a very desultory manner about all sorts of things.

II.

COAL.

There were nine of us altogether, including Walley and the baby. We thought the air would do the young ones good; so bright and early we got dressed, not in our best, but our blackest suits, and

went, some in the buggie, some on horseback, and some on foot, down the hill, about a mile, to 'the store.'

Robert, the cannie Scotchman, who is the doer of all work at 'the works,' was there, with an old white horse, which was soon tackled by chains to a coal-car; no, not exactly a coal-car, but a car made out of one, of rough boards, with a canvass awning over head. On the horse was seated a very small boy, whose legs, stretched to their utmost capacity, formed just about crotchet enough to keep him on, and no more. He was a son of 'one of the hands,' and ready for any thing.

It was a delightful day, not a great deal of dust, and all of us in apple-pie order, when, after receiving Robert's directions about keeping a look out for the switches, and mind the break in coming back, we started on a pleasant trot up the rail-road to Frostburg, at the distance of two miles off.

The mine-road is laid in the valley or ravine, along side of Jennings' run, on a track dug out of a gentle slope, and at a grade of about one hundred feet to the mile, so that we were going up all the way. Once in a while we came to some exposure of the strata, where one can see the coal veins of various degrees of thickness. Sometimes, where it is on the slope of the mountain or hill, the coal vein likewise slopes; sometimes it is straight, and then you will be sure to find a corresponding vein at the same height on an opposite hill, the intermediate space having sunk down, or got out of the way some how, so say the geologists. The veins more generally slope as if the mountain parts had been raised up by some gentle pressure.

The baby fell asleep, while Walley kept up a constant chattering, not missing a single tree or flower that presented any remarkable features. Now he called attention to 'what a little water' there was in the brook, owing to the long drought; now to colts and calves of a neighboring farmer; and now to the boy on the horse, who was but little bigger than himself.

The vicinity of switches and empty cars, and men with smouched faces, indicated that we were approaching the mine near Frostburg. We descended near the mouth, and being furnished with little lanterns and candles, we were soon all marching into the 'bowels of earth.' A funny procession we formed. The old lady walked at the head, and the year-older, in his nurse's arms, came in the rear—the two extremes of life; yet both full of energy, and looking with interest on novelty. The vein is ten feet high, so that there was no difficulty about walking in; but it looked amazingly pokerish, that dark and dingy cellar, and the ladies held back a moment; but encouraged by each other, and the careless step of the guides, went on. It was very dark, and with all our eyes and lights we found it difficult to discern the way. By degrees, becoming accustomed to the darkness, the darkness of the coal sides was made visible. Coal! coal! coal! 'Alleghany groceries,' as Mr. Frost, the courteous and capacious proprietor calls it—here it is in abundance, to make cheerful all the hearths of Gotham with the lively blaze. On we go, with careful steps and occasional warnings from before to look out for 'a big lump

of coal on the pathway,' or train road. The shaft is four or five feet wide, generally pretty dry, but now and then you come upon a wet spot, against which the feminines required all the protection of india-rubbers. It looks exactly like some of the pictures you see of mines in England, though not quite so distant from the light as they are; here you walk directly in at the side of a hill, there you descend a shaft to get into the mine; here the water runs out, there it is pumped out by engines.

Our little tapers shed but a feeble ray on the cavern; but we can distinctly see the slate roof, with here and there a 'horseback' or cavity where a weak spot has given way.

'But it 's all safe now, Sir,' said the man who walked by the side of me, whose fine row of teeth showed the white in contrast with his dingy face. 'It 's all safe now, Sir. We try it with the pick very often, and t 'aint very common to get a rap on the head out here. It 's where we are getting out coal that we sometimes catch it.'

The baby seemed to enjoy the scene as much as any of the more knowing-bodies; the dancing lights tickled his fancy, while the obliging officer of the company who escorted us, calmed all our apprehensions of imprudent exposure, by assuring us that it was an excellent place to strengthen the lungs and keep off or cure the whooping-cough,

'The miners bring in their babies for the benefit of their health!'

The temperature is always the same; I can't say at what degree of Fahrenheit, but not uncomfortably cold. Some of us who had put on extra clothing were in a perspiration when we came out.

At last we came to a door which was opened and shut behind us, the object of which was made apparent when we subsequently came in sight of a big caldron of fire suspended by chains from the roof of what seemed to be a fit counterpart of 'Hades.' It was a long way off, up one of the chambers. I forgot to say that at every thirty feet you come to a diverging chamber, corresponding in size generally to the passage by which you enter, and of various lengths. The fire that we saw in one of these chambers, is built under a shaft which has been sunk from the surface to the depth of some sixty feet, and the rarefaction of the air causes a constant draft of fresh air down into the mine, and this is shut in and made to fill every apartment by the before-mentioned door.

Well, we walked on some yards further, and having had a good look at the mine, wheeled about on our return; we had penetrated perhaps a quarter of a mile. Way off, ever so far, we could see the little tapers, and the miners' caps dancing up and down in the neighborhood of one of the working chambers. The miners are careful to imitate the wise virgins, and measure exactly the time their lights will last. Some of them joined us just as we were starting to return. We saluted them as imps of darkness, whereat they laughed heartily, their eyes and ivories only visible, except when now and then the near approach of a light showed an occasional portal of white skin. They are paid by the ton; a cubic yard of coal makes about a ton, and a good workman can get out three or four tons a day which makes pretty fair wages. Some forty or fifty men and boys are constantly

engaged in each of the seven or eight mines of this description in the neighborhood, and all seem cheerful and happy.

The sudden glare of day-light was rather a shock to the eyes as we emerged at the mouth of the mine, and took our seats in the car 'homeward-bound.'

Rose, the nurse, expressed herself as decidedly averse to a miner's life, and in reply to a proposal of mine that she should 'take a husband there,' said:

'Indade, and it 's not the best husband among 'em would tempt me to do his washing. How their wives can kape any thing clane at home I don' know.'

'Och, ma honey, it 's asy to get along where there 's love in the pot,' said a lively-looking miner who was just puffing his pipe after dinner, preparatory to another job of work.

This time we made no use of the horse, which was committed to the charge of the young gentleman with short legs, who trotted away with a couple of dimes in his pocket much to his delight. We were to descend the inclined plane in the car alone, and a fat rosy-cheeked Welshman was to accompany us in order to regulate the 'brake.'

'You understand how to work it, and to stop it in case we meet another train, I suppose?' said I.

'Pe sure I do, pecause I 've peen over it often. I 'll manage the prake.'

Away we went, without horse or engine, down the plane in double quick time, with no dust or noise, except an occasional gu-e-e-é of the brake as it pressed against the wheels, to regulate our descent. At a part of the road a little more level than the rest our Welshman got out and gave us a push.

'This is a pleasant way of riding,' said I, after we reached our destination.

'Yes, when te prake is strong. You 've read, pr'aps about the ride Mr. Graham, the company's agent, took. He got in a car on t'other road, not minding tat te prake was proken, and down he went te whole six mile to the toll-gate, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Most people would a jumped; but he had sense enough to know tat it would kill him, so he staid in, laid himself flat down on his pack to take wat was coming and trusted to luck, which chanced to pe on his side, for te car came slap on some other cars and was tashed to pieces, put he was never a pit hurt 'cept p'raps a 'prained ankle.'

'Guess he could n't do it again,' said a stout Yankee who stood by.

'No, pe sure; and he looks at the prakes now before he rides.'

'Indeed, it was a wonderful escape. One of the Irishmen who was loading the ore-cart in contact with which he came, on seeing him get up to walk, exclaimed:

'Oh, Mr. Graham, you 're dead and you do n't know it!'

So much for our trip to the coal mines at Frostburg. This is but one of several large veins, which on the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, are to supply the north with an article which will take the place of Liverpool coal in parlors, on steamers and in

manufactories. We shall never sit down by the genial warmth of a grate hereafter without thinking of dark chambers far under the ground, and smouchy miners with lamps in their caps.

III.

IRON.

Just below us are the great iron works. Three enormous stone-furnaces, each of them a good sized castle, built in conical form with a little round cupola. The roads to and fro, in every direction, are made of cinders or slate (which is dug out of the coal-mines,) and immense piles of iron ore, limestone, coal and coke are collected at the top of the hill ready for use. Just now all is silent and sad there, and you hear many an anxious inquiry whether there is a prospect of peace and a rise in the price of foreign iron, or whether a tariff will be made to suit the iron-mongers. When that time comes, all is ready to kindle the three big fires. A lady will light the shavings, the monster engine will snuff out the steam and then send in a terrible blast, which will blow those flames day and night for months to come.

There 's a choice little vein of coal on the side of the hill; it is put into kilns, and set on fire under a heap of ashes, and comes out free from sulphur and bitumen; it is coke; a wheel-barrow is filled with it, rolled over the wooden bridge which leads to the cupola on the top of the furnace and dumped in; next a wheel-barrow full of limestone, and then of iron ore, and so on all the day and night. The inside of the furnace is now at a white heat, the coke blazes away, the limestone crumbles with the melting iron, and extracts all foreign material, and the liquid metal sinks to the bottom. Now, out with the clay plug at the bottom, and let the stream go forth. The moulders have made a long ditch or drain in the sand, this is the sow. On each side there are a thousand little ditches, made by sinking long, smooth blocks of wood into the sand, these are the pigs; into the sow the iron runs, and thence into the pigs as naturally as fresh milk, though with much more noise and bluster. What remains in the furnace after the iron comes out forms a flinty black substance, and of which you can make the common black bottles. You can see it piled up by the road-side. When they are cold we take out the solid pigs and pile them for sale or use; some are carried to the foundry to be cast into other forms and shapes, others to the puddling furnace; a little farther on it is; that large wooden shantee, big enough to hold ten thousand persons, and with chimneys of all heights and sizes. There are twenty or thirty little furnaces inside, so arranged that a draft of air passes up through grates below into the chimneys, carrying the blaze into another little oven on one side where the pig-iron alone is placed, which soon begins to boil. The front of the oven is closed with an iron gate with one hole just large enough to enable the puddlers to thrust in crow-bars or iron spoons, and stir it up as you would eggs and flour to make a batter-pudding; the carbon escapes, and by-and-by the metal comes out, is pressed through rollers and squeezed

into a compact mass of bar or wrought iron. You cannot easily melt it now; but you may hammer or draw it into any shape.

It is very hard work this of puddling; the men who work at it have to be strong and sinewy, and want large pay, larger than they get in England, and that's the reason the works are not now in operation.

But the rolling-mill, which occupies the other side of the shanty where the puddling furnaces are, was opened last week for a short time, in order to roll out a few flat-bars. It makes the village lively a bit, the smoke rising from those chimneys, the puff of the steam-engines, and the moving to and fro of the forty or fifty workmen engaged in this little job. Some of them are green hands, for the works have been stopped so long that a large proportion of the three thousand operatives have scattered to find work in the mines, on the canal or elsewhere. But let's go in the mill.

They take four flat bars of wrought-iron about a foot long, lay them on top of each other, and put them in the furnace where they soon get red hot. Then, with big-nippers this lump of sparkling bars is placed between two rollers, through which it passes in a twinkling, comes out on the other side, somewhat elongated, and is there caught up by another pair of nippers, and lifted back again to the first nippers which push it into a smaller roller. It's a couple of yards long this time; another squeeze, and it is an eight-footer; another, and the ten-foot rail is completed, ready, when cooled, and clipped off at the ends, to be laid on the track.

How beautiful it looks as it is being expanded! It waveth gracefully, like a serpent, or a flat stick of half-cooled molasses candy.

Most of the good workmen here are Englishmen, though there are some Welsh, Scotch and Irish.

'Some of them's new 'ands, Sir, and very *h*awkward they *h*are. Now bear a 'and there! Lay the rail on the *h*edge, and beat it *h*out straight. *H*it's a 'andsome sight to see, Sir; but *h*it's nothing to the look of the place when all the puddling ovens *h*is *h*in *h*operation. *H*it's quite a cheerful sight, Sir.'

'Oh, it's a braw sight,' said Robert, who is every where. 'Wadna the leddies like to see them cast?'

So over we all go to the foundry, an ordinary casting establishment, such as you see every where. I love to see them mould. They are going to cast wheels for cars to-day, and iron pipes; we saw them make the moulds this morning. A wooden wheel, as smooth as plane and sand-paper can make it, is sunk into the sand, then carefully extracted, so as to leave an exact imprint. Smooth it off, and sprinkle it with soap-stone, and other soft lining; this is the simplest form. The wooden pipe is made to divide into two equal parts, each of which is sunk by the round side into separate boxes of sand, then taken out, and the sand has consistency enough to remain firm when the two boxes are brought together. But before doing this, you must put a circular wisp of clay, sustained by wire, inside of the lower one, supported at the two ends; this to make the pipe hollow. There's a hole through the upper box, into which to turn the iron. Now they open the lower part of the furnace, fill a small iron

tub with the melted metal. Four men bear it along by long iron handles, and in it rushes, with showers of sparkles and a terrible quaking, while Robert seizes a bit of plank, and keeps off the scum from the surface by means of the burning end. That wheel will do to ride upon to-morrow.

'I should think you would get burned by the sparks.'

'Sometimes; but we get used to a burn now and then, so it do n't touch the eyes.'

We 'll ride home to Bruce Hill by another road, which will give us a chance at almost a bird's-eye view of the iron-village of 'the works,' of which we have seen so much to-day. It is a good road for horsemen, but 't wont do for vehicles. In fact, we have but few drives any where in this region. We pass up the hill, behind the blast furnace, and turn round. That stone work, with holes in the top, back of the blast furnace, is a place to roast iron ore, which means to prepare it for a still hotter ordeal, which it will undergo when dumped into the blast furnace. It is to separate some of the gases, and other impurities which require but a moderate heat to start them: it is like this world, which gives us some trials to drive off the impurities from the surface; but it takes the purgatory of another world, like the blast furnace, to make us thoroughly clean. Ain't that Romanist doctrine?

Well, here we are at the top, and a fine view we have here. The old company did not spend sixteen hundred thousand dollars here without making some show, any how. But first let me give you the points of the compass.

North-west, there is Mount Savage, from which the region gets its name; not so very high, but a pretty good climb; and stretching along for some twenty-five miles, forming one of the sides of the big canoe, of which Dan mountain, off yonder to the east, nearly towards Cumberland, forms the other side. That stream, running down from Frostburg on the south, is Jennings' run; it unites with Will's creek, near Cumberland; it is almost all dried up now, we 've had such a drought! Farmer E. says, he ''as n't known such a dry season since *eighteen 'undred and* ' I forget when. But I am digressing almost as much as Uncle Ben Silliman used to do in his lectures on chemistry and geology. It is he, I believe, who compares the strata of this region to a nest of canoes, one within the other. Well, we are standing on a seat of one of the inner canoes, and those iron-works in the valley are the bottom. That large yellow building near the rail-road, is the company's store; occupied, also, by divers and sundry officers' and bachelors' halls; our minister occupies one of them — pleasant little son of Erin — I 'll introduce him to you some time. Those smoking hillocks you see every where, are piles of coal covered with ashes, with a fire underneath 'coke pits.'

Opposite us, on the north, directly behind the store and over the works, rises a large hill; which, by way of distinction, I 'll call Church-hill, because of the little brown building at the top of the hill, with a cupola, designed by the company's architect. Round the base

of Church-hill is a row of two story, unpoetical, formal-looking clap-boarded tenements, built in twins — fifteen or twenty pairs. Above them is another row of one-story cottages, equally unpoetical. On the other side of the hill there are more of them. T'other side of the hill we are standing on, there are two or three rows more; some of logs and some of boards. Over yonder, on the Frostburg road, is the Leonard avenue, overlooked and cared for by the company's officer who lives in that dark colored cottage, with bark on the porch-posts. There are more than three hundred dwelling-houses belonging to the company; the smoke is curling from many of them. Some are occupied by the few workmen now employed here; some by the families of others who have gone to work on the rail-road, the canal, or the mines; but many are deserted to be re-peopled on the first sign of resuming work.

We 've seen enough for one afternoon, so we 'll go home, which is close by, as we are on the top of the hill. Walley and the baby are at the gate to meet us. The sun is beginning to sink behind the hills, illuminating with his last rays all the tree-tops on the Powell-hill. The cows are travelling home with tinkling-bell, and we shall soon have some fresh milk and tea, and the evening mail with the New-York papers, and an account of the cholera; or the Baltimore Sun, full of news as an egg of meat, and containing some rare poetry in the shape of obituary notices, as, for example:

'Weep not, dear husband, mother, father, sisters, brothers too,
I 'm going to sing a heavenly song, and I'll sing it all for you.'

Hope she was a good singer.

'Weep not for me, dear parents, for I am soaring higher,
To meet you all in glory when that your years expire.'

'We miss our infant sadly,
He 's gone forevermore;
But no! feel not so badly,
He 's only gone before.'

But enough.

IMPROMPTU.

Where is beauty?
In the fragile rose?
Dainty lily,
Fades it with thy close?
Melting dew-drop,
Quiv'ring in thy ray,
Doth it live not,
Soon to pass away?
In all nature
Is a flittering part,
In each flower,
In each human heart.
Ah! then, sighing
On life's weary way,
Hope must dying
Be, from day to day.

Sept. 11, 1849. E.

THE BLACKSMITH.

BY J. BONNYWELL.

I.

'T is evening: at his sombre trade
The burly blacksmith sings,
While underneath his rapid strokes
The sounding anvil rings:
The hot and glowing iron bar,
As his strong hammer swings,
A sudden shower of fiery sparks
Athwart the darkness flings.

II.

Now giveth he the toughening steel
A keenly tempered edge;
Now by his lusty blows is wrought
The rough and clumsy wedge:
Anon aloft, with mighty strength,
He whirls the ponderous sledge,
Which falls, as from a catapult,
The massive bar to 'suage.

III.

The water in the cooling-trough
Looks black above the brim,
Where, flying from the plunging bar,
The hissing cinders swim.
The roaring fire emits a glow
That lights his visage grim,
And brings to view the wondering boys
Who come to gaze at him.

IV.

Quite powerless in his sturdy grasp
Stands yonder stubborn ox;
He claps him in a wooden vice,
And turns its leathern locks;
And having thus suspended him
In quadrupedal stocks,
He nails his hoofs with less remorse
Than joiners nail a box.

V.

The blacksmith is a jovial man,
Who loves a quiet joke,
And sometimes at the village inn
His thirsty clay will soak:
And once, upon town-meeting day,
He took the stand and spoke,
And raised three cheers for HARRY CLAY,
And sundry groans for POLK.

VI.

But things are sadly altered now—
The blacksmith is no more;
He left for California mines,
In search of golden ore;
He left his bellows by the forge,
His tools upon the floor;
And left beside, I blush to say,
A wife and children four.

VII.

As once from Pisgah's hoary height,
Amid the mist and dew,
Old Moses looked o'er Jordan's flood,
Fair Canaan's land to view;
So from his native hills our Smith,
Gazed over Ocean blue,
And toward the distant land of gold
His wistful glances threw.

VIII.

But, unlike Moses, he was young,
With vigorous limbs and tough,
And that it was an easy route,
Felt confident enough;
So taking, with a knowing air,
An extra pinch of snuff,
He swore a good round Saxon oath,
And started for 'the stuff.'

IX.

Another change comes o'er the scene:
The village boys last night
Peeped through the warping boards, and there
They saw a fearful sight;
Uprose the blacksmith's grisly ghost,
All in the pale moonlight,
His left hand clutching at a pick,
A bag of gold his right.

X.

How soon those frightened urchins found
The nearest homeward track!
And ever as they run they cast
Some furtive glances back;
And, running thus, they saw a blaze
Flash through each gaping crack,
And heard the well known anvil ring
With many a sturdy thwack.

XI.

The village now was all astir:
Men rushed toward the spot,
And there, with leather apron on,
Stood Smith himself, I wot!
But to their eager questioning
This curt reply they got,
'If you are fond of 'doubling horns,'
Come on—I 'll stand the shot!'

The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98, THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD DICTIONARY.

VOL. I. OCTOBER 1, 1849. No. 4.

☞ We want to make an offer to our subscribers to facilitate the circulation of the 'Flag-Staff,' and therefore, for their benefit, extend to them the following *great inducements*. To them who will get us ten subscribers, the money sent and postage paid, 'The Devil on Two Sticks,' twelve-mo., an illustrated copy. To them who will get us *six*, 'The Wonders of the World,' with steel-plates by Rapsholsen, including the 'Mines of Golconda' and miners onto their knees to work. To clubs of five and fifty the Work will be furnished at reducible rates. All post-masters particularly requested to bore those who come for their letters to subscribe to the 'Flag-Staff,' and made authorized agents of all monies. We will furnish the 'Flag-Staff' *free* to those as will get us *one* subscriber. We will give a picter of 'Noah's Deluge' to those who will forward us a partial subscription, say of six months, and most of Sears' Pictorials to those who will do more in proportion. We have worn out one entirely new set of types on our two first numbers, and to-day we begin with a new fountain of 'em, which readers will please notice. Think what we are doing for your benefit, kind readers; *do*, do aid us in cirkielation of 'Flag-Staff!' Cirkielate! cirkielate! cirkielate! It promotes morals: it improves principles. 'No Principles' is a doctrine which we have sot our foot against. A steam-press, which shall knock off a great many million 'Flag-Staffs' per hour shall be purchased as soon as our cirkielation justifies the demand. This we promise faithfully, and it shall be adhered to upon honor. Assist us in our struggles for the Principles of '98. We mean to struggle at it, single-handed it may be in our endeavors, but we mean to struggle at it; manfully we *hope*; ably we *presume*. The path is open. *E Pluribus Unum!* Our First Edition will be published before breakfast, our second before dinner, and the rest as occasion justifies.

*** We have hired John Smith to write letters from Congress, which will be found a g eat featur'. All the heads of intelligence will be recorded punctual, in addition to which tells of the first writers. We have made arrangement for a little room on the telegraff wires. No other sparks will be admitted onto the track while the 'Bunkum Flag-Staff Intelligence' is passing over. A little incident occurred last week. News from Bunkum was goin' to Lancaster; news from Lancaster was comin' to us. The sparks met in the middle and *bumped*. They tussled and cracked a little, when *our* spark leaped right over the head of the *other* spark, and the fust we knowed of it, it was at the Telegraff Offis in Bunkum; nick—nick! nick! and told us the Legislatur was in seshun. Ladies, look out for Fashion-Plates. All classes of society will be suited in 'Flag-Staff,' and no efforts relaxed to make it worthy of the support of a generous community in general.

No Principles. — The Chronicle-Man, like a great boa-constrickter, wants to use us up. You can't do it, our worthy friend, not while you have adopted as your policy and mottoe the absurd basis which forms the heading of this article. No man in his senses ever adopted sich a plea, which, if he did, would sink any journal or press, editor, roller-boy, compositors, proof reader, folders, pasters, carriers, newsmongers, all letter-writers, advertisers, customers, all paper-manufacturers, and every body that had any think to do with it; sink them right down seven fathom deep by the dead weight of public opinion, where, jest like some dead bodies, they would not rise when they got ready by firink cannon over them; but there stay, among fishes and ingots, and sponges and dead men's bones, and strange sounds in the ears, for the eternal waves to roll on top of them! Now put a pin here, and remember that we said

THIS, SO THAT WHEN YOU SAY A'TERWARDS THAT WE DID N'T SAY IT, WE MAY TURN BACK TRIUMPHANTLY AND PROVE THAT WE DID SAY IT! Yes, it would n't be necessary for them to *say* that they got no principles, but if their subsequent conduck went to prove it, the publik would find that out fast enough without their sayink it. But what must be thought of a man, or an individooal, or a set of men, who actooally set out in a programmy or a prospectus to a newspaper with the actooal declaration as a basis principal to go onto, for a merit on which they rely for support, and to make the people laugh at them for their humor, that THEY AIN'T GOT NO PRINCIPLES IN PARTICULAR! In particular! And what does the Chronicle Man mean by 'particular?' Would he insinooate that he has got some principles of more or less stamina in *general*, somethink to guide his conduct by, such as to keep his hands from pickin and stealin, and others of that natur? Then let us tell the Chronicle-Man, that those who have no principles in partickler, cannot have any in ginerall. Can't be. Let this be set down as a well-defined fact. Philetus was thought to be a good man in general, till on one black-as-your-hat thundery night he was actually ketched in the very act of stealing a horse. What then became of his car-rak'ter in general? Swept away like a feather on the Boreas blast!

ALDEBORON-de fostiforni-osticosti-costi-konicarificabibicatudinitobusque-transmagnificumbundam: CONJUALITY.

NARROW ESCAPE. — As our little boy, EPENETUS WILLIAM, was goin' to Sunday-School on Sunday a week ago he see a snake with a toad in his mouth. NEATY killed the snake, and the toad hopped away; and he may thank his stars, if toads have got any stars, for this wonderful deliverance from the most awful situation, we *do* think, it is possible to conceive of.

A FRIEND of our 'n, who is travellink in the other world, has written us a very interesting letter of the Queen's travel in Ireland. Like the President of the United'n States'n, she wisits her dominions, although, like him, we do hope that she has not the misfortune to be confined by sickness on the route. The General, we *must* say, has no dominion to visit like Ireland. His hand is every where squeeged by hands that have waxed strong by the fulness of bread. Wisiting Ireland by the Queen is like one's wisiting poor relations and putting them to the expense of sweetmeats, which the poor people can't well afford, and drinking up their Hysong tea. Howsever, her majesty was well received. Our correspondent writes as following:

'WHEN she come to Cove, it was sent on board ship to enquire of her whether she would receive the address of the town on board ship, or whether her most benign majesty would step ashore. Her gracious majesty, with the most condescending keindness, said that she would come ashore. This determination on her part excited a feelink of the most enthusiastic admiration and regard. So having fixed a platform and a carpet of cloth of gold for her feet to tread on, she stepped onto it with a *Vivat Regina* expressible in the countenances of all present. A great many porpuses, in different staces of starvation, also fed on her majesty's smiles. After the address was delivered, what was the surprise of all present when her majesty actually approached within ten foot of Mr. BILDOX, and really looking *at* him, and addressing the remark *to* him, said: 'The approach to your town is extremely pleasant.' Mr. BILDOX, overcome to fainting by her gracious condescension, bowed and retired to the distance of gun shot. Adding kindness to kindness, what was the surprise of all present when her majesty actually came within a few feet of Mr. GOLIGHTLY, and looking right

at him, and addressing the remark to him, said: 'I consent that the name of the town of Cove should be changed to that of Queen's Town, in token of our visit.' Mr. GOLIGHTLY'S lips quivered, and he was carried off in a swoon. Piling up her condescension to a climax, her most gracious majesty now approached his honor the Mare, who dropped upon his knees, with his hands clasped upon his breast. She then taking a sord, drawed it over his shoulder, and said: 'Rise *Sir* CHAWLS TODI, Bart., Mare of Queen's Town.' We never shall forget the expreshun of Sir CHAWLS. He looked as if he was a goin' up to Paradise onto a streak of light, kissin the very ground she stood on. After this affecting scedne the beggars returned to their real, and her majesty to her sham pain.'

WE have understood that the editor of the Bunkumville Chronicle has publicly said in Mr. Toodlens's shew-shop, that we have got *too many* principles. Our tender Sir, we desire to be on terms of Christian forbarans with you, but if you do seek to vilify us with the fangs of newspaper calumniation, let the ring be adequately cleared!

Musical Criticism.

SINCE HERR SMASH, we have been favored with M. Strikhardt, a performer, we do think, who will excite a violent *furore* in the United'n States'n. He does not call himself the Lion Pianist, but there is a good deal of the animal about him for all that. Since a 'LITTLE MORE GRAPE, CAPTAIN BRAGG,' we dono anythink more sublime than his first onset onto the keys. He entirely differs from the Herr in style and intonation. In the former, he is more spangling; in the latter, he possesses a greater degree of varnish. We think his elbows are bent at an obtuser angle, and his fingers exhibit a more warrantable degree of curve. His crash is much softer; his grace notes are more airy; his touch more crisp and crackling, but in the slam-bang passages, we think he might *bear on* a little more. In the fantasia D, we noticed the effect of his playing, which was electric to a degree. In one place, he interjected a *tiddle-diddle-e-ile* which almost affected us to tears. In another, he stretched out his arms in a string or series of rapid guad-alquivers and semi-demisemiquavers, which seemed to say in Scott's wonderful scene of Rob Roy, 'O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me! save me!' At another time, we were walking through meadows, and see the little fishes a sportink in the stream. But if he did *trill*, he sometimes gave evidence that he could *thunder*. If he did *giggle*, it was again apparent that he could *haw haw!* Such are his merits; but if we would express our opinion freely, we should say that his principal fault was a lack of solid judgment. Yes, we will print his notices, if he will send us tickets for self, wife, our Epenetus William, Mr. Thomas and Printer's Devil.

Maxums.

THAT which is permanent cannot be removed, for when removed it soon ceases to be permanent.

Think what you *say;* but you need n't *say* jist what you *think*.

Stand on reserve, and you will *command respek;* but act *natural* and *keind-hearted* without the word of command, and you will win *love*, and *love* is better than *respek*.

ROME was not constructed in a day, in point of time.

He said I go and went not. More people *will* than *can*. Sometimes they *can* if they *will* but *wont*. At other times they will if they can, but really *can't*. Circumstance is *one* thing; disposition *another*. Circumstance may be so unlooked

for as to govern disposition. But disposition can generally mould circumstance. Strong wills turns material things into putty. They pat it down — they punck it in — they roll it arëound.

Appear what you *are; be* what you *appear*. If you appear what you are, you won't deceive the world. If you are what you appear, you won't deceive yourself. If you neither deceive yourself nor the world, you won't be deceived in your hope. Your face won't wear a mask nor your body a cloak, but the nakedness of innocence is its defence.

These Maxums we shall continue in the Flag-Staff, in hopes they may do good.

By Telegraff.

FOR BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF.

Philadelphia, 15th Sept., 8 P. M.

FRY'S opera performing at the Chestnut; the Waccacoe engine is at it again with PERSEVERANCE company No. 10. Up to this hour only three killed, but a volley has just ensued which will probably add to the mortality some. Common Council pretty much agreed to let 'em fight it out, provided they will wipe the blood off the streets when they get done, and not rip off any winder shutters to carry home the wounded without fair compensation, and not kill no young ladies by accident as they are sitting at the piano. One melancholy case lately happened to a young Miss playing the Polka; killed her in the poottiest part of the tune. Greatly lamented 'by a large circle of friends.' Her lover who was turning over the leaves ready to sink right down through the floor thro' sheer fright. Hicksite, and Orthodocks Quakers not yet spliced up their difference. Two boys were fightin'in Chestnut-street when we came by, attended by a considerable crowd. Two cocks also, attacked each other in the street, and excited much interest. A challenge has passed between the boys of the Girard College and the Philadelphia High-School. They have knocked the chip off of one another's shoulder, and Professor Hart a-doing all he can to stay the commotion; but Board of Trustees think it better to let 'em fight it out and say nothin' abëout it. A row is expected in the Arch-street Theatre pretty soon, on approach of the great tragedian, Edwin Forrest. Flour is nine dollars a barl. Weather fine. Peaches a drug, and one o' the pleasantest drugs we *do* think we ever took. Mush and water millions on the decline. United'n States'n Bank stock abëout where it was. Taint riz much, but taint got down no lower. Fustic on the improve.

10½ P. M.

Three alarms of fire in three different quarters. Engine Good Hope has got jammed in with engine Salamander *55*. Three broken heads thus far, and one killed. They are now at it.

11 P. M.

Only one more killed.

12 P. M.

The fight has jest been stopped by playin' the water works onto the belligerents. They have now gone home to change their jackets, and when they have done so, it is thought their courage will be cooled off.

1 P. M.

All quiet. Good night!

Rochester, 15*th*, 10 *A. M.*

Old Zack jest arrived; his bŏowels out of order. Sick to his stomack. We called. Says we, 'My dear fellow,' slappin' him onto the holler of the back, '*do* be keerful. The country looks to you. A leetle more grape, Captain Bragg. Ha! ha! Don't you think you'd better go back to Washington? Glad to see you, but health fust and pleasure arter. Major Bliss advise the General.' The old feller looked daggers at us. The fact was he was so sic he did n't know *what* he did, and we, as in duty bŏound, retired, grasping him warmly by the hand and saying, 'When you come to Bunkum, drop in and take a look at us, General. The Flag-Staff sustains you. Mrs. Thomas will be pleased to have you take tea with her. Takin' Major Bliss aside, we then said to him, 'Major, your most humble, contumble servant. We would like to ask a favor when the General gets well, which he will do, provided you take keer to check the diarrhee. The Flag-Staff goes for him firm as a stone fence. We want the inspecktorship of ashes.' He made us no reply, as the time to make the appointment warnt come we suppose, and showed us to the door in the politest manner possible, in that quick way so pecooliar to the military profeshun, pointin' *where* the door was, and which was the *way ŏout*, which we followed, in point of course, leavin' a copy of the Flag-Staff for the General, should he get done womitin'. Turnin' and takin' off our hat however, we said as we were goin' ŏout, 'Major, *can* you give us a see gar?' He had none however, so we twisted off a piece of Mrs. Miller's fine cut and chawed. It's a great world we live in.

10½ P. M.

The General's bŏowels is better.

11 P. M.

General improves. We mean to call on him again.

Arrivals.

AT BUNKUM HOTEL AND STRANGERS' PUT-UP.

☞ *This featur', with accompanying remarks, will be found very useful to business community.*

Mr. Valeary, Milwaukie. We guess he 's come on business of importance. His name is recorded in so obscure a hand, we was half an hour in studying it out. After much study we mastered it, letter by letter, and could n't have made out the Milwaukie then, if had n't a been for the servants, who fortunitly knowed where he come from.

Mr. Tidrei, Wisconsin. A humbly looking old man, who keeps his room and takes coffee in his bed. We are informed that he eat the greatest part of a beefsteak yesterday forenoon, and has an enormous appetite. He *drinks*. We see him take a glass o' brandy an' water, and pooty *strong* too, we guess. What a pity that men of Mr. Tidrei's ages will set so bad an example to the travellink community as to drink. We see him hold the liquor right up into the sun.

Mr. Waccaby, Isle of Wight. Three white trunks, and somethin' in 'em, we 're *afraid*, that he ought not to have. Also a red umbrella. He drinks.

Mr. Teetotum and lady. Quite a pretty woman, we think. We looked at her through the key-hole of the drawing-room. So expressed our conviction to the by-standers. Seems to be strange that a woman of her age should have married Teetotum, a man much older, and marked with the small-pox. He drinks.

Miss Van Plush. Exquisite! Beautiful shoulders! Dark hazel eye! Little foot! Slight scar onto her forehead, but none to hurt. Good burst! A small eater. Drinks too much coffee. Dear Miss Van Plush! permit a stranger, struck with your interesting appearance, to say to you in great kindness, *do n't* drink so much coffee. We *do* think it is most injurious to the nerves.

Mr. Smith, of Missouri. He drinks.

Summary.

Niblo's Garden has arisen like a Spinx from its ashes. Taint a theatre; it's a garden; but we did n't see no reddishes. We stopped in there the' other night, and see some rope dancing. A very perlite and clergyman-looking man comes out and makes a very handsome bow. He then announces that the performers are a-coming. 'Frass-war R-r-r-*avel*.' Then out comes *Frasswar* with a hop, skip, jump, and a bow and a smile, runs up a little ladder, feels the rope with his toes, to see if the chalk is onto it; all the time the music a-goin,' and done himself much credit. He danced as well, as we could perceive, as if he was onto a board floor. After *Frasswar* had finished, there came out about the prettiest little creatur of a girl, we do think, we ever looked at. We was *so* 'feered she *would* fall. If our wife had been there, she would have a-screamed right 6out.

Rev. Mr. Pittinger is at Montpelier, gettin' up an excitement in his own way. He will eat nothin' but tenderline. The butchers of Montpelier are unable to supply him and his wife with tenderline, and the deacons have applied to the *town* of Barre. This is not fiction but *fact*.

The President of the United'n States'n has arrived at Washington. Will our letter-writer inform us how the General does? Also ask him whether he has considered that application for Inspectre of Ashes.

A Jarroldy, travellink Hinglishman, has got out of the ked'n'try, and is on English ground. He says he 's glad of it, and is in his room in the 'otel writin a book.

Hungary is fallen. The corpse of Grab, Slick, Gallows and Clam, have got the victory over Bem and Georgy. Poor ked'ntry! our heart bleeds for you! These revolutions are like intermittent fever. They 're pretty much done now, but they 'll come *back again*. They are like a grasshopper; he hops to the foot of a dandeline, may be, and there stops; presently he 'll hop a *little furder*.

Married.

By Rev. Mr. Green, William Black to Becky White.

Amalgamation here we view,
But no disturbance did ensue;
A contradiction is begun,
We learn that *black* and *white* is *one*.

By the same, Abigail Brown to Jonathan Lee.:

'Abigail Brown,
With a span new gown,
Went down to see her sister;
When Jonathan Lee,
As brisk as a flea,
Jumped right up and kist her.'

Hence we view that kissin' is dan-gerous! Printer duly-remembered!

Died.

At his residence in Bunkum, on the last ultimatum, John Lath, a highly respectable citizen, and we think about the thinnest man we ever seen. He looked as if the wind would blow him away. He drank some, but none to hurt. He was bow-legged, and afflicted with the rhumatis some years before he died; but those who knowed him best, knowed very well that he had not been a well man from the day of his birth. First, it was growing pains; a'terwards, one pain or another, till they become chronic. Opodeldoc relieved him some; but he continued to grow thin, and the tailors could not make breeches that did n't flap onto his legs. In disposition he was kind and generous; and gave a beggar a shilling and a shirt only a month before he died. We say to his afflicted widow, Weep not for him for you must soon follow, as you are somewhat advanced in age; and although the fiddle which he used to string —— well, well! grasping your hand affectionately, dear friend, we say *it 's all for the best*.

1st instantissimo, Walter Cisco, a little colored boy of the *otas*, of about 12 years; a servant of the editor of this paper, and we give this obituery notice cheerfully; black as the ace of spades and of good disposition, but he would lie. Most colored children will; as also white, until they are whipped out of it. Spare the rod and spoil the child! Some time ago we offered him six-pence for every ten rats he caught. The next day he come and told us that he had caught all they was. We pulled out our purse, intending to pay him punctual a dime piece or less, in proportion, just according to the number of rats he caught. We asked him how many, and he answered, without changing color, a hundred and three; thus bringing us into his debt, sixty and some odd cents. This we told him we never could consent to; and for this we horse-whipped him, well-knowing that our house would

not include so many rats. Says we, 'WALTER, look us right in the face.' But he looked just as if he was pulling up his eyelids with pullies. Says we, 'WALTER, had we have met your eye in a previous part of the conversation, we should a said to you, lyin' is hateful. None but bad boys lie. We then whipped him, and did n't give him the money for the rats he *did* catch, and sent him to bed without no supper. For we suppose upon a liberal average he might have cotched seven rats and not one scintilla more. We had been bothered by this vermin a good deal, but as to catching a hunderd and three rats in so limited a period of time, we knowed it could not be. To extirpate rats at that average a head would be ruinous. The state of our subscription list would not justify it, we think, although the Flag-Staff is rapidly advancing in the tide of patronage. Dear friends, we say to you, let no efforts be wanting on your part. Cirkelate! cirkelate! Principles we go for, not men. And this colored boy we hope has gone where he is better off, and as for his telling stories about rats we heartily forgive him, and for respect, out of affection, write this obituary notice, as he was very much in want of money poor little fellow, and more enlightened men than he will tell lies when they want money. Rats are a nuisance, and we take the blame to ourselves for setting the temptation in his way. At one period of his continuance with us, we sent for his father to lodge a complaint with the old gentleman about his sun, that we could not safely believe one single word he said. This was at least a twelf-month before we requested him to catch the rats. The old man come, looking very much concerned, no doubt supposing that his sun had been guilty of high burglary upon the seas; and nearly ready to cry right out. 'Gashping for breath,' says the old gennelman, 'what has he been a doin'?' Says we, 'lyin', THOMAS. He 's the biggest liar, for so small a boy, we ever seen. We can't believe him. We can't rely on him. We can't trust him. We can't repose any confidence into him; but this with reference to other matters and not of the rats. And we then told him right out. We suppose you never seen a colored man's countenance so brighten up. A load seemed to be taken from his stomack to once-t. First he grinned like a cheesy cat, and then laughed right eout. 'Lyin', says the old gennelman. '*Is that all?* why missy, says he, lookin' at our wife, *they will do that!*' And so we dismissed the matter. In disposition, WALTER was kind and affectionate, and died greatly regretted by a large circle of friends.

24th instimo, RADAMANTHUS JONES; his ditto difficult to be found; a kind husband, an affectionate father, an engaging uncle, a pleasant cousin, a polite friend, and in all the relations of life, unexcepted. He cut off his toe while engaged in cutting wood, and never got over it. Lock-jor sot in shortly after. We suppose you could not have put a pin's pint between his teeth; convulsions terribul, and bore it like a man. He said but little, but the last words we heerd him say, looking at the writer of this article, and grashping his hand, 'Oh, Mr. BIGELOW! Mr. BIGELOW! Mr. BIGELOW!'

The following inscription is on his tomb:

> A FRIEND indeed has placed these stones
> In memory of RADAM JONES,
> Who in some misdirected cracks,
> Struck off his toe with a broad-ax.

A solemn and affectionate epigram, and much needed.

*** IT having been falsely said that we were opposed to publishing obituerries, it would be very strange if we wouldent do it when other papers *do*. There are always two or three friends to whom they are agreeable, and the longer they are, of course more grateful to the feelinks of those friends. For any subscribers of the Flag-Staff, we say to them, that we will record their obituerries with pleasure, and no charge made, but no paper stopped short of twelve months.

Births.

LADY of the EDITOR of this paper, of a son, aged two days. He now weighs twelve pounds, which is the size of a good size turkey. That he will be good-lookin' we firmly believe, but jus now he is like all children of a co-similar age, a humbly little cub. We shall bring him up out of hand.

Lady of JOHN SMITH, firm of SMITH and SMITHSON, Bunkum, a daughter:

> FATHER'S head and mother's nose,
> And mother's eyes as black as sloes.

This makes the twelf. How SMITH is a goin' to support any more children we dono. Success to him, say we.

Lady of JOHN JOHNS, 10th instimo, of twins. One two many, we *should think*.

Lady of Mr. JACKSON, twins. Two two many, we *know*.

Lady of Cappen JOTHAM AIBLEE, state militia, a boy. He merely said, 'forward march!' and then died; a positive fact; we have it from his father's own lips; and the most remarkable circumstance we ever heerd.

Mrs. SALLY BRASS, a child. He has a key on his breast.

*** BIRTHS published at reasonable rates. We will be glad to do it. We see it has been long acted upon by the London Times, and why not? We see no reason. It is all fair and proper. Come on then with your births, and we will record it to the world. No hesitation. ED. B. F. S. AND I. E.

Answers to Correspondents.

To 'IZARD,' *who inquires of us, who is* ID OMNE GENUS, *we reply that we done the gentleman, and would answer to his interrogatory question by asking another, who is* CORPSE DE RESERVE *and* STATU QUO?

'INCUBUS' *wants to borrow five dollars till day after to-morrow and no longer. We have n't it by us at present, and do n't much expect to until the identical time when he would be done with it, which is a curious coincidens. The next time he wants to borrow we hope we shall have it jist* AT THE TIME *he wants it, and won't* WANT *it until jist as he gets done with it. We have a little real estate however, which he can have five dollars onto, will he dispose of it, in Ashtabula county.*

'PHILIP' *is wrong. Washington, the father of his Ked'ntry* DID *die in 1799, deeply regretted by a large cirkle of friends. The centoory died with him. But future time will live with him. He was a man of talent.*

'INVESTIGATION.' *How many gallons go over the Niagara Falls in an hour we dono, as we have got no slate. However a good many, we* DO *think, and probably* MORE *than we think. A friend of ours has made a calculation how many miles all creeping things in the world would creep in* ONE HOUR *provided they took it easy. And the total* SUMMUM BONUM, *if we remember right, was extremely much.*

To 'X.' *who sends us a rejected communication from* CLARK'S KNICKERBOCKER, '*We can ah! NOT do it!*' MR. CLARK *may keep his rejected communications. We would respectfully inform* MR. KNICKERBOCKER CLARK *if he is n't flowndering in the waves at Sherrw-berry, that the Flag-Staff can get along without the cast-off clothes and pantaloons of literature.*

'QUIZ.'— *Your communication is excluded. We see nothing in Cholera to make fun of. A disease which has killed off ten thousand of our feller men in the city of New-York this summer, is too serious to make fun of. We are willin' to make fun of follies; to make fun of humbugs; to make fun of the vanities of life, but not the doings of* DIVINE PROVIDENCE. *And we tell* QUIZ *that we never see an actor onto the stage, or any one else whatever make fun of* SUCH THINGS, *that he warnt a* DEAD MAN *in twelve months or thereabout. Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it.*

'R.'— *We have tried to dispose of your old sulky and can't.*

'JAMES' *don't be melancolly. There's no use. Go out, and try and do some good. That 'll cheer you up. Do n't tell us that you 're blue. We do n't care if you 're* BLACK. *Got enough to do to attend to publication of Flag-Staff.*

'V. V.' *is filed for insertion, although the author will perceive we have considerably filed it. We have worn out a new file already since we have been in this office.*

'COQUIMBO' *is excepted.*

'JOSH' *is under advisement.*

'P.'s' *article on Double Outonders is good, and will be published in point of time, can we make room for it.*

'CONUNDRUMS *we say again we won't have.*

'ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.'— '*Who was Sappho?* *We believe he was a colt.*

'BOW-WOW' *came too late. Pow-wow and Rowdedow, are vulger and cannot appear. The Flag-Staff hates vulgarity. Let this fact be kept distinctly in view.*

State of the Market.

As a general thing, prices have not much varied since the last quotations, but a *better feeling* begins to prevail. This will be agreeable intelligence to all those who like that good feelings should be kept up.

SALT.—Attic, of a fine quality, scarce, and the demand fair. COARSE, plenty.

ASHES, we are pleased to say, is firmer; and holders are determined and clench their teeth.

PORK, consisting of watering, flower, cherry, galli, and tea, are selling as per last advices.

PEARLS of any 'great price,' not to be had.

DRY COD is strong.

COTTON is buoyant since the flood at Sauve's.

BARKS are limited since the dog-law has been in force

BUTTER and CHEESE.—No change, except the latter is improved a *little mite*.

SMALL POTATOES are in small estimation.

CUCUMBERS are looking more cheerful in Bunkum.

WATER, MUSH and other MILLIONS about the same.

A further decline in TURNIPS was anticipated by buyers, and not submitted to.

SQUASHES, long-necked and others, have yielded to a general smash.

PEAS are supported.

BEANS, we do not know.

HOPS are *high*, but by last advices from Saratoga, *Polka* and other qualities were expected shortly to decline.

COUNTRY PUMPKINS begin to come in.

GRITS, about the same.

DRUDGE is firm.

HEMP meets a limited enquiry, although if all folks had their due, we think that the market would be more cheerful.

WILD OATS continue to be sown, and al-

though we have heard of some demurrers with reference to the harvest, we notice a preponderance of *long ears*.

MOUSTASHES have advanced one-eighth.

IMPERIALS, as we learn by letter from the Continent, are at a discount.

RUMPS have an upward tendency.

Since our last quotations, TONGUES have been *active*.

In BRANDIES, WHISKIES and other fluids, we notice a disposition to *go down*.

LONDON PUNCH is much admired, and meets a ready sale.

The best PORT, we believe, is not declined.

FOR OLD HOLLAND, we think we notice a growing affection in the community at large.

GINGER POP seems to be regarded with little favor.

ROOT BEER is also on the decline. A bottle, however, burst in the Washington Parade Ground on Sunday last.

Since the prevalence of pestilence, CAMPHOR has put on a very cheerful appearance, and is dressed in his Sunday clothes. In short, Liquors, Liqueurs, Liquids, Fluids and stimulants in general, are in request; and PAUL rather than MATTHEW meets with public regard.

PEANUTS have declined since the closing of the theatres.

We think we noticed a far better feeling for PUTTY, but it has not been support-d, and at present sticks pretty much where it was.

The following commercial letter has been received by Flag-Staff, dated

LONDON, 1ST INSTINO.

FRIEND: — Thee must be informed that there was not much in *the street* when we last walked there. There was but little stirring but smells, and we were glad to get our nose rid of them. As to stocks, we cannot say much concerning them: 6's and 7's remain like every think else in this era of the world, *at* 6's and 7's. *Government's* are *fluctuating*. Consul's are a little improved. *Republican* securities, we think, do not stand so high as they did. Napoleons at a discount. Louis also the same. The Pope has not yet lost his gayety. Hungary is fallen, fallen. DICKSON & CO.

Advertisements.

THEATER.

THE BUNKUM TROUPE will open for a few nights at the Town Hall, under the patronage of His Honor the Mare. No swearing, no double entenders, and only respectable society, and no colored people admitted. The sole efforts of the manager will be to hold the mirror up to Natur so's Natur can see his face in it. The entertainments will commence with

THE BLOODY BANDIT!!

A Melodramy, in three Acts.

RALPH CUT-THROAT,.....SMITH
POIGNARD,.....JOHNSING

To be followed by the

ROARING LION!!

After which the side-splitting, stomach-shaking' laughter-provoking farce of

THE DEVIL YOU DID!!

To be followed by

NO SIR-REE!!

To be succeeded by

CATCH HIM IF YOU CAN!!

To be followed by

YOU MAY TAKE MY HAT!!

To conclude with

THOMAS A KEMPIS!!

To-morrow FLAXEN HAIR BEAUTY, JACK STRAW, and other entertainments. Curtain rises at seven, performances commence at eight. TRA.SH.

THE CROW-BLACK SERENADERS will give their second entertainment in the Tabernacle Church to the citizens of Bunkum this evening. The following new Songs will be introduced, accompanied by Bones, Triangle, Banjo, Jews' Harp and Sticks:

YES, my SALLY, my deary,
TOM 's come back once more;
Life without you was dreary
On the coast of Guinea a-shore.

On the coast of Guinea, my darling,
Where the golden sands do shine,
SALLY, you were my starling,
And nobody else is mine.

I could have made money by ivory,
I could have made money by gold;
But I 'd rather wear my livery,
And live as I did of old.

Yes, my SALLY, my deary,
TOM 's come back once more;
Life without you was dreary
On the coast of Guinea a-shore.

'Farewell to the Banjo,' 'Give me a Girl as Black as Ink,' etc., etc. Heel and Toe Dances, Knock Down, etc. The whole to conclude with the E-yah! yah! Chorus, by the whole talent of the company. T.A.S.H.-E.

HERR SMASH, THE LION PŒANIST, informs the citizens of Bunkum that he will give a second MONSTER entertainment on his new LEVIATHAN Piano to-morrow night. A new Slam Bang Waltz will be introduced. For further particulars see small bills.

JOHN SHEARS, Hair-Dressing Saloon, 1 Main-street. Poll Parrots for sale, Liquid Cream of Amber, Gallowses, Mustashes, etc. Red-headed gentlemen are respectfully invited to give him a call.

☞ Customers will not be BLOWED ON.

WANTED A PRESBYTERIAN COACHMAN, an Episcopal Cook, and a New Jerusalem Waiter. Apply at this office.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE, Bunkum. A wise looking clerk is always at the books. Hard benches to sit on. Poor girls will not be kept waiting for their turn over twelve hours. A dollar to be paid down. Places got *perhaps*. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON is not expected now for some time to come. We think it is one of about the grandest sights we ever seen. To observe the chickens goin' to roost, and this at a time when they ought to be scratchin' out a livin', and crowin' very cheerful. But great as this is, we think a moral eclipse is greater, and TICKERBY'S SYRUP OF SQUILLS fairly eclipses any medicine of that kind, as the great Eclipse horse outran

any thing they could put on the Union Course, and died recently, well fed and cared for, as he had ought to be. Bunkum Drug Shop.

THE RISING GENERATION, we presume, have much to be thankful for. If it were for the writings of PETER PARLEY alone, they stand upon a footing not enjoyed by the youth of a previous age, and these advantages, we fear, not so much appreciated by the youth as they had ought. Vocal music is much attended to, and if we signalize the Baby Jumper as the very *chef doe ver* of a benevolent mind, we should not fall below the mark. One baby was killed by the staple fallin' onto its little crown, but whole vollums would fail to tell the good they done. Nevertheless, perhaps that MRS. LILLY'S SOOTHING MOLASSES SYRUP is about the kindest thing for children, especially those teething, ever invented. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CAUTION.

A MAN calling himself Pickle Pickleby having been detected in the nefarious, cruel, and absolutely body-destroying effort to foist upon the public a spurious, vile, worthless imitation and mere travestie of my PECULIAR PICKLES, I hereby warn the public against the imposter, who will be persecuted to the utmost limits and edge of the law. His pickles will KILL any body who eats them. None genuine except signed by the inventor's own handwriting:

Pitiful Pickleby.

RAXAMILLION VERMIFUGE! WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!! KILL OR CURE! CUT UP A HUNDRED SNAKES IN A FOUR ACRE LOT IN LESS THAN ONE HOUR! SARTIN' CURE! The public are most earnestly and respectfully requested to try this remedy. No worm, if he's as big as a boa constrictor, can stand before it one minute; cut his head right off, and won't let his tail waggle three seconds; rob him of his scales, stroke his crest down, and kill him out right. $1,000,000 forfeited if it do n't kill or cure. Five hundred children, now removed from the evil to come, could have testified to its excellence. Mothers will rejoice at it. Fathers may take our office in their way back from their country houses to get it. It beats the Graeffenberg Medicines, and is fast driving those specifics out of market. We cannot help it. We respect our Graeffenberg friends as much as any. Would befriend them on any suitable occasion, lend them our boots, get them out of prison, save them from the gallows; would n't give them poison; would n't skin them alive; but genius must rise uppermost to the top wave, and in putting forth the RAXAMILLION VERMIFUGE to public notice, we do not ask any return of the public but only to buy a million bottles, and try its efficacy on snakes. 'Truth is mighty and must prevail.'—*Boerhaave.* Sold only at the Bunkum Drug Shop. o.sh me.

*** THE BUNKUM LIST OF LETTERS having been awarded to '*The Flag-Staff*,' from its large circulation, that interesting matter will hereafter appear at regular intervals in our columns.

GREAT DISCOVERY! WONDER OF THE AGE! PLEASANT YET TREMENDOUS! MEDICATED APPLE-SAAS! As CAPTAIN CODDLE was walking along the sea-beach at Schnapshausen a thought struck him. With the most innocent of all substances he has gone and blended a powerful medicament, and yet no mercury in it—no mercury!—no mercury!!—no mercury!!! The benevolent heart of the Captain throbbed with delight. He went and secured a sloop-load of apples to-once, had them mashed, medicated, and put into barls. When charlatanry is making such progressive strides, it is really refreshing to see a remedy based upon the principles of science and common sense; one which appeals to nature for its guide. Such is the MEDICATED APPLE-SAAS, which has now been before the community long enough to attest its value. It is better than all the pillules ever invented. To the bowels it is kind, yet potent; soothing, yet thorough. A friend in Hackensack thus writes:

'YOUR Saas is about the pleasantest thing for a drug I ever took. It riz me onto my legs when nothin' else would. My first wife experienced the benefit of it before she died. My second wife acknowledged that it done her good. My present lady would not be without it. Our children have a regular crying spell for the Saas every day, but we won't give it to 'em when there's no occasion. I believe your Saas is the best thing for constipation and all other diseases on the known earth. What a wonderfully ingenious idea to think of Apple-Saas to base your medicine onto! Rest assured, my Dear Sir, the bowels of posterity will praise you.

'TO CAPTAIN CODDLE.'

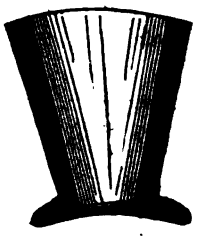
Over five hundred certificates, signatures, etc., can be seen at the Depository, from men, women and individooals, lawyers, ministers of the gospel, and others. One dollar a keg.

Raskal, Sep. 1, 1849. s.h.aw.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA! Those going to San Francisco are respectfully invited to look at the subscriber's assortment of Bricks, Paving-Stones and Mill-Stones. Also a quantity of Bean-Poles, and ten-barrels Apple-Saas.

COLD WATER ESTABLISHMENT AND WET-SHEET INFIRMARY, near Bunkum, is now open. No patient *has ever died in this institution.* If we think that they're agoin'to die, we wrap them up in a wet winding sheet, and send them away. Many who have been enabled to stand our process get entirely well.

THE SHIP GOOD FORTUNE will sail for San Francisco in ten days. Young women of beauty are requested to embark. They can marry Presidents, Judges, Juries, Alcaldes, or any other aspiration in California they choose to aim at.



THE BUNKUM HAT will be issued at nine o'clock on Wednesday the ninth instimo. It is teetotally *original* both in build and materials. We don't want no Paris or Ewrop fashions into Bunkum: her citizens aint goin' to stand no monarchial fashions. The style of THE BUNKUM HAT combines elegance with firmness, and ease with durability. Its chief featur is good taste; while the materials is of the first water; being nine parts rat-fur, (*Longtaileddikief* of the Naturalists,) and four of rame'-wool. The measure of the head is taken with a patent gas-ometer and meter. Old Hat staff taken in part exchange. Best hats, two dollars; second best, one and a half; worst kind, fifty cents. TEEBY, KOX & PEABY.
io.sh.r.d.l.t.tf.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. The Fine Arts and Literature will be fully discussed. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, fully sustained. (For farther particulars see large head.) Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post oncet a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbour, Hetchabonnuck, Coram and Miller's Place, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, and United'n States'n currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, hemp, snake-root, cord-wood, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, millstones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, ginshang root, vinegar, pumpkins, ellacompaine, harness, hops, ashes, slippery-elium bark, clams, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange. WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a-week.

THE VESPER STAR.

BY C. D. S.

LAST night I watched the Vesper Star
Grow pale, as rose the horned moon,
And so one joy with me has died,
As came a brighter joy too soon:
And so one sweet, wild mountain flower,
That charmed me 'mid a thorny way,
Has perished in my memory's bower,
And left no token of decay:
And so one wave of dear delight,
Rippling the calm of Life's wide sea,
Chased by a larger wave from sight,
Has perished from my memory:
And so the lute's rich strain I heard,
Filling my heart with blissful pain,
Is floated far away, and lost
In a new, deeper, tenderer strain:
And words that once had power to thrill
Give place to words of wilder tone.

The fountains of my youth are still,
Its flower-woods wilderness and lone.
The new, pursuing like a hound,
Hunts down and soon devours the old;
And Love is hardly born and warm
Ere it is gray, and dead, and cold.
Ah, I remember when I thought
One beating heart was linked to mine!
That I could never worship, save
That heart were on my temple's shrine;
But she who wore it now is wed,
Uncared by me, unto another:
A fat, uncombed, cheese-making wife,
And of four children fat, the mother.
So perish most of earthly dreams;
So brightest joys go never far:
New joys o'ercome them, as the moon
Chased out from sight the Vesper Star.

THOUGHTS AT LAUREL HILL.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

Is this the final resting place of man?
The end of Time? Eternity's first dawn?
Will here the old, the young, the wise and good,
Who sweetly sleep beneath these marble piles,
Put on the robes of immortality,
And rise transformed, devoid of sin and death?
Will here commissioned angels congregate,
To welcome up their kindred from the dust?
Will all come forth to join the innumerable throng
On that great day, the resurrection morn,
And stand approved in their CREATOR's sight?
If it be so, then here and there will rise
From these small graves, unguarded now and bare,
On which no hand hath taught a vine to trail,
Or flower to bloom, some orphan children, who
Have left the world without a home, or friend
To rear a monument to their memory.
And here, where Death, with his relentless dart,
Hath cut these buds from off their parent stem,
Where stars of hope shine through the darkened clouds,
And point as beacons to the land of rest,
Another group of little ones shall stand,
Arrayed in fadeless garniture of bliss,
Waiting the voice that bids them to the skies.
This is a place of quietness, where all
Who sleep within its rural, calm retreats,
Shall hear the voice that calls to them, 'Awake!
Arise! come forth! and stand before your JUDGE!'
And while I muse, methinks I see them rise,
Some shrouded in the drapery of the tomb,
And some in garlands of eternal bliss.
Yes; here old age, with wrinkled face, and locks
Whitened and silvered with the frost of years,
And infancy, with eyes of mirthfulness,
And joyous children laughing in their glee,
With weeping matrons, and light-hearted maids,
Together crowd the golden gates of bliss,
To seek protection in their FATHER's house.
Here, too, another joyless band appears,
Whom Slander, with its thousand snaky tongues,
Had filled their cups of happiness with gall;
Slander, that praised them under Friendship's guise,
But in their absence stung them unto death.
Here let me rest when life's dull strife is o'er,
Beneath these tall and overbranching trees,
Where no rude foot shall desecrate my grave,
Or ill reports disturb my quiet sleep.
Yes; let me rest among these shrubs and flowers;
And if no friends above my grave shall weep,
Or plant a vine to trail around my tomb,
Let my poor name, unhonored and unsung,
Be buried here, and moulder with my dust.

EXCELSIOR.

'HARK! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words; as they float they say,
Passing away, passing away.'

IT is the characteristic of our age and Yankee nation to stand still in nothing. No matter what is concerned, 'get ahead,' 'progress,' and if you can't progress forward, then progress *backward*, only for the love of concord: progress is the universal motto. Our statesmen, those to whom we have been accustomed to look with veneration and respect as the ornaments of our country, to whose noble deeds we were wont to point with pardonable pride, are pronounced by authority, that brooks no contradiction, to be behind, far behind the age. 'Webster *was* a great man. As a public speaker, Calhoun *was* eminently forcible and effective. The idol for so many years of a great political party, gifted with singular oratorical powers and possessed of the most winning and graceful manners, *occupied* a very prominent position both at home and abroad.'

But great as they *were*, all these men have passed away, and a brighter day has dawned upon us.' Party leaders are no more to hold sway, party power is no more to rule; trickery, chicanery and all deceit are from this moment to be seen through and exposed; humbug in every form from this hour disappears; for lo! the people wake. Now begins to dawn upon us the blest era of *true* freedom, for

'THE blind and beaten giant is staggering up at length,
And the pillars of his prison-house begin to feel his strength.'

The world, thanks to kind Providence and our own sapient selves, is in a fair way of being regenerated, though it has wandered so long and so far that much time must necessarily be consumed in the gigantic work.

Seriously, though we would not seem advocates of standing still mentally, morally or physically, yet this constant, overweening, restless, world-upsetting, nervous spirit, this perpetual desire to change, cannot we think be too severely reprehended. Especially does it become ridiculous when the subject of its *praiseworthy* philanthropy is made worse instead of better, or when of all its labors, a mouse, the object of universal ridicule, is the only product. Nor can we imagine any spot where this unstable spirit prevails to a more alarming extent than at present in our own Gotham. With the native purity of its healthful atmosphere, wooed to linger awhile by the cleanly habits of our good KNICKERBOCKER ancestors, but now, alas! driven forever from among us, has also fled that sound discriminating judgment, that fixed resolution to improve, always connected with a steady determination to sacrifice no real good for a fancied better, which those same fathers so eminently displayed.

Pull down and build again, move and keep moving, alter and keep changing, is now the ruling principle strong in its undying spirit. We hold nought made sacred by time, character or circumstance; but all must fall before the universal leveller, Improvement, which beautiful as it is in theory is not less striking in its results. Whether as regards mind or matter, mighty are the effects it produces. Lighted on his way by this magic jack-o'-lantern, what cannot man accomplish? Distance is shortened or elongated at pleasure; space annihilated or created at will; and he stands forth supreme, and cries: 'What is too hard for me?' No matter what incidental injuries may occur; no matter what deprivation of rights, of real interest and of truth results; no matter what special pleading is resorted to, so the great end, at once the cause and consequent, is effected or even only advanced, all is well, and humanity is saved from something worse than death. Peace, age, pleasure and present good; all must be sacrificed to the idea no matter how vague and undefined, to the fancy, no matter how fitful and illusory of acquisition, connected of course with Improvement, if not demonstrable as applying to the present age, certain at least to be of vast importance to a generation yet unborn when these pioneers in the philanthropic cause will be properly appreciated by that most sagacious as well as profound of all juries, the Public.

An abler pen than mine has pointed to the spots scattered all throughout the city of our pride, which serve to exemplify these remarks, where fine gold has bought the votaries of improvement the right to consecrate a new temple and pay their hourly devotions at its altar. And though the spirit has been oft rebuked, yet is it still abroad; nay, like a simoom, it sweeps over the land. It has turned a time-honored and venerable building into a receptacle for the people's letters, pulled down others to make room for merchandise; and because large sums could be realized for the lots on which they stood, and one, that ancient model of neat simplicity, a single glance at which was enough to carry us back in thought, to the days of our forefathers, the old Lutheran church, it has converted into a stable. It is related that the Empress Helena diligently sought out the spot where our SAVIOUR was born, and changed the manger into a church. Our modern philanthropists have changed the church into a *suite* of mangers, probably with a view to humble our pride by reminding us of the lowly life of him who came to save mankind. And as the intent was *undoubtedly* equally honorable in the last as in the first case, we cannot but feel a glow of conscious pride at the reverential feelings of our countrymen. In other quarters too is this mania spreading; and the once beautiful grounds attached to a literary institution of high reputation are getting curtailed of their fair proportions to furnish building lots, and as an entering wedge for the entire removal of the venerable building, that with its tall old trees and verdure of living green, has seemed an oäsis amid the wilderness of down-town trade and noise and perpetual change. There it still stands, where it has stood for near a century, a shining light in literature and science as well as a specimen of simple, quiet beauty. But Dame Rumor with her

busy tongue has been whispering: 'T will soon be gone,' the genius of Improvement has been calling: 'Come away;' and withal perhaps these imperative demands form not unwelcome excuses to the ears of her wise and prudent governors. And when the time has fully come when the principles of Demand and Supply, according to the most correct and well-digested ideas of logical analysis and Political Economy, present the fairest prospect of affording the wished-for consummation, a good round sum of money, we shall see the old Green turned into a market, a rail-road dépôt or piles of brick and mortar, and the work already begun, fully completed by the banishment of the institution to the legislative grant of barren rock on Fiftieth-street.

And there is another powerful reason for this change in addition to the public weal and private speculation. The tide of population has been and still is steadily setting toward the northern portions of our city, and although the lower part will continue to draw the merchant princes from their palaces to their counting-rooms during business hours, yet for their promising sons the exertion of coming down town at ten in the morning and returning at one, is all too fatiguing. And why should not learning be brought to us instead of our having to run after it as a prize? Do we not experience enough of mental trouble in the acquisition of knowledge without having physical toil superadded? Thus we go, pulling down, building up and renovating forever; and if, as foreigners say of us, we are in nothing ever 'to-rights,' at least we can take comfort to ourselves, that after one fashion or another we are continually improving.

If we do endure a long-continued first of May, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the sole cause of all lies in our own elevated and noble aspirations. If we must forever banish content from our bosoms and peace from our thoughts, can we and do we not flatter ourselves that every act of our *disinterested* life is but a part of a high and noble destiny we are fulfilling while acting up to our motto, Excelsior.

THE CAVERN OF PEARLS.

There is a cavern still and deep,
  Beneath a sea of troubled foam,
And rays of dimmest daylight creep
  Through clefted chasms in the dome.
Columns of chrysolite and spars
  Illuminate the lonely cells,
And pearls congealing, lie like stars
  Within the rainbow-clouded shells;
Drifting where Hecla's eddy whirls
  In deeps as desolate as Night,
They cluster there, selected pearls,
  And fill the darkened cave with light!
Buried in weeds and flowers about,
  Bestrown along the golden sand,
They lie, till tempests pluck them out
  And cast them on the common strand.
    Pearls! precious pearls!
    A largesse for the world!

My heart is like this cavern lone,
  Beneath a sea of troubled thought,
And all the light that ever shone
  Therein, was through its ruins caught:
Imaginations spar the cells,
  Illuminate with starry rays,
And growing fancies lie in shells,
  Of delicate and dainty lays;
Drifting where Passion's eddy whirls,
  In deeps as desolate as night,
They cluster there, perfected pearls,
  And fill my darkened heart with light!
Buried in weeds and flowers deep,
  Along the golden sand of rhyme,
They lie, till Inspirations sweep
  And cast them on the strand of Time!
    Pearls! precious pearls!
    A largesse for the world!

LITERARY NOTICES.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: A BIOGRAPHY. By WASHINGTON IRVING. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM. London: JOHN MURRAY.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this one of the most delightful pieces of biography that we have ever perused. The author loved and honored his immortal subject, whom, perhaps more than any other author, living or dead, he most closely resembles; there being in the writings of each the same purity and simplicity of style, the same tender pathos, genial humor, and refined wit. The present volume is based upon a briefer biographical sketch written by Mr. IRVING many years ago, the later work of FOSTER, and the labors of the indefatigable PRIOR. It omits none of the facts which illustrate the life and character of the poet, and which are given in that graphic style which Mr. IRVING knows so well how to command. Touching his illustrious subject, our biographer observes: 'There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for OLIVER GOLDSMITH, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of GOLDSMITH are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men. An acquaintance with the private biography of GOLDSMITH lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more than transcripts of his own heart and picturings of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings. Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works that may not be traced to his own parti-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his reader.' It is scarcely too much to say, that

the praise here awarded to the writings of GOLDSMITH might with almost equal propriety be extended to the productions of his eulogist.

It would be impossible for us to present a moiety of the many admirable passages of the biography under notice, which we pencilled as we read, and which so forcibly illustrate the character of GOLDSMITH, as indicated in the extract we have quoted above. We make however a few selections. The subjoined we find in the course of some remarks upon 'The Traveller:'

'WE hear much about 'poetic inspiration,' and the 'poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling;' but Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS gives an anecdote of GOLDSMITH while engaged upon his poem, calculated to cure our notions about the ardor of composition. Calling upon the poet one day, he opened the door without ceremony, and found him in the double occupation of turning a couplet and teaching a pet dog to sit upon his haunches. At one time he would glance his eye at his desk, and at another shake his finger at the dog to make him retain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:

'By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child.'

GOLDSMITH, with his usual good-humor, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the stanza.' . . . JOHNSON pronounced 'The Traveller' the finest poem that had appeared since the days of POPE. 'But one of the highest testimonials to the charm of the poem was given by Miss REYNOLDS, who had toasted poor GOLDSMITH as the ugliest man of her acquaintance. Shortly after the appearance of 'The Traveller,' Dr. JOHNSON read it aloud from beginning to end in her presence. 'Well,' exclaimed she, when he had finished, 'I never more shall think Dr. GOLDSMITH ugly!' On another occasion, when the merits of 'The Traveller' were discussed at REYNOLDS's board, LANGTON declared 'there was not a bad line in the poem, not one of DRYDEN's careless verses.' 'I was glad,' observed REYNOLDS, 'to hear CHARLES FOX say it was one of the finest poems in the English language.' 'Why was you glad?' rejoined LANGTON, 'you surely had no doubt of this before.' 'No,' interposed JOHNSON, decisively; 'the merit of 'The Traveller' is so well established that Mr. FOX's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it.'

'BOSWELL, who was absent from England at the time of the publication of the Traveller, was astonished, on his return, to find GOLDSMITH, whom he had so much undervalued, suddenly elevated almost to a par with his idol. He accounted for it by concluding that much both of the sentiments and expression of the poem had been derived from conversations with JOHNSON. 'He imitates you, Sir,' said this incarnation of toadyism. 'Why no, Sir,' replied JOHNSON, 'JACK HAWKESWORTH is one of my imitators, but not GOLDSMITH. GOLDY, Sir, has great merit.' 'But, Sir, he is much indebted to you for his getting so high in the public estimation.' 'Why, Sir, he has, perhaps, got *some* to it by his intimacy with me.'

We are glad to perceive that Mr. IRVING has a due appreciation of that ineffable Scotch toady, BOSWELL. When we remark his toadyism of JOHNSON, GARRICK and others, we cannot help calling to mind a certain Scotch toady belonging to the small illiterati of Gotham, who takes true poetical and dramatic Genius by the hand, and 'patronizes' it with his distinguished approval; a mercenary BOSWELL, in short, seen through the little end of an opera-glass. BOSWELL affected to undervalue GOLDSMITH, and a lurking hostility to him is discernible throughout his writings. Before the intrusive sycophancy of the former had made its way into JOHNSON's confidence, he envied GOLDSMITH's intimacy with the great lexicographer. Speaking of an invitation from JOHNSON, to fulfil which he says GOLDSMITH 'went strutting away,' the toady observes:

'I CONFESS I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed to be so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.'

'Obtained! but how? not like GOLDSMITH, by the force of unpretending but congenial merit, but by a course of the most pushing, contriving, and spaniel like subserviency. Really, the ambition of the man to illustrate his mental insignificance, by continually placing himself in juxtaposition with the great lexicographer, has something in it perfectly ludicrous. Never since the days of DON QUIXOTTE and SANCHO PANZA, has there been presented to the world a more whimsically contrasted pair of associates than JOHNSON and BOSWELL.

'Who is this Scotch cur at JOHNSON's heels?' asked some one when BOSWELL had worked his way into incessant companionship. 'He is not a cur,' replied GOLDSMITH, 'you are too severe; he is only a bur. TOM DAVIES flung him at JOHNSON in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking.'

BOSWELL never lost an opportunity, in his mean way, to underrate GOLDSMITH to JOHNSON, and to attribute to him 'envy and all uncharitableness.' 'An instance,' says

Mr. Irving, 'which occurred in the course of Goldsmith's tour to Paris, has been tortured by that literary magpie, Boswell, into a proof of 'Goldsmith's absurd jealousy of any admiration shown to others in his presence:'

'While stopping at a hotel in Lisle, they were drawn to the windows by a military parade in front. The extreme beauty of the Miss Hornecks immediately attracted the attention of the officers, who broke forth with enthusiastic speeches and compliments intended for their ears. Goldsmith was amused for a while, but at length affected impatience at this exclusive admiration of his beautiful companions, and exclaimed, with mock severity of aspect, 'Elsewhere I also would have my admirers!'

'It is difficult to conceive the obtuseness of intellect necessary to misconstrue so obvious a piece of mock petulance and dry humor into an instance of mortified vanity and jealous self-conceit.

'Goldsmith jealous of the admiration of a group of gay officers for the charms of two beautiful young women! This even out-Boswells Boswell; yet this is but one of several similar absurdities, evidently misconceptions of Goldsmith's peculiar vein of humor, by which the charge of envious jealousy has been attempted to be fixed upon him. In the present instance it was contradicted by one of the ladies herself, who was annoyed that it had been advanced against him. 'I am sure,' said she, 'from the peculiar manner of his humor, and assumed frown of countenance, what was often uttered in jest was mistaken, by those who did not know him, for earnest.''

We give two other characteristic transcripts of Boswell's head and heart, supposing him to have had any of the latter, separate from his egregious vanity:

'Goldsmith had now become accustomed to be regarded in London as a literary lion, and was annoyed, at what he considered a slight on the part of Lord Camden. He complained of it on his return to town at a party of his friends. 'I met him,' said he, 'at Lord Clare's house in the country; and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man.' 'The company,' says Boswell, 'laughed heartily at this piece of 'diverting simplicity.'' And foremost among the laughers was doubtless the rattle-pated Boswell. Johnson, however, stepped forward, as usual, to defend the poet, whom he would allow no one to assail but himself; perhaps in the present instance he thought the dignity of literature itself involved in the question. 'Nay, gentlemen,' roared he, 'Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith, and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him.' . . . . . .

'On one occasion he accompanied Edmund Burke to witness a performance of the Italian Fantoccini or Puppets, in Panton-street; an exhibition which had hit the caprice of the town and was in great vogue. The puppets were set in motion by wires, so well concealed as to be with difficulty detected. Boswell, with his usual obtuseness with respect to Goldsmith, accuses him of being jealous of the puppets! 'When Burke,' said he, 'praised the dexterity with which one of them tossed a pike,' 'Pshaw,' said Goldsmith *with some warmth*, 'I can do it better myself.'' 'The same evening,' adds Boswell, 'when supping at Burke's lodging, he broke his shin by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets.'

'Goldsmith jealous of puppets! This even passes in absurdity Boswell's charge upon him of being jealous of the beauty of the two Miss Hornecks.'

One other picture of Dr. Johnson's 'Bozzy,' and we have done with *him*:

'The moment Johnson's voice burst forth, the attention which it excited on Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor; and his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable that might be uttered; nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if hoping from it latently, or mystically, some information.

'On one occasion the doctor detected Boswell, or Bozzy, as he called him, eaves-dropping behind his chair, as he was conversing with Miss Burney at Mr. Thrale's table' 'What are you doing there, Sir?' cried he, turning round angrily, and clapping his hand upon his knee. 'Go to the table, Sir!'

'Boswell obeyed with an air of affright and submission, which raised a smile on every face. Scarce had he taken his seat, however, at a distance, than impatient to get again at the side of Johnson, he rose and was running off in quest of something to show him, when the doctor roared after him authoritatively, 'What are you thinking of Sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, Sir;' and the obsequious spaniel did as he was commanded. 'Running about in the middle of meals!' muttered the doctor, pursing his mouth at the same time to restrain his rising risibility.

'Boswell got another rebuff from Johnson, which would have demolished any other man. He had been teasing him with many direct questions, such as 'What did you do, Sir? What did you say, Sir?' until the great philologist became perfectly enraged. 'I will not be put to the *question*!' roared he. 'Don't you consider, Sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with *what* and *why*; What is this? What is that? Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?' 'Why, Sir, replied pil-garlick, 'you are so good that I venture to trouble you.' 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'my being so *good* is no reason why you should be so *ill*.' 'You have but two topics, Sir;' exclaimed he on another occasion, 'yourself and me, and I am sick of both.'

'Boswell's inveterate disposition to *toad*, was a sore cause of mortification to his father. This tagging at the heels of Dr. Johnson, whom he considered a kind of pedagogue, set his Scotch blood in a ferment. 'There 's nae hope for Jamie, mon,' said he to a friend; 'Jamie is gaen clean gyte.' '

Mr. Irving has dwelt at some length upon the sycophantic and toadying characteristics of Boswell, for the purpose doubtless of showing the *quo animo* of his sneaking and insidious attacks upon the character of his kind, gentle-hearted, illustrious subject, whose memory will live in the affections of his readers when Boswell's has sunk into merited contempt.

The Claims of our Country on its Literary Men: an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July 19, 1849. By George W. Bethune. Cambridge: John Bartlett.

It is quite true, as our orator remarks in the opening of his address, that the claims of our country upon its literary men is a theme that has often been discussed, but we much question whether it has been more ably treated than by Dr. Bethune, whose prose style, alike simple, luminous and graceful, adds attraction to any subject which it is employed to illustrate. We take the liberty to present a single extract, which will serve in some measure to confirm the justice of our praise: 'Our researches as scholars are in the past, but our business is in the present and the future. And what an unprecedented field does our present and future open to the philanthropic exertions of intellectual men! Human nature is ever radically the same. That as yet anonymous science which concerns the knowledge of human nature has few fundamental axioms. Solomon wrote proverbs for all ages. The characters of Tacitus transmigrate through all generations. But the developments, the combinations and phases of human action, in these times, are unexampled. The labyrinth has become so complicated, that our hand cannot securely grasp the ball of the clew. Zeno himself could not keep cool amidst such universal, multiform, constant excitement. Once, a few thought, and still fewer led; now, all think, and none are willing to follow. Mountains, seas, diversities of language, hereditary enmities of races, scarcely retard the revolutionary contagion. Armies receive the command to 'charge!' — they obey; but first come 'right about face,' and rout with their bayonets *l'état major*. Bulls, whose roar once shook terribly the earth like one wide Bashan, now wail plaintively and feebly as a famishing calf outside the gate of its paddock. The pawns toss kings and queens, knights, bishops, and rookish nobles from the board, to play out the game among themselves. Constitutions are woven in a night, and are swept away like cobwebs by the morning broom. Rulers and ministries treat oaths as lightly as do smugglers in a custom-house. The giant, Man, long crushed by usurpers of divine right, is flinging off the Ætna from his mangled breast. His limbs are not yet drawn from under the quaking, groaning, fire-spouting mass' but *he is sure to rise*. He will reel blindly, at first, from inveterate weakness of limb, his head dizzy with his new uprightness; his enemies will hurl on him their frightened vengeance; he will stagger, stumble, fall; but, gaining strength each time he presses the bosom of his mother earth, he will gather himself up, drive opposing powers irrevocably back to more than Egyptian darkness, and stride triumphantly forward until he reaches the goal which the good God has promised him; consummate freedom, happiness undefiled, imperishable dignity in the Divine image.' Speaking of the effect of American example on the old world, Dr. Bethune says: 'The example of our national character developed by

our liberal institutions, has, more than all other causes combined, waked up the spirit of the Old World. The radiance of our well-adjusted freedom is melting away the icy fetters that have, from time immemorial, frozen to moral numbness the larger portion of Continental Europe. The name of America sounds like that of heaven on earth to the voluntary exiles who leave their fatherlands in the confidence of finding, for themselves and their children, a better country, fulness of bread, and the rights of their own sweat. The eyes of their kindred follow them to our shores. The news of our advancement, our state papers, the issues of our unshackled press, go back, despite of the keenest *surveillance*, with their endorsement to their native hamlets. Political philosophers and ardent philanthropists come westward, that they may study our recent but vigorous systems, as the Greek once went to the older land of the Nile. A strong word, distinctly spoken here, echoes through hut and palace, cabinet and camp, of distant but anxious listeners. O! then, let us work now, that we may work for the stupendous future; let us work for our country, that we may benefit the world!" Such are a few of the thoughts in this excellent address, which we cordially commend to a wide public acceptance.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND: An Oration delivered at the Second Commemoration of their Landing, celebrated May 15, 1849, under the auspices of the Philodemic Society, of Georgetown College. By Z. COLLINS LEE, Esq., etc. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY AND COMPANY.

WE remember to have read in the '*National Intelligencer*' daily journal a chaste and fervid account of the celebration at St. Inigoes, the particulars of which are recorded in the pages before us, and we welcome with the more pleasure therefore the pamphlet which we are about to commend to our readers. The proceedings were opened by a prayer from the Rev. Dr. PISE, of this city, which strikes us as one among the most comprehensive, eloquent and beautiful exercises of the kind we remember ever to have heard. Of Mr. LEE's address, we may say, in brief, that is remarkable for its clear synopsis of historical facts and their admirable collocation, and for a style simple and eloquent; the whole evincing, in matter and manner, that the orator wrote from a full mind and with a practised pen. Mr. LEE establishes the fact that while the Puritans of New-England fled from religious intolerance only to become more intolerant themselves in the new home which had been vouchsafed them, and the founders of Virginia cultivated the reigning religious prejudices of the English crown, the founders of Maryland organized and sustained a government under which, as under the Dutch rule in New-York, all classes of men, of all religious denominations, worshipped GOD in their own way, without molestation. These facts reflect the highest honor upon the Pilgrims of Maryland. We regret that our space limits us to the following glowing passage:

'SCARCE two hundred years have rolled away since the Rock of Plymouth, and the heights of Jamestown were pressed by the Pilgrim feet, and St. Mary's and Maryland consecrated to human rights; now thirty commonwealths, bounded by the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, are before us, united in a common bond, and flourishing under the same bright banner, and crowded with nearly twenty millions of freemen. What a spectacle for the world to admire! what a cause of self-gratulation to us!

'The 'Mayflower,' the 'Dove and the Ark,' laden with the seeds of liberty, touched *then* with drooping sails, savage and inhospitable shores; *now* from the same strands the moving palaces of steam, and the countless ships of commerce, arrive between cities of astonishing wealth and population.

'Our national resources, too, physical and political, and the giant strides of our people already proclaim, even to the Rocky Mountains, the sway of civil institutions and the glories of freedom. Hurried before their resistless march, the red man and his countless tribes has been

driven from his hunting ground and his council fires, and places which knew him once shall know him no more forever. Amid the portentous changes of the past, the Church, under whose wings this State was founded, has preserved her *integrity* and *union*; to her must America be indebted for the preservation of much that is valuable in arts and letters; and truly has England's last historian said, 'that the Catholic church many times has been compared by divines to that ark of which we read in the book of Genesis, but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil time when she rode amidst darkness and tempest on the deluge, beneath which the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing with her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.'

We remark in the pamphlet under notice a well-written and feeling tribute to the memory of the Rev. Mr. CARBERY, of St. Inigoes, whose piety, unostentatious charity, and cordial hospitality, had made him widely beloved by the society which he graced and honored.

FRONTENAC, OR THE ATOTARHO OF THE IROQUOIS: a Metrical Romance. By ALFRED B. STREET. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

WE shall divide our review of this elaborate poem of Mr. STREET into two parts; for the reason that, receiving it after our 'Literary Notice' department proper had been mainly filled, we have not space for the extracts we have selected, with their accompanying comments, in a single article. We give therefore in the present number the interesting chapter of history upon which the poem is founded, and in our next shall afford our readers the means of judging of the admirable manner in which the poet has wrought up his matériel:

'IN the month of June, 1696, Count FRONTENAC, then Governor-General of Canada, assembled an army at Lachine, a few miles from Montreal, for an expedition against the Iroquois, who, from the earliest settlement of the province, had been inimical to the French.

'The army consisted of the regular troops, the *habitans* or militia of the province, and some of the Indian tribes, who were the allies of the French, and who entertained an hereditary hatred against the Iroquois, by reason of their nations having, in former times, been conquered by the Confederacy. FRONTENAC, with this army, ascended the St. Lawrence, in batteaux and canoes, carrying with him, in addition to light arms, cannon, mortars, and grenades. Making the customary portages, he reached Lake Ontario, coasted its eastern waters, ascended the Oswego River, crossed Onondaga Lake, and encamped upon its borders. He then plunged, with his forces, into the vast wilderness, in search of the Iroquois. Arriving at the principal castle or village of the Onondagas, into whose particular canton or country he had penetrated, he found it deserted. Pushing farther then into the wilderness, FRONTENAC discovered nothing of his wild enemies, and finally, in disappointment, he retraced his march. On his return path, however, the Iroquois waylaid his steps, killed a number of his men, and did not cease their attacks until he had entirely left their territory.

'The Iroquios at that time consisted of five nations, viz.: the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Senecas, occupying a territory which they figuratively called their 'Long House,' extending from east to west over what is now the State of New-York, from the Lakes Erie and Ontario to the Hudson River.

'These Indian nations had banded themselves into a League or Confederacy, at first for a protection against their common enemies, continuing it afterwards for conquest. The time of the formation of this League is not known, but is supposed to have been ages before the white man appeared amongst them, and it has given birth, on account of its value and importance, as well as its being involved in the mist of uncertainty, to a wild mythology concerning it amongst themselves.

'When CHAMPLAIN first came to Quebec, he found the Confederacy at war with the Hurons and Adirondacks, then warlike and powerful nations. Having allied himself to the Adirondacks, he joined them in an expedition against the Iroquois; and, by reason of the fire-arms he carried, then totally unknown to the warriors of the Confederacy, he was the means of defeating the latter on the borders of the very lake which now bears his name. This kindled an animosity against the French on the part of the Iroquois, which was never forgotten. Receiving, a few years afterwards, fire-arms in their turn from the Dutch, who, in the meanwhile, had penetrated the forests along the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers in New-York, the confederated warriors commenced their attacks upon the French at every post and settlement. So serious did their inroads become, that at times the very province itself was in jeopardy. And not only did these warlike savages annoy the French, but they turned their arms against all the neighboring tribes, driving the Hurons and Adirondacks, their former rivals, from their villages and hunting-grounds, and absolutely extirminating many of the savage nations around them. Pushing their conquests in all directions, they at length mastered every Indian tribe residing not only in New-York, but every other, as far as Carolina to the south, and the Mississippi to the west. The Governors-General of Canada made frequent incursions into their territory or Long House, but

those incursions only served to stimulate the wrath of these haughty and powerful savages, without weakening their strength or diminishing their power. That strength and power had arrived at their height when FRONTENAC took the reins of command for the second time, in 1689. The Iroquois had now assumed so threatening an attitude, that this stern and proud noble thought it advisable to penetrate their fastnesses and crush them, if possible, at a blow. Hence the expedition above detailed, which was, however, as fruitless as those of the former Governors-General DE LA BARRE and DE NONVILLE.

'In the meanwhile the Confederacy (its good-will and friendship having been transferred by the Dutch to the English) proved itself as faithful to CORLEAR, the name it gave to the English Governor, as hostile to YON-NON-DE-YOH, its title for the Governor-General of the French. Consequently, in 1776, when the war of the Revolution broke out, true to their old friendship, the Iroquois sided with England. This led to the expedition of SULLIVAN, the American General, into the heart of their country. SULLIVAN desolated their fields, destroyed their villages, and exterminated the warriors they brought against him. From this period they began to decline. With the return of peace, civilization commenced hewing down their forests, and taking possession of their hunting-grounds; and the unwelcome sight of the Pale-face met them in every direction beside their beautiful streams and romantic lakes. Their Long House, to use their own pathetic language, was broken open at both ends, and the storms of destruction made it desolate for ever. The Mohawks abandoned their lovely valley in a body, and settled upon Grand River, in Canada, on territory granted them by the British Government. The rest of the Confederacy, although it had been previously increased by the accession of the Tuscaroras, a reclaimed original tribe, gradually diminished, and has still continued to waste away, until now only a few individuals remain, haunting their smiling valleys, and hovering around their sparkling waters, miserable spectres of the former greatness of the Iroquois.'

It will be obvious to the reader what a fine field our poet has chosen, and they will soon have occasion to see how well he has cultivated it. A portrait of the author, on steel, accompanies the volume, which is printed from the London edition.

WOMEN OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS: a Series of Portraits, with Characteristic Descriptions by several American Clergymen. Edited by WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS is one of the most beautiful volumes to which the American press has given birth. It is a positive luxury to run one's eye over the large clear types, impressed upon snow-white paper, firm as Bristol board, and in pages with amplest margin. There are eighteen original designs, engraved in the highest style of the art of celature, many of which are of marvellous personal beauty. Nothing superior to 'MIRIAM,' 'The VIRGIN and the Infant SAVIOUR,' and 'BATHSHEBA,' has ever appeared in any American or English work. The accompanying sketches, by eminent pens, are exceedingly well executed. In the illustration of the VIRGIN MARY we find the subjoined quaint and beautiful passage from one of the ancient forms of the Church of England, 'The Goolden Letanye of the Lyf and Passioun of our LORD IESU CRISTE,' introducing his blessed MOTHER at the cross:

'BY the grete compassion of thi hert, that thou haddist wen bering the Crosse thou metdist thi blyssid modir making most sorowe and lamentacion:
'By thi hevy chere and the goyng up of hey mounte of Calvarie where thou wert crucified:
'BI that cold sittyng that thou sattyst pitiously, full of wondis in the colde wendes, so abydynge until thi Crosse was redy:
'For the lyftyng up of thi most holy body on the Crosse, and the sore brayeyng thereof, that gave to all pertyes of thi body an uncredible peyn:
'For the swerde of sorowe that went throught the soule of thi blyssid modir, and her grete compassion and teeres that standyng by the Crosse lamentably she shede:
'*Inclyne most sweete Jesu to us.*'

We can conceive of no more appropriate and beautiful gift-book than 'The Women of the Bible.' What will especially strike the admirer of the externals of the volume will be the beauty and variety of its binding. We saw one copy, inlaid with rich and tasteful devices in pearl, which would form a present worthy a princess of the realm; and others which, although less expensive, were scarcely less beautiful. Scarlet, purple, and blue with gold, are among the very elegant adornments of this very elegant book.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'PUBLIC SENTIMENT.'—We are indebted to an officer in the American army, from whom our readers have more than once had the pleasure to hear, for the following illustration of the force of 'public sentiment:' 'Attached to the second division of General WOOL's column, that left San Antonio, Texas, for Presidio, in the month of November, 1846, under the command of Inspector General C——, was my old friend, Major B——, of one of the staff departments. The Major had but recently been appointed in the army; and having, during a considerable portion of his life, been engaged in the laudable occupation of either editing a political newspaper or serving the State in high official station, had become so much accustomed to refer all questions to public opinion, and to yield to its decisions, that he sometimes forgot, in his new capacity, that he had subjected himself to an entirely different code of laws, under which implicit obedience to orders, whether agreeable or otherwise, is the ruling principle.

'It is well known to those who have travelled in Texas, or who are acquainted with her productions, that in many parts the cactus family in great variety abound; that there they flourish in all the luxuriance of a tropical clime, and that much as they are to be admired, they must at all times be approached with the greatest care, for they are armed to the teeth, and ready to inflict the severest punishment upon those who do not treat them with the utmost respect. Beautiful as they are, and worthy of admiration, woe betide the man who allows himself to be brought into violent contact with them! It would be a meeting not easily forgotten, and leave behind the most painful impressions.

'As the route of the army lay through a section of country where they were always in sight, it was a difficult matter to lay out encampments, for which there are certain rules not to be departed from, unless under very peculiar circumstances, without throwing some portion of the troops in rather unpleasant proximity to them. Accordingly it so happened that for several nights in succession the Major was obliged to pitch his tent upon a large prickly-pear bush. If a bed of this description be not likely to calm the nerves of the mildest man, what effect must it have produced upon my friend, who was, it must be confessed, rather of the irritable order! The Major was probably disposed at first to expostulate with the commanding officer and obtain relief in a quiet way; but how approach him who was known to be a staunch rigid old soldier, stern withal, and not easily moved from his plans, was the question. He bore his sufferings for a while with the patience of a martyr; but human endurance has its limits, and the painful recol-

lections of his bed-fellow of the previous night — a noble cactus — made him fairly boil over. Something must be done; he could bear it no longer. But what was that something? Could he appeal to the Colonel in command? That was not to be thought of; for the chances were that his answer would be more pointed and leave behind a sharper sting than the thorns of the cactus themselves. In this dilemma he bethought himself of speaking to Captain D——, acting assistant inspector general, to whom was assigned the duty of going on in the advance, with a small escort, and selecting the best grounds for encamping. He accordingly rode up to the Captain, just as he was about to start, and with a vivid recollection of the efficacy of public meetings; the appointment of chairman and secretaries; the introduction, discussion and passage of resolutions, and their happy adaptation to his present predicament; in his bitterest tone thus addressed him: 'Captain D——, it is my intention, Sir, to go on to-day in the advance; and I shall make bold to give my opinion, *unasked*, respecting the manner of laying out our encampment; for in my humble judgment, public sentiment has been decidedly opposed to the positions heretofore selected!'

'Whether the Major was permitted that night to pitch his tent upon a bed of soft musquite-grass, I cannot say; but certain it is he was long afterward known by the name of 'PUBLIC SENTIMENT.'

LIGHTNING MINISTERS OF JUSTICE. — We remember reading a striking article in a London Magazine, commencing, '*Them's the Cords that hung Tawell;*' the remark of a boorish passenger in the cars, as he pointed to the telegraph-wires, by which a murderer had recently been arrested and executed. But we have seen nothing on this subject more forcible than the following, which we take, from internal evidence, to be from the pen of THOMAS CARLYLE:

'GOD'S lightning pursuing murder is become a true and active thing. What was a figure of speech is now a working minister. A phrase in the mouth of poetry, is now a familiar presence; a household retainer, doing errands. We have brought devastation into servitude; we have made a bond-slave of destruction. Thus, Murder has hardly turned from its abomination; scarcely set forth upon its shuddering flight, when the avenging lightning stays the homicide.

'Marvellous is the poetry of our daily life! We out-act the dreams of story-books. The Arabian tales are flat, crude gossip against the written activities of our social state. SINBAD, with his wonders, so many glories about him, is become a dull fellow, opposed by the electric workman — the Clerk of the Lightning.

'Murder, with its black heart beating thick, its brain blood-gorged, reads the history of its damnation. Hundreds of miles away from its ghastly work, Murder in the stupidity of deepest guilt — for the greater the crime the greater the folly that ever as a shadow accompanies and betrays it — Murder, with forced belief in its impunity, reads its own doings chronicled and commented upon in the newspaper sheet; and so far away from the victim's grave; the retreat so cunningly assured, the hiding-place so wisely chosen — Murder draws freer breath, and holds itself secure!

'And the while, the inexorable lightning — the electric pulse — thrills in the wires — and in a moment idiot Murder stammers and grows white in the face of Justice. In the marvellousness that sublimates the mind of man, our Electric Tales make poor work of the Arabian. SOLOMON'S Genii may sleep in their brazen kettles. They are, in truth, the veriest smoke compared with the Genii of the Wires.

'In the contemplation of this last atrocity — a horror that, traded upon, seems to taint the wholesomeness of daily life; for, in every variety of utterance, Murder cries to us in the public streets — in this last great wickedness, there is matter for sad congratulation, for mournful

thanksgiving. An abomination is committed, and — so wonderful are the means of apprehension; so sure and so astounding in their operation — and guilt has but a few gasps of fancied freedom, and lo! guilt is captive. Considering the certainty, the fate that travels the wires, we take hope that from the self-conviction of discovery, from the disheartening belief that there is no escape, no evasion from the consequence of crime, the miserable wretch tempted to evil will turn in his mind the many odds, and refrain upon the lowest principle — that of calculation. This is something. The murderer in mind who would not be stayed in his guilt by the thought of after-lightning — may pause, awed by the thought of lightning ready — the unerring telegraph.

'And, in the present hour, there is another cause of mournful pride to the English nation. It was a solemn business, a stern and awful work begun, when the FIRE QUEEN, with her black flag of smoke, stood out from Portsmouth; bound to cross the Atlantic if need were, to stay and overhaul the VICTORIA, freighted with the curse of Murder. There is a fine, stern lesson in this; a noble sermon, preached *extempore* to embryo crime. Justice at the Home Office makes the wires speak, saying to a certain Admiral: 'Send a fast sailing ship to sea, that retribution may be done upon bloodshedders.' There is something solemn, awful, in the warning uttered in this. It says to crime: 'Though the sea encompass you; though you have balked pursuit, and Justice, like a hound at fault, beats and gropes confounded; though you have begun to count the profits of blood, and how to make the most of them; how, in your new country, to live a life of impunity and ease, nevertheless, give up the dream; dismiss the vision, and awake to horrid truth! For there, in the horizon miles away, is a thin dark vapor; the man at the mast has seen and reported it; and, with every ten minutes, it becomes more distinct; and now the distant gun is heard across the water, booming command; and the ship's yards swing round; she lays to; and — how rapid the ceremony, how brief the time! and Murder, aghast and manacled, is made again to turn its face toward the land it has outraged with the sacrifice of blood.'

It is the gift of true genius to draw a picture with the force and clearness of this; 'leastways,' that is our opinion.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—On the evening of the Fourth of July we jotted down the following pencil-passage in our note-book, and never happened to think of it again till this blessed moment, when we chanced to meet it in the receptacle aforesaid: 'Came to-day, with 'wife and weans,' to Piermont. As we left the metropolis, every thing seemed to partake of the general joy. Little boys were even thus early popping their pistols in the ears and under the noses of citizens hastening to the steamers; flags were flying from the forests of shipping and all the heights on the shores; and as we passed up the river, schools of porpoises, in long Indian-file, were rolling lazily over in the brine, a regiment of black oblong semicircles, and now and then a sturgeon would dart erect from the flood and fall back with a splash into the eddy which it made, widening in widening rings to the shore. The trees on the banks waved in the cool morning breeze, the distant mountains, like holy towers, rose calm and blue; and, in short, Nature herself seemed generally aware that it was the 'Sabbath-day of Freedom.' After repairing to the noble residence of a friend, crowning the apex of the mountain from which Piermont derives its name; after a sumptuous repast, and much frolicking with the little people on the green, interspersed with lessons in Lilliputian gunnery; we took our way, along the pleasant valley of the Sparkill, to Tappaan Town; our object being to visit the spot where Major ANDRE was confined previous to his execution, the place where he was executed, and where for so many years his remains reposed. After a pleasant walk, we reached '*The 'Seventy-Six House*,' a low-roofed, one-story structure, of time-stained stone, and were presently seated in the very room from which the accomplished ANDRE went forth to meet his melancholy fate. We sat long gazing at the dark

colored beams which supported the ceiling, and thought how often, during his confinement, ANDRE, absorbed in his sad musings, might have looked upon every inequality or knot-hole in their surface. An old lady living near the ''Seventy-Six House,' upon being questioned concerning ANDRE, said, 'General WASHINGTON went by a good many times while ANDRE was in confinement, but he never looked toward the house. He did n't love to think about his being executed, I expect. The morning ANDRE was hung, a beautiful October morning it was, I brought him four nice peaches. He took them with a sweet smile, for he was a beautiful man, but he did n't eat one of 'em, but broke one open, though — he did.' On the brow of a hill on the west of the house, now a peach orchard, ANDRE was executed; General WASHINGTON witnessing the scene from the door of a quaint crumbling old red brick house, which we visited, and which is fast sinking into irremediable decay. We conversed for some time with an old gentleman who saw the remains of ANDRE when his body was disinterred, under the direction of the British government, through their consul, Mr. BUCHANAN. 'There was one of the handsomest boxes to put 'em in,' said our informant, 'that ever I see. When they opened the decayed white-wood coffin, I see him lyin' there as plain as day. He had a very handsome forward, and lay as straight as an arrow in his coffin. His hair was fine and brown, and when the sun struck it, it was shiny and smooth. Where it was tied in a club behind with a black ribbon it had separated from the head, and that lock lay there in a lump. It 's cur'ous, but there was n't a button to be found — not a single one. Nobody would ha' known where he was laid at all, if had n't a-been for Lawyer MAXWELL, that lives to Nyack, who a'ter his remains was took away to England, and there was n't nothing left but a rough hole where they had staid so long, hired a negro to roll a big stone up to the top of the hill, put it at his grave, and put writin' onto it, tellin' all about it.' We left a few 'exhilarated' country-militia at the 'Seventy-Six House, an appropriate place, it struck us, for Fourth-of-July rejoicings, and walked thoughtfully home in the gloaming; sorrowing most of all, that WASHINGTON could not have deemed it proper to accede to the unfortunate ANDRE's last request, that he might die the death of a soldier instead of that of a murderer. . . . 'READING in the 'Gossip' for September,' writes a friend, 'the '*Lines for Angelica's Album*,' by the Hon. WARREN R. DAVIS, one of the most gifted and lamented of the 'sons of the sunny South,'' as your correspondent truly says, I was moved to send you the following parody on 'ROY's Wife of Aldivalloch,' written in the album of the lady of the late Senator JOHNSON, by Mr. DAVIS:

'JOHNSON's wife of Louisiana!
JOHNSON's wife of Louisiana!
The fairest flower that ever bloomed
In southern sun or gay savanna:
The Inca's blood flows in her veins,
The Inca's soul her bright eyes lighten,
Child of the sun, like him she reigns,
To cheer our hopes, our sorrows brighten.

'JOHNSON's wife of Louisiana!
JOHNSON's wife of Louisiana!
She hath a way to win all hearts,
And bow them to the shrine of ANNA.
Her mind is radiant with the lore
Of ancient and of modern story,
And native wit in richer store,
Bedecks her in its rainbow glory.
JOHNSON's wife, etc.

'Johnson's wife of Louisiana!
Johnson's wife of Louisiana!
The hapless bard who sings her praise
Now worships at the shrine of Anna.
'T was such a vision, bright but brief,
In early youth his true heart rended,
Then left it like a fallen leaf,
On life's most rugged thorn suspended.
Johnson's wife of Louisiana!
Johnson's wife of Louisiana!
The hapless bard who sings her praise
Wept tears of blood for such an Anna.

Recently, at a 'justice's court' in a certain town 'down east,' an ''Ebrew Jew' was presented as a witness, and the presiding magistrate ruling that he must be sworn upon the Old Testament, a Bible was brought into court, and offered to the witness, when the attorney for the party against whom the Jew was called exclaimed: 'That'll never do, your honor; there's the New Testament as well as the Old.' 'What of that?' replied the justice; '*it's merely surplusage!*' . . . Messrs. Crosby and Nichols, Boston, have published in a small pamphlet-volume the brief essays entitled '*The Stars and the Earth, or Thoughts upon Space, Time and Eternity*,' to the remarkable illustrations of which we have recently alluded in these pages. The developments given of the power and operations of light between the heavenly bodies and our earth, and the arguments deduced therefrom, are astounding. The little book 'will be right welcome to the bold-minded student who dares to grapple with problems the most intricate, and who aspires after that higher knowledge which is found above the region of sense, and can only be even glanced at as the result of a complete and continued abstraction of the soul from all meaner and lower associations. Many of the thoughts are striking in themselves, and will become suggestive of ideas yet more novel in the intelligent reader's mind.' . . . Punch has been making a cheap excursion down the Nile. He saw the Sphinx in Egypt, 'the greatest blockhead that was ever known.' As no phrenologist has ever examined the bumps of the Sphinx, Punch recommends the British Association in Egypt to hold its next sitting expressly on that head: 'If disappointed with the Sphinx,' he adds, 'they might have a *Matinée Musicale* with Memnon, and listen to his singing '*I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls.*' We have been informed there is but one fault in the style of Memnon's singing, and that is, like many of our singers, he sings too much from the head; otherwise when he is in good voice and has not a cold, he goes higher than any one else. He has never broken an engagement yet, or refused once during his long career to sing in his proper time and place, for he has ever held himself above temptation, and would never plead a 'sudden indisposition' when he was invited out to dinner or a lobster supper.' These reflections upon the pyramids and other tomb-structures of Egypt are in Punch's best vein:

'A curious race of people these Egyptians must have been! Their great end of life was Death. They were no sooner born than they thought about dying. The whole nation seemed to live in a sort of forcing Pyramid. An Egyptian did not care so much where he lodged, so long as he knew where he was to be buried. His greatest comfort was the idea of being made a nice mummy of. His card was an epitaph. He was walking about with a tombstone continually in his hand. In fact, the largeness of the Pyramids is a standing proof, if proof be wanting, what a set of tremendous undertakers the Egyptians were! Their Present was the Future. This may partly account for their being so much in advance of other nations. To speak extravagantly, they seemed to calculate Time with a death-watch, which they wound up with a skeleton key! They made themselves, in fact, so familiar with Death, that they invited him to all their feasts, and put him at the head of the table at all their weddings, anniversaries, pic-nics, and grand dinners.'

'When the hitherto free girl, trembling in her finery, with anxious, pious eyes,

which for the last time and the loveliest shed their tears on the mother's bosom; when standing adorned on the scaffolding of joy, she celebrates so many partings and one sole meeting; and when the mother turns away from her and goes to her other children, abandoning the anxious girl to a stranger — this hour, I say, touches me. 'Thou joyfully-throbbing heart,' I then think, 'not always wilt thou beat thus!' These are the words of JEAN PAUL FRIEDERICH RICHTER; and lest they should awaken a momentary pang in some true heart about to be joined to another, we suggest the reading of the following lines by the bride to the new lord of her affections, while yet the 'strife-apple of marriage hangs red and soft on the sunny side of love,' and listen well to the responses which he shall make thereto:

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I AM OLD?

WILL Affection still enfold me,
As the day of life declines,
When Old Age with ruthless rigor
Ploughs my face in furrowed lines:

When the eye forgets its seeing,
And the hand forgets its skill,
When the very words prove rebels
To the Mind's once kingly will:

When the deaf ear, strained to listen,
Scarcely hears the opening word,
And th' unfathomed depths of feeling
Are by no swift currents stirred:

When fond Memory, like a limner,
Many a line perspective casts,
Spreading out our by-gone pleasures
On the canvass of the Past:

When the leaping blood grows sluggish,
And the fire of youth hath fled,
When the friends who now surround us
Half are numbered with the dead:

When the years appear to shorten,
Scarcely leaving us a trace,
When old Time with bold approaches
Marks his dial on my face:

When our present hopes, all gathered,
Lie like dead flowers on our track,
When the whole of our existence
Is one fearful looking-back:

When each wasted hour of talent,
Scarcely measured now at all,
Sends its witness back to haunt us,
Like the writing on the wall:

When the ready tongue is palsied,
And the form is bowed with care,
When our only hope is heaven,
And our only help is prayer:

When our idols, broken round us,
Fall amid the ranks of men;
Until Death uplifts the curtain,
Will thy love endure till then?

An unfortunate wife, chancing to pull out of a drawer, long years after marriage, her bridal dress, 'while all the tears she had shed in those years over her sweet delusions press into her eyes at once,' is a painful spectacle. Make it a less frequent one, ye of the lovely, tender, affectionate sex, by 'stipulating,' as above. . . . WE were somedele amused the other morning, coming down in the 'THOMAS POWELL' steamer, with an odd specimen of personification, perpetrated by the 'colored brother' who in the blandest possible manner insinuates, 'from day to day and from time to time,' to all forgetful passengers, that the steamer's books are now open for all those disposed to 'come forward to the captain's office and set-tle.' We were passing a steam-craft (something like the old 'Shrewsbury' which used to ply up and down the river of that name) at such a speed compared with hers that she seemed quite stationary on the water, notwithstanding the great fuss and splash made by her clumsy wheels. The sable sub-collector leaned for a moment over the taffrail, with his bell upturned, watching the craft aforesaid, and then quietly observed: 'E'yah! e'yah! 't's no use her tryin' to be a *steam-boat;* she ha n't no 'call' *that* way, *any* how!' Any one who has not been accustomed, like the speaker, to regard every thing assuming to be a steam-boat as possessing an individuality entirely its own, will perhaps smile at the idea that a steamer might mistake its vocation, and 'stand in its own light' in not turning its hands (or wheels) to something else. . . . WE have before us a little work, entitled '*The Distant Hills, an Allegory,*' from the press of the

General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, whose depository is at Number 20, John-street. It is a most touching and tender allegory, and is altogether worthy of its predecessor, '*The Shadow of the Cross.*' Over the pages of these narratives there is shed an aroma of purity suited to the pictures which they so exquisitely paint. Indeed the pictures themselves seem to be rather *breathed* than painted. We know not how to express our sincere admiration, as we believe it would be impossible to meet with works of this kind more charmingly conceived and finished. They ought to be widely circulated among the young, in whose pure hearts they would be engraved indelibly in days when the feverish novel would interest them no more. As allegories they possess the highest merit. The outlines are distinct, the accessories replete with classic grace, and the embodiment of the TRUTH palpable. The DISTANT HILLS bedecked with green, and rife with melody; the CRUMBLING RUIN crawled over by the green lizard, and given to decay; these are symbols which a *child's* heart may interpret, and over which a man's eyes may weep. And it is delightful to see over in the fore-ground of the pictures, whether meandering in the meadow or gushing from the rock, the purifying waters of that flood over which

——'The eternal dove
Hovers on softest wing.'

For the christian parent, these works, so pure and happy in influence, so exquisite in embellishment, so compressed in compass, are most desirable for *gifts*. They would be received with smiles and perused with tears, and gratitude would be returned by the intermingling of both. . . . 'THE course of true love never yet ran smooth,' SHAKSPEARE tells us; but the reader of the annexed rhapsody of a French *artist de cuisine* will find that nothing could run smoother or be more successful than the 'courses' which represented *his* 'true love:'

''I DECLARED myself to her,' said ALCIDE, laying his hand on his heart, 'in a manner which was as novel as I am charmed to think it was agreeable. Where cannot Love penetrate? CUPID is the father of Invention. I inquired of the domestics what were the *plats* of which Mademoiselle partook with most pleasure, and built up my little history accordingly. On a day when her parents had gone to dine in the world, the charming Miss entertained some comrades; and I advised myself to send up a little repast, suitable to so delicate young palates. Her lovely name is BLANCHE. The veil of the maiden is white; the wreath of roses which she wears is white. I determined that my dinner should be as spotless as the snow. At her accustomed hour, and instead of the rude *gigot a l'eau* which was ordinarily served at her too simple table, I sent her up a little *potage a la Reine*—'a la Reine BLANCHE' I called it—as white as her own tint, and confectioned with the most fragrant cream and almonds. I then offered up at her shrine a *filet de merlin a l'Agnes*, and a delicate *plat* which I have designated as '*Epérian a la Sainte-Therese*,' and of which my charming Miss partook with pleasure. I followed this by two little *entrées* of sweet-bread and chicken; and the only brown thing which I permitted myself in the entertainment was a little roast of lamb, which I laid in a meadow of spinaches, surrounded with *croustillons* representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers. After this came my second service: a '*Pudding a la Reine Elizabeth*,' who was a maiden princess; a dish of opal-colored plover's eggs, which I called '*Nid de tourtereaux a la Roucoule*;' placing in the midst of them two of those tender volatiles, billing each other, and confectioned with butter; a basket containing little *gateaux* of apricots, which I know all young ladies adore; and a jelly of marasquin, bland, insinuating, intoxicating as the glance of beauty. This I designated '*Ambroisie de Calypso a la Souveraine de mon Cœur*.' And when the ice was brought in, an ice of plombrere and cherries, how do you think I had shaped them? In the form of two hearts united with an arrow, on which I had laid, before it entered, a bridal-veil in cut paper, surmounted by a wreath of virginal orange-flowers. I stood at the door to watch the effect of this *entrée*. It was but one cry of admiration! The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Ay, and carried me in a toast. I heard it; I heard Miss speak of me; I heard her say, 'Tell Monsieur MIROBOLANT that we thank him—we admire him—we love him!''

Would that SANDERSON, the witty author of the 'American in Paris,' were alive to appreciate this thoroughly French declaration of love! . . . 'AT a social tea table the other evening, Mr. S—— was complaining of the irregularity of the mail delivery at certain post-offices, and intending a compliment to the ladies present,

observed that it would be a vast improvement if that department would bestow its official patronage upon the 'fair sex,' and appoint its deputies from among the ladies; when the witty Miss P—— keenly replied: 'Undoubtedly the ladies would be capital hands at managing the *males!*'' 'Good for Beekmantown!' . . . We regret that we have only space left to announce the receipt of a poem entitled '*The Horse-Shoe,*' spoken by John Brooks Felton before the Phi-Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University in July last. We have read it with pleasure, and shall justify our estimate of its merits by liberal extracts in our next. . . . Reader, observe the perfect facility of versification which characterizes the annexed '*Poetical Epistle to the Editor:*'

'Do pray forgive my sending you
Of foolish verse a page or two;
For oh, my dear Sir, no one knows
How tired I am of writing prose.
'T is true you said, once on a time,
You rather would have prose than rhyme;
But I am tired of writing prose,
And want a little calm repose
Beneath the flowery canopy
Of dear, delightful Poësy.

'The very fact appears to be,
Prose is not *natural* to me;
In vain, in writing prose, I try
To spread my thoughts before the eye,
And make the glowing page declare
That Genius' wing has rested there;
'T is always heavy, labored, dull,
Lifeless as a dismasted hull:
Whereas in verse when I set sail,
I spread my canvass to the gale,
And, feeling that my place is *there*,
Go boldly on, as free as air.

'Does 'Knick.' desire a merry catch?'
I 'll send him one with all despatch:
Or is he not in mood jocose?
I 'll send a ditty lachrymose.
Loves he a strain of lofty chime?
I 'll send a touch of the sublime.
Or wants he ballad, song, or sonnet,
Such shall he have — my hand upon it!
In verse I can do aught; but prose!
Ah me! 't is then une *autre chose.*
However, if you must and will
Have prose, why you shall have it still;
Though I must say, I think it loss
To attempt the natural bent to cross.

'O, Song! delightful Song! to me
There 's nothing can compare with thee:
I cannot look on the green earth,
But song spontaneously springs forth;
I cannot yield to powerful feeling,
Without in song its power revealing;
I cannot live, I cannot breathe,
And cease unstudied lays to wreathe;
Ev'n as I think, my thoughts oft-times,
Unasked, arrange themselves in rhymes.
Such being the case, think you I ought
My struggling powers to prose devote?
Or should I not pursue that course,
With all my strength and all my force,
Which bounteous Nature's purpose kind
Has made the bias of my mind?
Dear Sir, some friendly counsel lend,
For I want counsel and — a friend.'

Our fair correspondent is well represented here, as well as elsewhere in the last number; and we leave the answer to her query with our readers. She must pardon the omission to which she alludes. We could not write affirmatively; and for combined causes, set forth in our August number, we had not sufficient leisure to answer even the private letters of intimate friends. . . . The United States' government has honored itself in the appointment of Hon. George P. Marsh as Minister to the Sublime Porte. One of the most profound of our American scholars, of enlarged statesman-like views, of genial spirit and manners, he was well endowed and peculiarly suited for the important mission which has been assigned him. Our new representative at Rio, the late Governor Kent, of Maine, merits a kindred praise; having reflected honor upon the great State which has often and justly honored him, by the exercise of intellectual gifts as rare as they are admirable. . . . We should like to know what 'compensation' there is to an innocent little boy in the tooth-ache, that acutest of tortures! Poor 'Young Knick,' after three hours of suffering the other night, laid his tearful cheek upon his father's, and said, with a kiss, 'I am sorry to keep you awake, father, but it *does* pain me so!' The doctrine of 'compensation' for such torture of a generous, ingenuous boy, is 'no go;' unless indeed we count the skill and address with which the eminent dentist, Dr. Dodge, in Broadway, near Bleecker-street, removes the *cause* of such pain, to be some 'compen-

sation' for it. We 'll cogitate over that idea hereafter, and leave the 'argument' in abeyance for the present. Apropos of this theme: our correspondent, 'R. R. McN.,' has expressed a good many of our own thoughts in his comments upon the ultra 'compensation' doctrine of our correspondent at Jacksonville, Illinois. He offers among others these queries and suggestions:

'Is there no infinite good without an infinite evil? Has the source of all good sprung from the depths of evil? or is infinite happiness the *result* of infinite misery? Is virtue to be valued only after the seasons of vice have passed by us? Must intense delights infuse our breasts from out the stings of misery? Is it *true* that the 'ministry of GOOD depends as much upon the existence of EVIL as upon its own positive qualities?' Is the value of GOOD not seen without the necessity of seeing EVIL stalking by its side? The truth may lie in the negative of all these queries, but like your old countryman, VAN TWILLER, 'I have my doubts.' It seems to me that virtue can be truly loved for its intrinsic loveliness alone; that goodness can be truly enjoyed without first feeling the iron grasp of evil; that honesty can be duly estimated, aside from a knowledge of dishonesty. And it farther seemeth to me, that music can be thrillingly enjoyed, without the ear having first to be distracted by the squealage of a *swinette;* that 'emotions of beauty' can spring up as forcefully in the mind at the sight of really beauteous objects, through a love of the beautiful alone, as would be were a previous preparation suffered, by an intense gaze upon contrasted ugliness. The delight arising from eating a luscious rare-ripe is not in any wise enhanced by previously masticating a crab-apple or a quince; nor is the taste regaled with a higher zest by meditating upon the vinegar qualities of the crab or the puckering nature of the quince. The peach would be enjoyed because of the natural preparation of the sense of taste for the enjoyment. I can enjoy the odor of the sweet-scented honeysuckle which festoons my door, and loads the air with its fragrance as I write, without at all feeling the necessity of first casting about for an opposite quality, or caring to know whether there be or be not any contrast, to first inflict a stench. Is it *true* that 'those who have never been ill do not appreciate the blessings of health?' In the 'Gossip' of your last number it is affirmed, 'By the blessing of Heaven we know not what ill-health is.' Now do you not enjoy this blessing as intensely, and appreciate the same as fully, as if you had been twenty times ill and well again?'

'Not knowing, can't say:' but our impression is that we do. Of this, at all events, we are quite certain, that our correspondent has arranged a cluster of 'contrast'-queries, which it would require some time, and not a little adroitness, to answer. . . . WE saw the other day a touching instance of paternal grief. A friend, whom we had known as the most joyous of spirits, and whom we saluted with old-time cordiality, turned the saddest face toward us that we ever encountered. 'I have just buried,' he said, 'the dearest, most lovely, most affectionate little girl that ever blessed a doting father's heart!' — and therewithal the tears welled to his eyes and rolled slowly down his cheeks. We left him, with a faint attempt at consolation, thinking as we passed on, of a remark of JEAN PAUL: 'The sweet sorrow for the lost is itself but another form of consolation. When the heart is full of longing for them, it is but another mode of continuing to love them; and we shed tears as well when we think of their departure as when we picture to ourselves our joyful reunion; and the tears, methinks, differ not.' . . . A MOST melancholy death was that of a young and susceptible girl at Racine, Wisconsin, not long since. She was affianced to a young man, who deserted her and left the State, on the very eve of their promised marriage. The poor girl's mental distress was heart-rending, and in two days terminated her earthly existence. Her last request was, that she might be buried in her wedding-dress. She was the victim of a *male coquette;* the meanest animal 'on the face of the globéd earth.' May the DEVIL take him, and beat him to death with the tassel of his tail! . . . READER, we should like right well to have you see, just for one moment, the fair face of a little girl of five years, whose soft breathing, upon the bed whereon she

has fallen asleep, is the only sound in the apartment where we write. To say nothing of the profuse curls that overspread her temples, the round dimpled cheeks, and the long fringed lids that hide a 'large bright diamond pair' of eyes, in wakefulness swimming in light, there is such an air of innocence and purity in a sleeping child, that it is a pleasant sight to see — 'it is indeed;' and gazing upon her, one cannot choose but think of HOOD's lines on a bed; a few of which, if they live in our memory, ran something like this:

'OH! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quenched by the providential night,
To render our slumber more certain,
Pity, pity the wretches that weep,
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep,
When GOD himself draws the curtain!

'The careful BETTY the pillow beats,
And airs the blankets and smooths the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking;
But vainly BETTY performs her part,
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart,
As well as the couch, want making.

'There's MORBID, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,
Where other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruits into pickles;
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

'But a child, that bids the world good night,
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite,
A cherub no art can copy,
'T is a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish, by-the-by,)
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.'

'Praps' you think a sleeping child a small subject for printed gossip; but 'you ought to see *her*!' . . . WE deeply regret to record the death of Dr. HOUSTON, the accomplished congressional reporter, and late one of the assistant editors of the '*Herald*' daily journal. It seems but yesterday that he was sitting by our side in the sanctum. He was a gentleman of education and refinement, and of rare talents; and in the relations of husband, father, and member of society, his reputation is without a stain. He will be widely lamented. . . . NOTHING, we think, adds so much to an amusing narration as the unconsciousness of the narrator that it *is* amusing; and to understand the following, the reader must imagine a dullish Yankee clergyman, with unmoved face, and not the slightest idea of there being a particle of fun in what he was saying, as the speaker: 'I never heard a more ridiculous and foolish speech in my life,' said he, 'than the member from Goffstown made in the Legislature this morning, on the resolution to abolish the militia-law, which through great abuses had become exceedingly unpopular with the people. The member was of a very military spirit, and took the proposed measure greatly to heart. He at first tried his persuasive powers. 'Neow *do n't* go to destroyin' our militia!' he entreated — '*do n't!* Do let us try it a leetle longer; let us all dig abeout it, and dung it, for another year: *do* spare it for *one* more year!' Finding however that the persuasive manner was only laughed at by his colleagues, he adopted the threatening style: 'If you *do* repeal this law, they 'll hear of it in New-York, in England, and the East-Indies; and for my part,' said he, with rising inflection and violent gesture, 'if you *do* cut off the militia, and leave us defenceless, I do n't care if all the battering-rams of Jerusalem roam up and down the

streets of Concord, seekin' whom they may devour!!' A 'battering-ram,' bent on such a sanguinary errand, could only be equalled by a 'hydraulic-ram' engaged in a similar enterprise. . . . We could hug old Christopher North for expressing so forcibly our own thoughts touching mouthing 'elocution,' in the ensuing remark to one of his assumed interlocutors: 'Your low tones, Talbots, are earnest and impressive; and you recite, like all true lovers of song, in the spirit of soliloquy, as if you were yourself the sole listener. How I hate *spouting!* Your elocutionist makes his mouth a *jet d'eau*, and by his gestures calls on all the auditors to behold the performance. From the lips of the man who has music in his soul, the words of inspiration flow as from a natural fountain, for his soul has made them its own, and delights to feel in their beauty an adequate expression of its own emotions.' Ay, and from the lips of woman too, as Christopher himself would have admitted, could he have heard, as we did recently, at a hospitable mansion near the Hudson, a lady repeat one or two beautiful poetical effusions, in 'a voice soft and low, an excellent thing in woman.' . . . Our friend J. S. Redfield has just issued a new edition of '*Shelley's Poetical Works*, (the only complete edition published of this favorite author,) in a style of paper and print which will commend it to all buyers of books. From the same press we have a third edition of '*The Poetical Works of the late Willis Gaylord Clark.*' We are soon to hear also from our friend Chapman, the artist. The third number of his '*Drawing-Book*' will be published in a few weeks by Mr. Redfield, the illustrations of which, as we can pronounce from personal examination, will be truly superb. . . . We have seldom heard of an instance of more beautiful simplicity than was evinced by a matter-of-fact witness on a riot-trial case 'down-east.' 'What were the mob doing when you first saw them?' was one of the questions asked by the district attorney. 'They was a-singin',' replied the witness. '*Singing!*' exclaimed the public prosecutor; 'what were they singing about?' 'I don' know, I'm sure, but they was *a-singin'*, any how.' 'Well, what *was* it? What were they *saying?* What did they seem to be *talking about?*' 'Wal, as fur as I rec-collect,' replied the witness, 'they was a-talkin' abeout a man o' the name of Mr. Tucker, who refused to come home to his tea!' This supreme specimen of ignorance and simplicity convulsed the whole court with laughter. . . . We have received '*Autumnal Reflections by a Sexagenarian*,' but must decline their insertion. The style of the paper is crude, and throughout its eighteen pages it is needlessly diffuse. We put it to the writer himself whether the two ensuing stanzas do n't comprehend the *gist* of his entire article:

'The years roll on, the years roll on;
The shadows now stretch o'er the lawn
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn,
The morn of mortal life;
And dusky hours to me have come,
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,
And quenched the light, and ceased the hum,
With which my way was rife.

'On roll the years, the swift, still years;
And as they pass, how feeling sears;
How drieth up the fount of tears —
Emotion's fires grow dim;
This pulse of life not long can last,
And as the years go hurrying past,
The blooms of life are earthward cast,
And withered heart and limb!'

There was a 'laugh like the neighing of all Tattersall's' in our sanctum the other day, at one or two 'circumstances' mentioned, by one of the reminiscent parties, as having happened to two fellow-students, while at an eastern college, many years since. 'Black-strap,' (rum-and-molasses, 'half-and-half,') was known in those days; and a goodly 'swig' at this beverage, before recitation, had made a certain small clique of congenial students somewhat 'shaky' on their pedestals. The faculty however were at one end of the recitation-room and the students at the other; and 'swipesy' though

they were, they knew themselves 'perfect' in their answers, and therefore felt entirely safe; but while they were felicitating themselves upon escaping observation, the 'old Præx' called out to young M——, (now filling an important diplomatic station abroad,) to bring him a chair. Here was a dilemma! M—— took the chair, as desired, but so potent had been the tipple in which he had indulged, that when in the middle of the hall, he diverged at a tangent, and went reeling by the professors, who it seems were not unaware of his 'precarious predicament.' Among other lessons in which he was to be examined was one in astronomy; but just before coming to the recitation-room he thrust his head out of the window of his room, and called to a fellow-student: 'I say, BILL, the sun *is* only a mile and a half high, after all; and I'm not going to bother *my* head about such small nonsense.' M—— occupied with McG——, a fellow-student, a small room over a wood-shed; and one evening when the bell rang for prayers, on attempting to open the door, they found it as solid as the wall itself. No 'union of effort' could move it a hair. Looking out of the window, M—— saw a wag of a student perched upon the upper end of a long plank-pry, the other end of which he had placed under a supporting-beam of the wood-shed: 'Come off o' that, you old cuss!' said he; 'we want to go to prayers!' He was in a very devotional frame of mind just at that time; that is *quite* clear. . . . THE French government, under whatever political forms, has ever been distinguished for its liberal patronage and encouragement of the fine arts; but seldom has its munificence been more conspicuous, or more worthily applied, than in its recent donation of three fine pictures from the exhibition of the Tuilleries to the *International Art-Union*. These pictures are 'The Conversion,' by GEUDRON; 'Liberty,' by LANDELLE; and 'The Fish-Market,' by DEWAL LECAMUS; and they will all be distributed among the subscribers to the 'International' for the present year. A few words touching the unexampled success of this institution are well merited by its enterprising managers from every periodical devoted to the more elegant and intellectual interests of life. Already we learn that the subscription-list reaches to near three thousand; and with the stimulus to emulation created by the desire to possess the pictures presented by the French government, we have no doubt that the number of members at the close of the year will surpass ten thousand. This is a measure of popular approbation never before attained by any public institution of a similar character in so short a time, and is a gratifying evidence of the liberal and truly international character of our public opinion, in matters of pure taste and refinement. No sooner was the project for the 'International Art-Union' made known, than the American press, from one end of the country to the other, gave it a hearty welcome, and stamped it with approbation. It affords us real pleasure to be able to assure such of our contemporaries as have not seen the paintings belonging to this institution, that they well deserve the praises which the liberal enterprise has received. There are in its gallery many truly magnificent paintings, and not one poor one. The managers are about opening a new and spacious gallery in Broadway, opposite NIBLO'S, the present being much too small for their rapidly-accumulating pictures. . . . THE recent death of Dr. AMARIAH BRIGHAM, Superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, is a great public loss. Who can be found to fill his place? Who with so firm yet gentle a hand will guide the wandering mind into the paths of reason? We knew Dr. BRIGHAM well, and have long had the honor to count him among our warm personal friends. He was a frequent contributor to these pages, and added interest to them always. Deeply do we condole with his afflicted family, and also with the institution over which he presided, for theirs is a loss which is wholly irretrievable. . . . THE ensuing sub-

lime lines came to hand in this wise: A man in Iowa who had a sweet-heart here, was in the habit of corresponding with her by sending her newspapers, with writing on them, through an employée in a mercantile house in town. When the newspapers came, of course the clerks opened them; and one day the enclosed was found in one of them. We only give a few of the stanzas:

FAREWELL, dear friend; adieu, adieu!
We have parted it may be to meet no more;
If this the case may be,
I'll still remember thee.

If, from the raging contagion thy death may be,
Which many souls from earth has caused to flee,
And which does yet the land inflict,
I'll still remember thee.

When thoughts the dearest my mind shall invest,
And troubles the greatest my heart shall distress;
And when on my mind thy portrait shall come,
I'll still remember thee.

When on the path you once have trod,
I shall it tread again,
Oh! then will I remember
The friend I yet so love!

While suns and moons their course pursue,
The trackless skie to trace;
And glittering stars their beauty crown,
Yet I'll remember thee.

While long toiling time her course shall pursue,
And worlds unknown shall be opened to you;
The fond recollection will be,
The memory of thee.

When along the golden street you walk,
The ocean's waves behold,
And ships whose tops are turret-high,
Oh! then forget me not.

Adieu, adieu! dear friends, adieu!
These words I'll leave to you,
That you may still remember me!

IN calling the attention of our lady-readers, in our August number, to the new establishment of MR. JACOB LANSING, late with A. T. STEWART AND COMPANY, we misstated his address. His establishment is at *Number Three Hundred and Twenty-nine, Broadway*. . . VERY solemn and impressive are the meditations of '*Christopher under Canvass*,' in the last number of BLACKWOOD. As he begins to tread the steeper declivities of the down-hill path of life, and approaches the gate that opens from time into eternity, he 'reasons with inner light' upon the change which is to be undergone when he shall 'go hence and be no more seen.' Mark well these full freighted thoughts upon death:

'INCONSIDERATELY, we seem indeed to ourselves to know what Death is; but this is from confounding the Thing and its Effects. For we see effects: at first the stoppage of certain sensible actions; afterward the dissolution of certain sensible parts. But *what* it is that has happened; *wherefore* the blood no longer flows; the limbs no longer move — *that* we do not see. We do not see it with our eyes; we do not discern it by any inference of our understanding. It is a *fact* that seems to lie shrouded forever from our faculties in awful and impenetrable mystery. That fact, the produce of an instant, which has happened *within and in the dark*, that fact come to pass in an indivisible point of time, that stern fact; ere the happening of which the Man was alive, an inhabitant of this breathing world, united to ourselves — our Father, Brother, Friend — at least our Fellow Creature — by the happening, *he* is gone; is forever irre-

coverably sundered from this world, and from us its inhabitants; is DEAD; and that which lies outstretched before our saddened eyes is only his mortal remains — a breathless corpse, an inanimate, insensible clod of clay: Upon that interior *sudden* fact — *sudden*, at last, how slowly and gradually soever prepared — since the utmost attenuation of a thread is a thing totally distinct from its ending, from its becoming no thread at all, and since up to that moment, there was a possibility that some extraordinary, perhaps physical application might for an hour or a few minutes have rallied life, or might have reawakened consciousness, and eye, and voice — upon that elusive *Essence* and *self* of Death no curious searching of ours has laid, or it may be well assumed, will ever lay hold. When the organs of sense no longer minister to Perception, or the organs of motion to any change of posture; when the blood stopped in its flow thickens and grows cold; and the fair and stately form, the glory of the ALMIGHTY'S Hand, the burning shrine of a Spirit that lately rejoiced in feeling, in thought, and in power, lies like a garment done with and thrown away — 'a kneaded clod' — ready to lose feature and substance, and to yield back its atoms to the dominion of the blind elements from which they were gathered and compacted — *What is death?* And what grounds have we for inferring that an event manifested to us as a phenomenon of the Body, which alone we touch, and hear and see, has or has not reached into the Mind, which is for us Now just as it always was, a Thing utterly removed and exempt from the cognizance and apprehension of our bodily senses? The Mind, or Spirit, the unknown Substance, in which Feeling, and Thought, and Will, and the Spring of Life were — was united to this corporeal frame; and, being united to it, animated it, poured through it sensibility and motion, glowing and creative life; crimsoned the lips and cheeks, flashed in the eye, and murmured music from the tongue; *now*, the two, Body and Soul, are *disunited*, and we behold one-half the consequence; the Thing of dust relapses to the dust; we dare to divine the other half of the consequence; the quickening Spark, the sentient Intelligence, the Being gifted with Life, the Image of the MAKER, in Man, has redescended, has returned thither whence it came, into the Hand of GOD'

We need not ask the reader to scan with care the ensuing passage. That which precedes will have sufficiently awakened his attention to the portentous theme of which it is the subject:

'THE nations of the world self-left, have borne the burden of the dread secret, which for them only the grave could resolve; but they never were able to sit at rest in the darkness. Importunate and insuppressible desire, in their bosoms, knocked at the gate of the invisible world, and seemed to hear an answer from beyond. The belief in a long life of ages to follow this fleet dream; imaginary revelations of regions bright or dark; the mansions of bliss or of sorrow; an existence to come, and often of retribution to come; has been the religion of Mankind; here in the rudest elementary shape — there in elaborated systems. Hearken to the attestation of the civilized and the barbarous. Universally there is a cry from the human heart, beseeching as it were the unknown POWER which reigns in the order and in the mutations of things, the prolongation of this vanishing breath: the renovation, in undiscovered spheres, of this too brief existence; an appeal from the tyranny of the tomb — a prayer against annihilation. Only at the top of Civilization, sometimes to cold and barren philosophy, degenerate from nature, and bastard to reason, has limited its sullen view to the horizon of this earth.' . . . 'If, not knowing what death is, we are not entitled to argue, from the nature of death, that this change must put an end to ourselves, and those essential powers in our mind which we are conscious of exerting just as little can we argue from the nature of these powers, and from their manner of subsisting in us, that they are liable to be affected and impaired, or destroyed by death. For what do we know of these powers, and of the conditions on which we hold them, and of the mind in which they dwell? Just as much as we do of the great change, Death itself; that is to say, NOTHING.' . . . 'We know that *for Seeing*, we must have that wonderful piece of living mechanism, the eye, perfectly constructed, and in good order; that a certain delicate and complicated system of nerves extending from the eye inward; is appointed to transmit the immediate impressions of light from this exterior organ of sight to the percipient Mind; that these nerves allotted to the function of seeing, must be free from any accidental pressure; knowledge admirable, curious, useful; but when all is done, all investigated, that our eyes, and fingers, and instruments, and thoughts, can reach, *What*, beyond all this marvellous Apparatus of seeing, is *That which sees*, what the percipient *Mind* is; that is a mystery into which no created Being ever had a glimpse; or what is that immediate connexion between the Mind itself, and those delicate corporeal adjustments, whereby certain *tremblings*, or other momentary changes of state in a set of nerves, upon the sudden, turn into Colors — into Sight — INTO THE VISION OF A UNIVERSE.'

Touching the inference, from reason alone, that death, instead of destroying this unknown mind, and its unknown capacities, shall set them free to a larger and more powerful existence, we have the following pregnant thoughts:

'WE know that this Eye and its apparatus of nerves no longer shall serve for *seeing*; we know that these muscles and their nerves shall no longer serve for *moving*; we know that this marvellous Brain itself no longer shall serve, as we are led to believe that it now serves, for *thinking*; we know that this bounding heart never again shall throb and quicken, with all its leaping pulses, with joy; that pain of this body shall never again *tire* the mind, and that pain of this mind shall never again *tire* this body, once pillowed and covered up in its bed of imperturbable slumber. And there ends our knowledge. But that this Mind, which, united to these muscles and their nerves, sent out vigorous and swift motions through them; which, united to this

Brain, compelled this Brain to serve it as the minister of its thinkings upon this Earth and in this mode of its Being; which, united to this Frame, in it, and through it, and from it, felt for Happiness and for Misery; that this Mind, once *disunited* from all these, its instruments and servants, shall therefore perish, or shall therefore forego the endowments of its powers, which it manifested by these its instruments; of that we have no warranty; of that there is no probability. What we are called upon to do, my friends, is to lift ourselves up above the limited sphere of sensible experience. We have to *believe* that something more *is* than that which we see — than that which we know.'

CHRISTOPHER impugns the idea of BUTLER, in his 'Analogy,' that the mind does not use the body in reflection, although it does in sensation. He says:

'THE Mind, as we know it, is implicated and mixed up with the Body, *throughout*, in all its ordinary actions. This corporeal frame is a system of organs, or Instruments, which the Mind employs in a thousand ways They are its *instruments* — all of them are — and none of them is itself. What does it matter to me that there is one more organ, the Brain, for one more function, thinking? Unless the Mind were in itself a seeing thing, that is, a thing able to see, it could not use the Eye for seeing; and unless the Mind were a thinking thing, it could not use the Brain for thinking. When I see that the body chills with fear, and glows with love, I am ready to call fear a cold, and love a warm passion, and to say that the Mind uses its bodily frame in fearing and in loving. All these things have to do with manifestations of my mind to itself, Now, while implicated in this body.'

We segregate a few of the suggestions contained in CHRISTOPHER'S closing reflections. He learns from the consideration of his momentous theme:

'THAT in studying the arrangements of this world, we see that in many cases dispositions of Human affairs, which, upon their first aspect, appeared to us evil, being more clearly examined and better known, resulted in good; and thence draw a hope that the stroke which daunts our imagination, as though it were the worst of evils, will prove, when known, a dispensation of bounty — 'Death the Gate of Life.' But that our Understanding is only fully at ease, and our Moral Nature itself, with all its affections, only fully supported and expanded, when both together have borne us on to the knowledge of HIM who is the sole Source of Law; the highest Object of Thought; the Favorer of Virtue; toward whom Love may eternally grow, and still be infinitely less than HIS due. Surely GREAT IS THE POWER of all these concurrent considerations brought from every part of our Nature; from the Material and the Immaterial; from the Intellectual and Moral; from the Individual and the Social; from that which respects our existence on this side of the grave, and that which respects our existence beyond it; from that which looks down upon the Earth, and that which looks up toward Heaven.'

We make no apology for occupying so much of our space with these reflections; but contrariwise, again confidently commend them to the thoughtful consideration of our readers . . . LOUIS NAPOLEON and France have 'got it' at last Mr. A. VAN WYCK has given it to 'em, in a printed poetical circular, a copy of which has just reached us. Some of the lines 'bite shrewdly;' they are 'nipping and eager' lines. As 'par exaËmp.':

'WHERE, I would ask, in all thy dreary wake,
One blow by thee was stricken for Freedom's sake?
Not one! To OUDINOT, down from BRENNUS, Gaul,
At despot's heel thou 'st crouched the servile thrall!
Not one poor spark of sterling manly truth
Marks the vile annals of thy age or youth!'

These be cruel words, and yet they are weak in comparison with the rest of the 'poem.' By-the-by, speaking of France, let us hope that we shall not be obliged to 'take and flog' the 'Grand Nation,' on account of sending home her minister with a flea in his ear. Apropos of M. POUSSIN: a brief personal acquaintance with him left a most favorable impression of his character and abilities. He converses freely in English, is well acquainted with the character of American institutions, and familiar with the country. He has doubtless exceeded his credentials in the unfortunate affair in which he has become involved. . . . GENERAL CUMMINGS' *School for Drawing and Painting* has opened for the season, both day and evening classes. Mr. CUMMINGS is too well known as an artist to need our endorsement. Of his qualities as an instructor we need only say, that he was the favorite pupil in oil of our lamented friend INMAN, was subsequently associated with him, and became likewise one of our

first artists in water-colors. He is one of the founders, and from the commencement, now some twenty years, one of the professors, in the school of the National Academy of Design; circumstances abundantly sufficient to qualify him for the task he has undertaken. Mr. CUMMINGS, we learn, has greatly increased his models, and now perhaps presents to the amateur, lady or gentleman, the best means of study to be found in any private institution in the country. We cordially commend him to our friends. . . . A METROPOLITAN correspondent writes us: 'A good thing was 'got off' the other night by one of those curious compounds of stupidity and 'mother wit' who hail from the 'Emerald Isle.' A friend of mine was quietly sipping his black-tea at one of our 'crack' hotels, when a gentleman, evidently a regular boarder, sat down beside him, and calling to a tow-headed little urchin who had possibly seen a dozen summers, sent him down to the kitchen for some toast, etc. The little rascal was gone a long time, and when he returned the gentleman who sent him complained of his delay, and added, that other waiters who had gone down long after he did had returned long before him. The little fellow scratched his head: 'Well,' said he, '*they must have had the best end of the fire!*' The laugh that went round that table was 'considerable.'' . . . 'As I write, I can appreciate the *autumn-feeling*, something holy and peculiar, prevailing within me. I can see, by the increasing azure of the sky, by the enlarged clearness of the distant landscapes, when the eye greets them from the city, and by the transparent briskness of the air at evening, that the summer has gone and the autumn-time begun. The woodlands stand in calm solemnity, robed in that rainbow-coloring, the herald of their fallen honors and the November storm. At such a season the heart goes back, as on wings of the dove, to departed friends and vanished pleasures; and the sad hours of memory come up in long review.' So wrote OLLAPOD eleven long years ago; and sitting to-night in the sanctum, the melancholy wind wailing without, and a wood-fire casting flickering shadows upon the wall, *we* too have been thinking of the departed, and in that mood which has been beautifully termed the 'Indian-summer of the soul,' have called up anew the bloom and enjoyment of the past. How the DEAD speaks to us!—'in mementoes that flash upon us the whole person of the departed, every physical and spiritual lineament; in these consecrated hours of recollection, that open all the train of the past, and re-twine its broken ties around our hearts, and make its endearments present still. 'The face,' says the eloquent author of '*Voices of the Dead*,' 'that has slept so long in the grave, now bending upon us, pale and silent, but affectionate still; that more vivid recollection of every feature, tone and movement, that brings before us the departed just as we knew him in the full flush of life and health; that soft and consecrating spell which falls upon us, drawing in all our thoughts from the present, arresting as it were the current of our being, and turning it back and holding it still as the flood of actual life rushes by us; while in that trance of soul the beings of the past are shadowed; old friends, old days, old scenes recur, familiar looks beam close upon us, familiar words reëcho in our ears, and we are closed up and absorbed with the by-gone, until tears dissolve the film from our eyes, and some shock of the actual wakes us from our reverie; all these make the dead to commune with us as really as though in bodily form they should come out from the chambers of their mysterious silence, and speak to us. A little while ago, and they were as we are; a little while hence, and we shall be as they. Our work, like theirs, will be left behind to speak for us. In long procession they pass us by, with solemn voices telling of their love and hatred, their interests and cares, their work and device; all shan-

doned now and passed away, as little worth as the dust that blows across their graves.' With the fading year comes ever to us this train of thought; teeming, saddening, resistless:

'Sweet Sabbath of the Year!
When evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.

'Amid thy silent bowers
'T is sad yet sweet to dwell,
Where falling leaves and fading flowers
Around us breathe farewell.

'A deep and crimson streak
The dying leaves disclose,
As on Consumption's waning cheek
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

'The scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early-faded things
Too exquisite to stay.

'Of joys that come no more,
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore,
Of friends estranged or dead!

'Of all that now may seem
To memory's tearful eye
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh!'

'Never go to France,' says Hood, 'unless you know the lingo.' The propriety of this advice is well illustrated in an anecdote related to us recently by a friend, of an Englishman, who being hard run for a cab at the 'Jardin des Plantes' in Paris, during a sudden shower, rushed out and called a '*cocher*,' or driver; but his pronunciation was so bad that the 'cad' understood him to say '*cochon*,' or hog; whereat ensued a speedy bout at fisticuffs. . . . We find in a late issue of '*The Evening Post*' daily journal an admirable letter from our friend William Cullen Bryant, Esq., describing a visit, in company with a mutual friend, to the Shetland Islands, involving sketches of its grand precipices, its winding straits, its remains of a remote and rude antiquity, its little horses, little cows, and little sheep; its sea-fowl, its larks, its flowers, and its hardy and active people; where the true majesty of the elements is seen; where in summer the daylight is never out of the sky, and the flush of early sunset only passes along the horizon from the north-west to the south-east, and brightens into sunrise. We select a single passage descriptive of a scene near the strait which divides Bressay from an island called the 'Noss,' in Shetland:

'A strong south wind was driving in the billows from the sea with noise and foam, but they were broken and checked by a bar of rocks in the middle of the strait, and we crossed to the north of it in smooth water. The ferryman told us that when the wind was northerly he crossed to the south of the bar. As we climbed the hill of the Noss the mist began to drift thinly around us from the sea, and flocks of sea-birds rose screaming from the ground at our approach. At length we stood upon the brink of a precipice of fearful height, from which we had a full view of the still higher precipices of the neighboring summit. A wall of rock was before us, six hundred feet in height, descending almost perpendicularly to the sea, which roared and foamed at its base among huge masses of rock, and plunged into great caverns, hollowed out by the beating of the surges for centuries. Midway on the rock, and above the reach of the spray, were thousands of sea-birds, sitting in ranks on the main shelves, or alighting, or taking wing, and screaming as they flew. A cloud of them were constantly in the air in front of the rock and over our heads. Here they make their nests and rear their young, but not entirely safe from the pursuit of the Zetlander, who causes himself to be let down by a rope from the summit, and plunders their nests. The face of the rock above the portion which is the haunt of the birds was fairly tapestried with herbage and flowers, which the perpetual moisture of the atmosphere keeps always fresh; daisies nodding in the wind, and the crimson phlox, seeming to set the cliffs on flame; yellow buttercups, and a variety of other plants in bloom, of which I do not know the name.

'Magnificent as this spectacle was, we were not satisfied without climbing to the summit. As we passed upward, we saw where the rabbits had made their burrows in the elastic peaty soil, close to the very edge of the precipice. We now found ourselves involved in the cold streams of mist which the strong sea-wind had drifted over us; they were in fact the lower skirts of the clouds. At times they would clear away and give us a prospect of the green island summits around us, with their bold headlands, the winding straits between, and black rocks standing out in the sea. When we arrived at the summit we could hardly stand against the wind; but it was almost more difficult to muster courage to look down that dizzy depth over which the Zetlanders suspend themselves with ropes, in quest of the eggs of the sea-fowl. My friend captured a young gull on the summit of the Noup. The bird had risen at his approach, and essayed to fly toward the sea; but the strength of the wind drove him back to the land. He rose again, but could not sustain a long flight, and coming to the ground again, was caught after a spirited chase, amidst a wild clamor of the sea-fowl over our heads.

'Not far from the Noup is the Holm, or as it is sometimes called, the 'Cradle' or 'Basket' of the Noss. It is a perpendicular mass of rock, two or three hundred feet high, with a broad flat summit, richly covered with grass, and is separated from the island by a narrow chasm, through which the sea flows. Two strong ropes are stretched from the main island to the top of the Holm, and on these is slung the cradle or basket, a sort of open box made of deal boards, in which the shepherds pass with their sheep to the top of the Holm. We found the cradle strongly secured by lock and key to the stakes on the side of the Noss, in order no doubt to prevent any person from crossing for his own amusement.'

There *must* be an entirely unique grandeur about the Orkney and Shetland islands; and we cannot wonder that SCOTT and other poetical minds have been so strongly impressed with their vague sublimity. Our readers will remember the effect which they wrought in the mind of the writer of the *Saint Leger Papers*. We are given to hope that on his present return our old and esteemed friend and correspondent L——, who accompanies Mr. BRYANT, will as aforetime afford our readers the pleasure of a glance at some of his 'notes by the way.' . . . WE have been kindly favored with several excellent original poetical effusions from the pen of Dr. DIXON, the celebrated Chrono-Thermal physician, of London, which will appear in these pages from time to time hereafter. Among the pieces are four or five playful and clever epitaphs on living friends, of which we present a single specimen:

ON ENSIGN HEARD, THIRTIETH FOOT.

'THIS much with certainty is known
Of him who lies beneath this stone;
His prayer for mercy he preferred
To Heaven's high throne—and he was HEARD!'

A VERY interesting volume lies before us, entitled '*Revolutionary Incidents of Kings' and Suffolk Counties, Long Island*,' by HENRY ONDERDONK, Jr., A. M. It is the fellow of another, published some time ago, called '*The Revolutionary Incidents of Queens' County*,' and tends toward the completion of an admirable plan, formed by the author, of collecting the scattered incidents which relate to revolutionary times. They are works of great discrimination and of extreme and patient research. They afford materials for the historian, gathered from every source; from the newspapers of the times; from MSS. and letters which would otherwise never be brought to light; from the reminiscences of the aged, obtained with much pains; from hand-bills which remain; from libraries and books; and, in fact, from every available source. The facts thus collected are judiciously arranged. The author is deserving of much credit and thanks for his difficult and unambitious labors. Much valuable information and many illustrative incidents will be thereby preserved. In the fore-ground of the work there is a sensible and well-written preface. The author, we are glad to perceive, has been requested to edit a third edition of the 'History of Long-Island,' by the late BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON; a book whose circulation has been commensurate with its real merit and great research. . . . PERHAPS one of the *very* most ridiculous things in life is the habit of 'putting on airs;' or putting on airs *any* way, habit or no habit. We saw a young person—we were about to say 'lady'—shake her cork-screw curls, the other evening, and agitate her whole thimbleful *of* watery brains at one and the same moment, while she gave birth to the ensuing sentences touching a young architect and artist of our mutual acquaintance: 'Yaā-es, he *is* an awtist, I've be-e-e-e-n told, or-aw sem-thing o' that ke-yind: is he *clev-aw*, d'ye knà?' He most certainly *was* not only '*clev-aw*,' but he was a man of consummate taste and genius; and in the very apartment where the 'person' in question babbled forth her weak inanity, forgotten even in advance of its utterance,

there were combined architectural lines of beauty, brought down from the Greeks, deftly-colored transcripts from nature, and living pictures of the human face divine, which could *never* die. Oh, pshaw!—such people are not worth getting angry at; so what 's the use? Eh?—*what's the use?* . . . Mr. Charles Jarvis, one of the best of our young artists, is making rapid advances in his beautiful art. We have just seen a portrait from his pencil, of our distinguished townsman, Judge Edwards, which for clearness of color, vigorous handling, and admirable drawing, we have seldom seen surpassed. The likeness is perfect, and the expression excellent. It is the best portrait we have ever seen of Mr. Jarvis's, and he has painted many good ones. . . . There is something rather pungent in the following '*Epitaph on an Ugly and Lean Old Woman,*' which we took down the other day from the lips of the writer:

> So old and so ugly, so mould'ring away,
> Like a hillock of bones hardly covered with clay,
> That Death in his ravage still passes her o'er,
> Supposing, no doubt, that he 'd kill'd her before!

'*The Crown of Thorns, a Token for the Sorrowing,*' a small pocket-volume by Edwin H. Chapin, has been sent us by the publisher, A. Tompkins, Boston. It is a series of short discourses, three of which deserve to be printed in letters of gold, so beautiful are they, so admirably written, so full of feeling and affection; we mean those entitled 'The Mission of Little Children,' 'Our Relations to the Departed,' and 'The Voices of the Dead.' We commend the little work cordially to our readers. From the first-named we take the annexed thoughts upon the mission which a little child, through sadness and through tears, performs by its death: 'It has been with us a little while. We have enjoyed its bright and innocent companionship by the dusty highway of life, in the midst of its toils, its cares, and its sin. It has been a gleam of sunshine and a voice of perpetual gladness in our homes We have learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, faith. It has unsealed within us this gushing, never-ebbing tide of affection. Suddenly it is taken away. We miss the gleam of sunshine; we miss the voice of gladness; our homes are dark and silent. We ask, 'Shall it not come again?' And the answer breaks upon us through the cold, gray silence, '*Never more!*' We say to ourselves again and again, 'Can it be possible?' 'Do we not dream?' 'Will not that life and affection return to us?' '*Never more!*' O, never more! The heart is like an empty mansion, and that word goes echoing through its desolate chambers. In death the little child has a mission for us. Through that very departure he accomplishes for us, perhaps, what he could not accomplish by his life. These affections which he has awakened we have considered how strong they are. They are stronger, are they not, than any attachment to mere things of this earth? But that child has gone from us; gone into the unseen, the spiritual world. What then? Do our affections sink back into our hearts—become absorbed and forgotten? O, no! They reach out after that little one; they follow him into the unseen and spiritual world. Thus are we brought in contact with that world; thus is it made a great and vivid reality to us; perhaps for the first time. We have talked of it, we have believed in it; but now that our dead have gone into it, we have as it were entered it ourselves. Its atmosphere is around us, chords of affection draw us toward it, the faces of our departed ones look out from it, and it is a reality.' To many a tearful vision will this little volume teach the christian view of sorrow; many a troubled soul to endure and hope; and many a weary spirit will it direct to the fountain of consolation. . . . Perpend the follow-

ing passage of pathetic poetry by HORACE M. JONES, of 'Byron,' New-York. It shows the 'delays of justice' in the matter of a suit under the new license law: 'Time, September and October, 1846:'

'SOME twenty days passed ere the witnesses in this case
Were obliged to appear in the 'foremention'd place;
After remaining there nearly a week on expense,
Daily divesting themselves of their dollars and cents,
The long-anticipated trial came on;
But to their surprise it did n't last long,
For the jury, after hearing the evidence in the case, decided
Was guilty of the offence for which he was indicted:
But no man can portray the expression of the prisoner's face
When he was told by the judge that after dinner they would 'tend to his case;
His appearance at that time I well remember yet,
And those imploring looks I can never forget:
He looked exhausted, emaciated, and pale,
Like a weather-beaten sailor, after having encountered a gale;
And many were led to suspect
That the thoughts of his family produced on him this effect,
For he was then about to be cruelly torn,
Incarcerated in a prison, wretched and forlorn!
After dinner the judge resumed his seat,
And the prisoner prepared his awful sentence to meet:
He stood with quivering limbs and half-suppress't breath,
As though he was going to receive the sentence of death;
But not so; he was not punished to the law's full extent;
He was sentenced only to three days' imprisonment:
He was accordingly imprisoned that short space of time,
To punish him for this inconsiderable crime.
And thus has this affair turned out, as many predicted it would,
Without having effected any permanent good.'

NOT a little amused the other day, sitting at dinner in the princely banquetting-hall of the New-York Hotel, the finest in the United States, with a discussion touching the origin of the phrase, 'It aint nothing else,' or 'He was n't anywhere else,' etc. One quoted WATTS, as having been the first to suggest this negative style of affirmation, in the lines

''Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And *nowhere else* but there.'

Another contended that the first use of it was by LAMB, who in his reply to COLERIDGE's query, 'CHARLES, did you ever hear me preach?' replied, 'I never heard you do anything else,' etc. We remember to have heard 'JIM GRANT' say one morning, when it was not known whether Mr. VAN BUREN had or had not received the nomination of the Baltimore convention, and in reply to a question whether he would be likely to get it: '*Get* it!' said JIM; get the *nom-i-nation?* He won't get *nothing else*'—and he did 'nt!' . . . OUR old friend, Mr. WILLIAM A. SEAVER, has associated with himself in the editorial department of the '*Buffalo Courier*' daily journal Mr. GEORGE H. HASKINS, who like himself holds the pen of a ready writer. This arrangement, while it will add to the literary force of the 'Courier,' will give the Senior leisure to develop those *State* 'principles of 'Ninety-Eight,' to which he has devoted so many years of his life, and as a reward for which he has been permitted to take his stand on the 'Buffalo platform.' Hope 't won't drop from under him, as platforms of another kind do sometimes! . . . '*The Lone Bull of the Prairies*' is the title of an admirable Indian legend, written years ago for the 'Democratic Review' Magazine, by THOMAS M. ADAMS, Esq. Our esteemed friend GRAHAM, in the Magazine bearing his name, has had imposed upon him, by Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, (author of 'Summer in the Wilderness,' 'Letters from the Alleghanies,' and other the like 'authentic' works, the same legend as *original;* 'but mixed up,' as a respected metropolitan contemporary well expresses it, 'with just enough of the assumed writer's *own* to make it ridiculous.' All this is not surprising; it is simply charac-

teristic. . . . We have received from Rudolph Garrigue, foreign bookseller and publisher, Number Two Barclay-street, Astor-House, the first part of Baird's *Iconographic Encyclopediq*, which when completed will embrace all the sciences which admit of a pictorial representation. Nothing of the kind that we have ever encountered can for one moment compare with this work. The exquisite beauty of the engravings, the finest certainly we have ever seen, the minute detail of the illustrations, the clearness with which the minutest parts of machinery, for example, are set forth, must make the work invaluable to almost every reader. We commend this 'Encyclopedia' with the utmost confidence to that wide patronage which it is sure to command wherever it is known. . . . It appears from Thier's 'History of the Consulate' that after Napoleon had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the State good service by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying five-pence for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterward King of Holland, had at one time only one coat between them, so the brothers could only go out alternately, time and time about. Talma, the actor, at this time was in the habit of giving him food and money. The squalid beggar then, the splendid emperor afterward; the thread-bare habiliments, the imperial mantle; the hovel and the palace; the meagre food and the gorgeous banquet; the friendship of a poor actor; the homage and terror of the world; an exile and a prisoner; such are the ups and downs of this changeful life. . . . Messrs. Stringer and Townsend have done themselves great credit by the superb manner in which they have brought out '*Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing*.' 'In paper, typography and embellishments, no expense has been spared. The engravings, amounting to upward of sixty, large and small, and forming a class book of the Natural History of Fishes in themselves, have been executed by the best workmen in the country. They are all drawn from nature by the author's own pencil, thus adding to the fidelity as well as beauty of the work.' Mr. Herbert has spared no pains of time or research to render this 'Complete Angler' the text-book for Piscatorial Sportsmen in the New World; it embraces everything of the newest and most approved methods, means and appliances for taking all the varieties of game fish. Fly-fishing, spinning and trolling for pike, salmon, lake-trout, and bass, occupy a large portion of the work, these being the noblest and most scientific forms of the gentle science; but the bait-fisher, the bottom-fisher, the deep-sea fisher, all will find something in its pages to entertain and instruct; nor has the epicure been forgotten, as Frank Forrester considers it a part of the sportsman's art not only to bring the game to bag or basket cleverly, but to bring it to table tastefully.' . . . Could n't help laughing the other day at an anecdote of a man accustomed to make long prayers, who had over-persuaded a guest, greatly against his inclination, to stay to breakfast. He prayed and prayed, till his impatient guest began seriously to think of edging away quietly and walking off; but in attempting it waked up the old man's son, who was asleep in his chair. 'How soon will your father be through?' whispered the guest. 'Has he got to the Jews yet?' asked the boy, in reply. 'No,' said the other. 'Wal, then he ain't *half* through!' answered the boy, and composed himself again to his nap. Whereupon the guest bolted at once. . . . We have received, and shall take occasion to notice in our next number, a volume entitled '*British Writers*,' by Mr. Thomas Powell. A hasty glance over its pages assures us of much interesting matériel, deftly employed. . . . A friend of ours relates an amusing occurrence,

of which he was an eye-witness, and which happened at one of those great religious pic-nics called camp-meetings, in one of the forests of the West. In the tempest and whirlwind of excitement, when 'the power' was having full sway, a huge negro all at once pressed both his hands to one side of his face, and over his eye, and as if suddenly seized with a raging tooth-ache, continued to ejaculate '*Oh! oh! oh!*' at the very top of his voice. Two persons who,

'By their lantern-jaws and leathern,
You might swear were of 'the brethren,''

went to their 'colored brother' to counsel and pray with him. But he would not be comforted; and to their proffered wrestlings with his adversary, replied: 'Oh! guy! get out! I ain't got no 'power!' Dat white man up dere in de tree spit 'bacca-juice in my eye! Gorry, how him hurt!' It was not exactly a case for religious council, and 'the brethren' repaired again to the 'grand stand.' . . . We regret that absence from the metropolis prevented our attendance upon the opening of the new rooms of the American Art-Union. The same cause has operated to prevent an examination of the great number of new pictures which have been added to the collection, a duty which lies in abeyance. We understand that the subscriptions to the 'Union' are more than double what they were at the same period last year. . . . We had the pleasure of witnessing the performance of Miss Davenport in 'The Hunchback' and 'The Maid of Mariendorpdt,' in both of which plays she rendered the chief points of the characters which she sustained with thrilling effect. The lateness of the hour forbids us from particularizing the merits of her acting, as well as those scenes in which her peculiar triumph lies; but the general impression made upon us by her acting, in all its elements of personal beauty, voice, force, manner, expression, freedom, and knowledge of the stage, was so pleasing, that we cannot forbear to welcome the reappearance of this lady, now radiant with all the charms of womanhood, upon our stage, and to hope that her future success may accord with what her flattering reception seems to augur. . . . We should like to know the concealed purpose of the '*Old Reader and Lover of the Knickerbocker*,' who sends us an extravagant eulogium of 'French Furniture.' It is not a *literary* topic exactly; and beside, we do n't agree with the writer in his deductions. At the magnificent establishment of Mr. Meeks, in Vesey-street, may be found every variety of ornamental cabinet furniture, which for elegance, taste, and beauty of matériel, cannot be excelled in all France. . . . '*The Saint Leger Papers*,' complete, are in course of publication by eminent English and American publishing-houses; and the subscribers to the Knickerbocker will soon be in possession of that stirring narrative, which increases in the intensity of its interest as the incidents converge to a *dénouement*. . . . A very spirited, authentic, and exciting volume will soon appear, entitled '*Cuba and the Cubans*,' by the author of '*Letters from Cuba*,' so well known to the readers of the Knickerbocker. It will comprise a history of the island of Cuba; its present position, social, political and domestic, and its relation to Spain and the United States. We have but this to say, that this work will be authentic and well written; and we venture the prediction that it will have an unprecedented sale. . . . Mr. Thomas S. Officer, one of the most eminent of our miniature-painters, has returned to town, which he left during the epidemic, and has resumed the practice of his charming art. He has two or three late superb specimens of his skill, which may be seen at his rooms, corner of Prince-street and Broadway. . . . The following excellent poems are filed for insertion: 'To the Deerfield River;' 'A Fancy;' 'Early Recollections;' 'To the North Star;' 'To Ferdinand Freligrath;' and 'Manes.'

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MAJOR GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

WHAT Lord Byron said of Pope may with more justice be said of
"he is the Poet of all nations, of all climes, of all feelings, and of
of existence. A thousand years will roll away before such another
appear to give Literature—its influence on [illegible] LIBERATION." Throw
the Gauntlet of unrestrained [illegible], in his hatred and disgust at the sen
[illegible] which sought to annihilate him on account of his youthful [illegible]
and indiscretions; and relying solely on the vast power of his own mighty
he contended and defied both the World's censure and praise. But h
fields of his early education the [illegible] of his youth, and the
memories which swelled him to [illegible] one of his spirit, and the possession of affections, that longed for
around which to entwine—but for [illegible] wife's affections,—but for [illegible]
mother,—but for all those [illegible] to us and to posterity. [illegible] Byron might have slumbered
[illegible] from Heaven!" and this glorious Light [illegible] of his writings, will be sought for [illegible]
genius. It is the lightning flash of genius, [illegible] that will [illegible] with Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, the name of Byron will
[illegible] such a brilliant period in our literature.

The valuable unpublished materials, which the editor has been
[illegible] in tracing the footsteps of Lord Byron through all his pilgrimage
of almost one thousand leagues; the Reverend Journal of the
[illegible] with copious notes of the late Sir Walter Scott; several
[illegible] poems, including the unpublished [illegible] of his printed work
some of Anonymous Attributions or Lord Byron by the Cri
and Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Allan Cunningham, by Archdeacon
Sir Humphrey Davy, Moore, Horace Smith, Julius Taylor, Trelawney
Upton Sinclair, and others. To [illegible] to be kindly permitted to add
[illegible] to Lord Byron by his several [illegible] friends,

A quarter of a century has passed away since the death of Lord
[illegible] years have elapsed since Mr. Moore's [illegible] Notices of
period. During that period death has [illegible] to the publication
that Mr. Moore was inclined to omit [illegible]

as given in the seventh-volume edition of Lord Byron's Works. These passages will now be restored, the editor having secured the Public will uphold him in what he deems upon as a sacred duty, that pruning the memory of Lord Byron from the many unjust aspersions made upon his character either from interested motives or for the mere gratification of envy, hatred, and malice. In publishing these the primal delicacy consistent with truth and candour will be observed; but if any one should feel aggrieved, the editor disclaims at once any intention of giving pain by the publication, and would call to mind what Tyers says in his Eloquently on Pope, "All such writings and discourses as these as can will stand or fall."

The publication of these works of the Poet of England being here prevented by an injunction of the Lord Chancellor, obtained through a combination of influences of which it is unnecessary to speak, the editor has determined to give them to the Public of the United States, and thus place the world in possession of the materials for doing complete justice to the greatest of modern Poets.

The following distinguished persons had signified their intention of patronizing the work:—

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.
THE COUNTESS OF LINCOLN.
THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE.
THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT MELBOURNE, M.P.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD ASHBURTON.
THE RIGHT HON. THE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
THE LORD ARCHBISHOP CANTERBURY.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT ADAIR, G.C.B.
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HUDSON GURNEY, Esq.
DAWSON TURNER, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.
HORACE TWISS, Esq.

The Work will be published by Hoskins Parks, at £2 10s. each, in the progress of each Volume as engraved. Three Parts have been already published, and amongst other subjects already in the Portfolio are Lord Byron's unpublished Epistles, the first of which is entitled "Lines about the age of eighteen," the second a copy of the poem by Byron in answer to "American Poems," and the third a sketch from the introduced into Parliament at Cambridge.

The publication will commence on the 1st of October, and be issued in Parts every succeeding month, till the whole is completed. It is expected that it will extend four volumes.

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[illegible]

August 1st, 1849.

[illegible]

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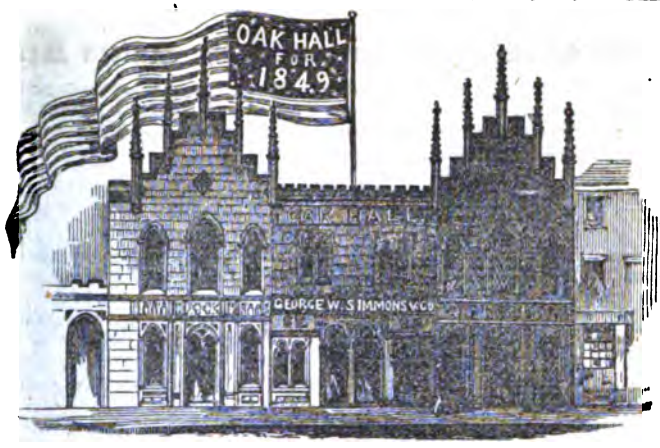

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To the Banking Institutions of the United States.

The attention of bank officers, and other holders of negotiable paper, and notaries, is desired to the late and important cases reported and published in the Bankers' Magazine; cases which affect the business of all monied institutions. The cases reported are upon the following subjects:

I.—NOTARIAL NOTICES OF PROTEST.
II.—TRANSFER OF STOCK BY EXECUTORS.
III.—GRACE ON SIGHT BILLS.

I.—Of Notarial Notices.

By recent decisions in the highest courts of England, confirmed by cases in the Supreme Court of New-York, and the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, it will be found that many of the notarial notices of protest at present in use in New-York, Maryland, and other States, ARE INFORMAL AND VOID, as against endorsers. It will be found by numerous banking institutions throughout the country, that their securities (so far as their endorsers are concerned) are of little value. The omission of important words in notices of protest, exposes holders of negotiable paper to great and unnecessary risks, which could be obviated with a little care.

II.—Transfers by Executors.

An equally important topic to all incorporated companies is the view taken by Judge Taney (Chief Justice Supreme Court U. S.) of the liability of corporations for stock improperly transferred by executors. This opinion was delivered by Judge T. in the Circuit Court of the United States, July, 1848, in the important case of *Lowry* vs. *The Commercial and Farmers' Bank of Baltimore*, the publication of which in the Bankers' Magazine has already changed the usage of several banks in regard to *transfers by executors*. In this case the bank (confessedly one of the best managed institutions in the country, and its stock above par for years past) permitted the tranfer of two hundred and eighty-two shares of its stock by the executor of a deceased stockholder, without such an examination of the *Will* as would have forbidden the transfer.

'The bank is equally chargeable for the neglect or omission of duty by the officer to whom it had committed the superintendence of the transfers of stock, as it is for the neglect or omissions of its president—and such officer is equally chargeable with implied notice of the *Will*.

'The bank was bound to take notice of the Will of the testator when this tranfer was proposed to be made by one of the executors. It was negligence in the bank not to examine it: and if it was ignorant of its contents, and of the specific bequest of this stock, it was its own fault.

'Although it may not have had actual notice of the contents of the Will, yet as it was dealing with an executor in his character as such, the law implies notice.'

III.—Grace on Sight Bills.

The late decisions contained in this Magazine have induced many banks to be extremely cautious in their dealings with their correspondents, in reference to *grace on Sight Bills*.

A cashier of one of the Boston banks writes us as follows:

'I am aware that a different *usage* has prevailed with the banks of New-York and other cities, but I have always considered that they assumed a great responsibility, as it is well known that our courts never allow usage to take the place of an established principle of law, or to be pleaded as an excuse for its infraction.'

The following articles in this Magazine are published in *no other periodical in this country*, and claim the attention of all bank officers:

1. Chief Justice Taney, Supreme Court United States, on Transfers of Stock by Executors, Vol. III.
2. Chancellor Johnson of Maryland, on Transfers of Bank Stock, " IV.
3. The Law of Grace on Sight Bills, " III.
4. Late cases in the highest Courts of England, and in the Supreme Court of New-York and Massachusetts, as to Notice of Protest, " IV.
5. Baron Humboldt's last Essay on the Production and Supply of Precious Metals, (*translated for this work.*) " III.
6. Opinions of Joshua Bates, Adam Hodgson, Horsley Palmer, and Messrs. Tooke, Gurney, Turner, Morris and Pease, upon the Commercial Crises and the Bank of England, " III.
7. Tables of Foreign Exchange for each month since 1822, " III.
8. Historical Sketches of the Merchants' Bank in New-York, the Manhattan Bank, Bank of North America, " III.
9. Treatise on Banking; by A. B. Johnson, Esq., of Utica, " III.
10. List of all the Banks in England, Ireland and Scotland, and the Circulation of each, " III.
11. Improvements in Bank Note Paper, for the prevention of forgery, " III.
12. Weights and Measures of all Nations, as compared with those of the United States, " III.

Complete copies on hand of volume III., price $3, comprising twelve Nos., from July, 1848, to June, 1849, inclusive, 772 pages. The volume can be transmitted per mail to any distance within the United States—postage fifty cents.

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J. SMITH HOMANS,
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The Messrs. MERRIAM some time since transmitted to Queen VICTORIA, through the hand of GEO. BANCROFT, the American minister, a magnificently bound copy of their unabridged edition of WEBSTER'S Dictionary. It was given to the Queen through her husband, Prince ALBERT, and its receipt has been acknowledged by the secretary of His Royal Highness. The acknowledgment is of course directed to His Excellency the American Minister, and we have the pleasure of presenting it to our readers.—*Springfield Republican.*

'SIR: 'I have the honor to inform your Excellency that Her Majesty the Queen has accepted with great pleasure the copy of the last edition of 'WEBSTER'S English Dictionary,' which, according to the directions you gave me, was laid by me before His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT, and was presented afterwards by the Prince to Her Majesty, on the part of the publishers, Messrs. MERRIAM; and I have been commanded to express to your Excellency, and to beg of you to transmit to Messrs. MERRIAM, Her Majesty's gracious thanks for this beautiful present, which Her Majesty highly values, not only on account of the great merits of the work itself, but still more so as a sign of those feelings towards Her Royal Person on the part of a large portion of the Anglo-American nation, which your Excellency informed me it was intended to represent, and which, after the political disunion which has taken place between the United Kingdom and the United States, could not indeed have found a more appropriate way of expressing themselves than the presentation to Her Majesty of a work on the English language which directly refers to that powerful and indissoluble bond by which the two cognate nations on the eastern and Western side of the Atlantic will forever remain united. Your Excellency, as well as Messrs. MERRIAM, will no doubt feel great pleasure in learning that Her Majesty has placed the work presented through your Excellency amongst the few selected volumes which compose her own private library. I have the honor to be, Sir,

'Your Excellency's faithful servant,

'C. MEYER, SEC'Y TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

Buckingham Palace, June 20th, 1849.

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THE

Knickerbocker,

OR

NEW-YORK

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU-STREET.
BOSTON:
CROSBY & NICHOLS: FETRIDGE & CO.: REDDING & CO.
PHILADELPHIA: G. B. ZIEBER & CO.
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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXIV. NOVEMBER, 1849. No. 5.

SKETCHES FROM ORIENTAL HISTORY.

BY A NEW (AND WELCOME) CONTRIBUTOR.

NADIR SHAH.

THE study of Oriental History has been too generally neglected. The western nations, proud of their own advances in all the arts of civilization, look with barbarian indifference on the affairs of people whom they undervalue as barbarians. The remoteness of the scene, the dissimilarity of manners, and above all, the great impediment of language, have discouraged the mass of readers, even while they excited a strong curiosity. But those who have had the patience to surmount such obstacles, have found in the subject a novelty, a variety and an interest that richly reward them. In western history we usually lose the individual in the crowd. In oriental history, on the contrary, we contemplate, not the city or the nation, but the man. We consider, not the slow growth of a community, but the personal memoirs of a hero, upon whose character and fortune hangs the prosperity of the state. History is thus converted into a series of biographical sketches, gorgeous with the coloring of that imagination which produced the splendors of the Arabian Nights. And dull indeed is he who cannot be interested by these eventful stories; full of changes as sudden and amazing as any thing mentioned in fairy tale; full of allusions that take us back to the days when Abraham entertained the angels in his tent, and the servant of Isaac met Rebecca at the fountain; abounding in tales of wild adventure, crushing disaster, splendid triumph and bloody revenge; in numerous and illustrious examples of heroic virtue, mingled with instances of depravity which transcend our worst conceptions of the devil! Cold indeed is he who is unaffected by the vicissitudes of the hero. One day taking refuge from ruin in a deserted hut, and drawing lessons of hope and perseverance from an insect; on another, spreading terror from Pekin to Moscow,

at the head of a million of horsemen. Few can read unmoved, how the tyrant sat in gloomy silence while the streets of the Great City ran with the blood of its citizens, or contemplate without a shudder the remorseless eunuch, counting the *pile of eyes* with his dagger; his vizier waiting in agony for the order which shall add his own to the heap. With the desire, although scarcely the hope, of reproducing in others the interest which such studies have awakened in ourselves, we will occupy a few pages with a sketch of the life of one of the most remarkable Asiatics of the last age; the restorer of Persia, the conqueror of India, the celebrated Sultan, Abou Seif Nadir Shah.

In the year 641, eleven years after the death of Mahommed, the ancient empire of Persia sank under the assault of that formidable race whose mingled ambition and fanaticism spread their empire from the summits of the Pyrenees to the sea of Japan. Its independence was recovered by the courage and conduct of the son of a pewterer; but at his death it was again enslaved, and divided for six centuries among a number of Tartar families, the story of whose vicissitudes has an interest which is excelled by no fiction whatever. Reünited under the sway of a Mahommedan devotee, and his descendants, the celebrated dynasty of Sophi, its magnificent court became once more the pride, the wonder and the terror of the East.

It was during the reign of the ninth monarch of this famous house, that the Affghan tribes of Candahar, under Mahmûd and Ashraff, made that terrible invasion, which is still recalled with horror at the distance of one hundred and twenty years. These warlike savages, the ancestors of those who lately destroyed a powerful English army, had been among the most insignificant of the slaves of the Great King. By their Persian masters they were regarded with bitter contempt and dislike, partly because they were coarse and even savage in their manners, but chiefly because they were non-conformists in religion. The Mahommedan, like the Christian world, is divided between two great sects. The most numerous of the two are called *Soonee*, or 'Traditionaries.' They bear to the rest the same relation which the Catholics bear to the other sects of Christendom, 'holding fast the traditions of the fathers' of the Mahommedan Church, the companions and successors of the prophet. Of this faith the Affghans were the humblest yet the staunchest adherents. The other sect are a sort of Mahommedan Protestants. They glory in the name of *Sheah*, or 'Schismatics.' They reject with contempt the traditions of the *Soonees*, and take for their rule of faith the Koran alone. They are found chiefly in Persia, where their situation at the time we speak of resembled in many respects that of the English Protestants at the same period. Their religion was the religion of the nation. Their king, like the King of England, was the defender of that faith which had raised his family to power. Their doctrines, like those of the English Church, were interwoven with the very constitution of the state. To make the resemblance still more striking, they had with Turkey and India precisely such religious and political animosities as the English had with France and Spain. Thus they looked upon the Affghans as the zealous whigs of the times of George the First looked upon the

Irish Catholics. They despised them as barbarians, and hated them as non-conformist rebels, who were always ready to assist the foreign enemy in their worst designs against the national government and religion. But at the same time a long peace and a succession of unwarlike sovereigns had tamed their spirit and relaxed their discipline.

Accordingly, when the revolted Affghans entered Persia, they met with such resistance only as inspired them to inflict upon their old oppressors every atrocity which native barbarity, exasperated by fanatical hatred, and long cherished vengeance, could suggest. The royal city of Ispahan was blockaded. The miserable inhabitants were reduced to the last extremities of want. A small coarse loaf was sold for thirty-six dollars, and the carcass of a mule for one thousand. The camels, the horses, the flesh of cats and dogs, unclean as they are considered; the leaves and bark of trees; all that was most loathsome, all that was most noxious, were eagerly sought for and greedily devoured. When these were exhausted, they began to eat human flesh. Crowds of lean and famished wretches were seen cutting pieces from the dead carcasses that covered the streets and gardens. Men slew their neighbors, and mothers their children for a meal. At last, when human nature could hold out no longer, the city was surrendered. The aged monarch, the last of an ancient and sacred race, the head of religion as well as of the state, took the crown from his head, and prostrated himself before barbarians detested equally as foreigners, enemies and heretics.

But the Affghan prince, though triumphant, was anything but secure. Tâmâsp, the son of the captive monarch, had escaped from the horrors of the blockade, and was stirring up the tribes of the North. Mahmûd himself was at an immense distance from home. His army, at no time more than twenty thousand strong, had been speedily reduced one quarter by sending detachments to subdue the provinces: and these detachments had been met by universal insurrection, and driven back with great and unexpected slaughter. This first check threw him into the deepest despondency. His fears were visible on his gloomy countenance, and infected his troops, who began to desert. From home he found that he had nothing to expect. An officer whom he had sent to Candahar with more than a million of dollars to raise reinforcements, was attacked on the road and robbed to the last penny. Moreover, a few acts of kindness to the unfortunate Persians, probably extorted from him by the necessities of his position, had been perverted by the suspicious bigotry of the tribes into tokens of his design to abandon the Affghan customs and the *Soonee* religion. While thus a prey to the keenest anxiety, he was terrified by the desertion of his cousin Ashraff, whose father he had murdered, whose abilities he dreaded, and whom he would have destroyed also, but that he feared the opposition of the tribe. This had the worst effect on his savage and gloomy temper. Distracted by consternation, by suspicion, by fury, and perhaps half mad, he determined to relieve his apprehensions of a revolt by a general massacre of the inhabitants of Ispahan; and he accomplished his design with a treachery and a savage cruelty that finds few parallels even in the bloody annals of Asia.

He began with the nobility. About three hundred of them, the poor remains of the most splendid court of Asia, had been left in the city after its surrender. They were invited to a feast and cut off to a man. There were also in the city three thousand of the body-guards, men selected from all Persia for their vigor and comeliness. He had taken three men into his pay. He had treated them with particular favor. One day they were drawn up in one of the public squares, presented with magnificent dresses, and conducted to a splendid banquet, where they were hardly seated, when they were surrounded and destroyed. But worse remains to be told. Two hundred children, the sons of the murdered nobles, were attending the public schools. He had the infernal cruelty to order even these to execution. The innocents were driven to a field without the city, and butchered like a flock of sheep. By these bloody murders he hoped to excite terror. But the effect did not satisfy him. His days became more gloomy, his nights more restless than before. In every countenance that approached he fancied that he read horror and aversion. He trembled at every noise and started at every shadow. His mind was tortured with remorse, anxiety and approaching madness. At length he gave way to his fears, and ordered the long meditated butchery, February twenty-five, A. D., 1723.

For fifteen days the sword was lifted over the devoted city. The wretched people attempted neither flight nor resistance, and in every street single Affghans were seen leading them by fours and fives at a time to inevitable death. Finally, when the six hundred thousand inhabitants, whom a century of peace had collected in the royal city, were reduced to a remnant so miserable and broken-hearted that even the cowardice of insanity had nothing to apprehend from them, he ordered the slaughter to cease.

Similar butcheries would have desolated the other cities of Irak, but the hand of GOD arrested his career of bloodshed. Soon after the general massacre he died raving mad.

While the bloody sword of the Affghans was making a desert of the south, the rest of the kingdom was torn by bands of fierce invaders, which, though differing in language, manners and origin, seemed to unite for the extermination of the Persian race. The Russians, under the great Peter, possessed themselves of the north; the Turks marched an immense army through the provinces of the west; on the opposite side the Tartars blasted Khorasan with sword and fire. The whole country was distracted by the struggles of innumerable aspirants to the crumbling throne; and to complete the ruin of the empire, a famine broke out, and a pestilence, which together devoured more than the sword. It was precisely when these clouds of ruin were the blackest that the hero arose who was so rapidly to disperse them; whose name was to ring in the ears of his desponding countrymen like the trumpet of jubilee; whose single genius was to supply every deficiency of hope, of courage, of means, of discipline and of concert; who was, out of hosts of cowards and slaves, to form powerful and victorious armies; to make out of bitter enemies the most devoted servants; to erect out of the fragments

of a ruined monarchy a mightier and more splendid empire than that of any of his predecessors; and who, having seated himself on the throne of Chengiz and Timour, and having raised his country to the pinnacle of grandeur, was to close a life full of activity and success by a death full of instruction to all who shall hereafter undertake the government of others without the ability to govern themselves.

Nadir Kooli, which is, being interpreted, 'The Servant of God the Wonderful,' was born in the month of November, 1688. He belonged to an insignificant clan of the Affshar tribe of Turkomans, of which his father was chief. His family were poor, but respectable, according to Turkoman notions of respectability; that is, they lived on the produce of their flocks and herds, had never been known to engage in trade, and always robbed every body they could lay their hands on. His father dying when Nadir was yet a child, he was left to the care of an uncle, who assumed the command of the clan. From him he received a good Turkoman education. He was taught to ride, to take care of his horse, to handle arms, to endure with patience hunger, thirst, exposure and fatigue. But at the same time he was deprived of his inheritance, and obliged to earn his bread by making caps and jackets of sheep-skin. This was done with the approbation, if not at the express desire, of the clan, who were probably alarmed at the fierce and haughty character which young Nadir began to exhibit. But the ancient fraternity of tailors were soon relieved from one so little calculated to do honor to the craft. Before he had spoiled many sheep-skins he was seized by the Usbeg Tartars in one of their annual forays, and it was several years before he found an opportunity to escape.

When his captivity ended he was twenty-one years of age. Four years of slavery had taught him humility and self-control. Friendless, poor, and nearly starved, he wandered about for some time in search of employment, and was glad at last to accept a very humble situation in the household of the governor of Khorasan. From the household he was transferred to the army, where his soldierly qualities advanced him by degrees to the rank of *Mim Bashi*, or colonel. His first service in his new situation was against his former masters, the Usbegs. This extraordinary race wander over the immense plains that stretch between the great rivers Sihon and Jihon, the ancient Oxus and Iaxartes. For the Persians they entertain feelings very like those with which the old Scottish borderers used to regard their English neighbors, or those with which the Welsh looked upon the people of the marches, or the Irish on the Lords of the Pale. Not a year passes therefore in which they do not make a foray into Persia. On horses of the best and purest breeds of Asia, whose muscles are trained down to the hardness of iron, they pour into Khorasan just before the time of harvest, at the rate of one hundred miles a day. Breaking into small parties, they spread their force all over the country. The crops are destroyed, the villages are sacked, the houses are burned, the cattle are driven off; men, women and children, stripped almost naked, their arms bound behind them, tied with ropes to the horses of the robbers, are swept into captivity. If

they resist they are killed; if not ransomed, they are retained in bondage. At this very hour the white slave trade is the liveliest business carried on in Bokhara.

Twelve thousand of these formidable horsemen appeared in Khorasan in the autumn of 1719. The Persian governor, with a considerable force, occupied the city of Mushed; but he had neither ability nor experience, and was moreover distracted between dread of the Tartars and dread of the king. From the one he expected defeat if he attacked them, from the other he was certain of death if he did not. In his perplexity he called a council-of-war. All the officers gave their advice, but Nadir alone advised him to fight the Usbegs. He painted in strong language the disgrace and danger of allowing the province to be plundered under their very eyes. He declared his unbounded confidence in the bravery of the soldiers, and he said that if his highness the governor would trust *him* with the command, he himself would risk all the peril and shame of defeat. The governor, reassured by the confident tone of his officer, and delighted to find some one with whom he could divide his irksome responsibility, immediately appointed him general. His highness also declared, that in case of success all his personal interest at court should be employed to get the appointment confirmed. The bold adventurer instantly set out. By forced marches he came up with the Usbegs about four days' journey from Mushed, and was immediately attacked by their whole force, which came thundering down upon him at the full speed of their horses, shaking their long lances and rending the air with savage yells. But they contended in vain with the genius and fortune of Nadir. He had given the strictest orders to his troops not to fire a shot before the word of command, and he did not open his lips until the enemy were within twenty paces. Then the Persians poured in a close and deadly volley, not a bullet of which was lost upon the shouting crowd. The front ranks torn to pieces by this terrible fire almost all dropped dead, both men and horses. The others forced right on by those behind, and unable to turn or stop, stumbled over the carcasses and fell into inextricable confusion. In a moment, Nadir made a furious charge, killed the chief with his own hand, routed them utterly and pursued them with tremendous slaughter into the desert. In less than two hours he had destroyed by his skill and promptitude an enemy more than twice as numerous as his own.

The news of the victory was received with rapture at Mushed; and Nadir on his return was loaded with praises and rewards. But his rage and astonishment were boundless when he learned that the post which he had been so solemnly promised, for which he had risked his life and reputation, and for which he had shown himself so splendidly qualified, that of General and Lieutenant Governor of Khorasan, had been given to a young nobleman who had never seen a battle. With fury in his countenance, he strode up to the governor in full divan, and bitterly reviled him for his treachery and falsehood. This outbreak of his haughty and desperate temper had like to have cost him his life. The Governor was so violently exasperated at such a

public outrage that he was with difficulty dissuaded from killing him on the spot. As it was, he had him stripped of his robe of honor, beaten on the soles of his feet till the nails dropped off, and turned with ignominy out of the service. Men are apt to exact the highest prices for the rare luxury of speaking the truth.

Disheartened, poor and in disgrace, the future lord of Asia sought refuge with his relations at Kelat. But when prosperity forsakes a man his native place is the worst place, and his old acquaintances the most miserable comforters he can repair to. Others are only indifferent; but *they* feel themselves at liberty to inflict upon him their advices *after the fact.* Others may refuse him assistance; but *they* alone will reproach him for asking it. Nadir was not long in perceiving that he was regarded as a good-for-nothing yet dangerous scamp, of whom it was the interest of the tribe to rid themselves as speedily as possible. His uncle especially, who had been much alarmed at his reäppearance, encouraged this feeling by every means in his power, and excited at last so much aversion to him that for his personal safety he was compelled to fly from the tribe.

Thrown once more upon his own resources, he turned robber, and prospered wonderfully. From a robber he became a renowned chief, at the head of three thousand well-appointed scoundrels, many of whom had served under him in the army; and with their help he levied 'Black Mail' from half Khorasan. His relations and the good people of Kelat beheld this growing power with great anxiety. His uncle, in particular, took great and sudden interest in his welfare. With eager servility he offered to procure a full pardon for all the misdemeanors of his formidable relative, if he would enter the royal service and aid the Shah against the Affghans. Nadir smiled at the offer of a scrap of paper in exchange for three thousand hardy soldiers, but it opened the way to a long-meditated end, and he accepted it. The next day he set out for Kelat with a chosen band of horsemen. His uncle and relatives, the very men who had driven him away with ignominy six short years before, now came forth to kiss the dust of his feet. For two days he seemed to be occupied solely with the entertainments given in his honor. But on the second night, having secured the guards and the town, he broke into his uncle's chamber and avenged at one blow the wrongs, insults and privations of twenty years.

According to the ideas most carefully inculcated in our age and country, this was a horrid crime. But we are not to judge a man like Nadir according to our ideas. If we judge him at all it should be by the eastern standard of morality, and that was never very high. Ages of despotism have inured the Asiatics to violence and bloodshed. Their monarchs do things every day, and as the merest matters of course, which can hardly be paralleled by the direst attrocities of Christian II. or Richard III. But it does not follow, by any means, that they are therefore so wicked as Christian or Richard. There is many an Asiatic who has taken more lives than Murel, the land-pirate. Yet we should undoubtedly do any one of them the grossest injustice if we imagined that he was so bad as Murel. The civilized homicide

is usually a very wicked and dangerous man. And the reason is, that before he broke down the thousand barriers which early associations, constant teaching, public sentiment, conscience, the laws of the country, and the laws of God had erected between his hand and the life of his neighbor, he must have been corrupted beyond the possibility of reform. In civilized communities therefore, he is justly regarded as the worst of criminals and endures the severest punishment. But the everlasting warfare of the Asiatics has made it impossible for them to set any such value on human life. With them a murder is regarded very much as we regard a common assault, not greatly to a man's credit at any time, but still far from being inexcusable, and generally to be accommodated and atoned for by a sum of money. We shall make many and great mistakes if we take oriental character to be as they often appear through the prejudices and prepossessions of the West. To judge them correctly, we must understand and constantly bear in mind the great difference between their ways of thinking and our own.

Judging him then by these principles, or in other words, examining his actions with the eyes of his countrymen and contemporaries, we shall not only excuse many more of his enemies, but we shall even be compelled in this particular instance to praise his moderation. Not one of his countrymen would have hesitated to attack Kelat, and kill every body in it, for the sake of plunder alone; but he was governed by far nobler motives. It was vengeance that he wanted, not booty. And when all his enemies were in his power; enemies from whom he had suffered every thing but death; enemies from whom he had barely escaped even that extremity by a precipitate flight, he spared them all — but one. When we consider the temper of the times, the character of the people, and the provocations of the man, we doubt whether there existed in all Persia another who would have shown as much forbearance.

He remained at Kelat for some time, negotiating and fighting with the different clans, and extending his arms and intrigues in every direction. It would be tedious to enumerate the petty tribes he subdued, the petty castles he took, or the petty skirmishes in which he constantly engaged and as constantly succeeded. But it was in their desultory warfare, among the rocks and sands of Khorasan, that he formed his troops to that severe discipline which afterward triumphed at Bokhara, at Bagdad, at Karnal, and at Mourteha Khor, over the utmost efforts of Tartar ferocity, Turkish fanaticism, Indian numbers, and Affghan courage and despair. At length, having settled all things to his satisfaction, he set out with five thousand troops, in the highest state of efficiency, and joined the forces of Shah Tâmâsp at Ferrahabad, in the north of Persia, early in 1725.

Shah Tâmâsp was the son of that unfortunate Shah Sultan Hussein, who was taken prisoner by the Affghans at the surrender of Ispahan. He had managed to escape from that city just before the blockade, and had endeavored, without success, to raise forces for its relief. Even if he had received the noblest qualities from Nature, the deplorable education of an Asiastic prince would have perverted or

destroyed them. But his mind was naturally feeble and boundless: sensuality had scarcely left him common sense. So far as we can judge from the most favorable evidence, he was imbecile, impatient and capricious, and without one grain of understanding, spirit or resolution. Such was the wretched creature upon whom had fallen the burden of a sinking state.

His soldiers were worthy of their king. They were badly armed, badly clothed, poorly fed, and miserably paid. They had neither discipline nor spirit, and were objects of contempt to all except their unfortunate countrymen, who thought their license more terrible than the tyranny of the Affghans. They had been so beaten in every battle that they had lost all confidence in themselves and their commanders. And having discovered that their complaints were regarded only when enforced by tumult, they had become, to the last degree, insolent and mutinous. Finally the fickle tyranny of the shah, at one time weakly yielding to their most exorbitant demands, and then, in a sudden access of fury and repentance, punishing them frightfully for trifles, had discouraged and disgusted them. When Nadir arrived, they were deserting in crowds, and those who remained were so thoroughly disorganized as to resemble a band of robbers rather than a body of troops.

His very first movements convinced them that they had found a master. Tumults were put down with merciless severity. Discipline was enforced by cutting off ears and noses for the least offence. Desertion was punished by death. At the same time their just complaints were carefully considered, and their grievances redressed at once. They complained that some of the great officers kept back a part of their pay, and that others did the same thing in a different way by making enormous deductions from it for clothing. Nadir inflicted summary vengeance on the peculators. They were publickly strangled. He paid the soldiers himself, and furnished them with clothes and arms at first cost. Every thing had become excessively dear, especially provisions, because the shah could not restrain his soldiery from plundering the shops. But Nadir found no difficulty in restraining them when they came to understand his inexorable character. He took the merchants under his protection. He sternly prohibited the soldiery from taking any thing without payment, and the first who disobeyed had their hands and feet chopped off. The rest beheld and trembled. Men felt that they trifled with their own lives who trifled with Nadir Kooli. All disorders and abuses disappeared before such vigor and decision. Confidence was restored. Provisions became plenty and cheap. The soldiers grew contented, obedient and orderly. The officers grew circumspect and attentive under that terrible eye. The people enjoyed the unusual quiet and security. And the king was delighted, because he found himself at liberty to leave the business which he detested for the debauchery which had become his habit and his passion.

The moment that Nadir had organized the army, he fell upon the nearest enemy in a manner which astounded them. The Turks who had ravaged the finest provinces with scarcely any resistance found

themselves all at once and every where assailed with an activity, a fierceness, and a desperate unflinching pertinacity, the like of which they had never experienced before. Convoys were captured, foraging parties were destroyed. Whole divisions marching in full security, and not dreaming of danger, were suddenly surrounded and cut to pieces by hosts of wild-looking savages, who seemed to rise out of the ground. The audacity of the new enemies was incredible. Sometimes a mere handful of them would bound into a great camp in open day, overturn, slay and seize every thing they could lay their hands on, and be off like the wind, before the amazed and exasperated Janissaries could make up their minds to believe their eye-sight. Sometimes the camps were assaulted in the night, and the soldiers awoke to find their tents in a blaze, and their throats under the lance of the Kuzzilbash* horsemen. Their sleep was broken by incessant alarms. They could get nothing to eat. Water, less abundant in Persia than in any other country short of the desert, if it failed in the camp, had always to be bought with blood. By degrees they became afraid to stir from their quarters. Communications were indeed effected by strong columns, but these were so terribly persecuted by the clouds of fierce horsemen hovering round them, that their line of march was traceable for leagues by the carcasses that dried and blackened in the burning sun. Wo to the exhausted wretch who lagged behind the struggling march! He was instantly speared and stripped, under the very eyes of his comrades. This warfare soon began to be intolerable. The Janissaries murmurred. What could be done with enemies whose trained Turkoman horses made pursuit ridiculous, and whose steady discipline quelled the ferocity of the drunken Dehlis? 'Hell and Satan,' they muttered, 'had suddenly risen to help the Sheah dogs against the Faithful.' At length they were so dreadfully harassed, that the Pashas sent to offer a suspension of hostilities.

It was a most seasonable offer for the Persians. The Turkish armies were still ten to their one, and were beside but an insignificant portion of the forces of a great empire. Their own little army, collected and subsisted with much difficulty, were worn out with their extraordinary exertions, and wanted rest. But what was most important of all, Malik Mahmûd, the Persian Governor of Scistan, had divided the great provinces of Khorasan with the Abdallee Affghans; had coined money in his own name; and was now proclaimed king at Mushed. Accordingly the truce was at once accepted; and the Pasha, having engaged to suspend hostilities until further orders from the porte, an envoy was despatched to Constantinople with injunctions to protract negotiations by every art known to Asiatic diplomacy.

Nadir made the most of the interval. As soon as the army had rested, he hurried to Khorasan, captured Mushed, defeated and slew the rebel Malik, and recovered most of the province. Victorious in the north, he then advanced against Herat. From this quarter there was every thing to fear. The city itself was strongly fortified, and the

* Kuzzilbash, or 'Red-Heads;' Persian soldiers; so called from their red caps.

Abdallee inhabitants were accounted better soldiers than those Affghans of Candahar, who had defeated the Persians under every disparity of numbers and every disadvantage of position. But in a desperate engagement, which took place at Kaser Kala, about three days' journey from Herat, thirty thousand of them were utterly routed, with the loss of fifteen thousand killed and wounded, and five thousand prisoners. This defeat was immediately followed by the blockade and capture of Herat, and the reduction of the rest of Khorasan.

The news of this great success renewed the courage of the Persians. At last the day of retribution was coming upon the savages, whose accursed rule had filled their beautiful land with ravage, and their holy cities with blood and desolation. From Ormuz to the Caspian; from the banks of the Sihûn to the borders of Lower Asia; the name of Nadir was pronounced with hope and exultation. It rang ominously in the ears of the Affghan butchers, and thrilled with a secret and long-forgotten rapture the wretches who dragged out a miserable existence in the ruined palaces of Ispahan.

This unhappy metropolis was still in the clutch of its cruel oppressors. Ashraff, the successor of the bloody Mahmûd, was a tyrant of consummate ability. By the exercise of great valor, great military skill, and still greater wisdom, he had just compelled the haughty court of Constantinople to acknowledge his title to the throne of Persia. It will be recollected that the Turks and the Affghans belong to the same Mahommedan sect. The moment he learned that a Turkish army was mustering against him, he sent an envoy to Constantinople whose piety and presents might move the sympathy of the Ulemah. This politic measure succeeded to admiration. The holy men protested with one voice against the enormity of waging war upon a nation of the faithful, who had exalted religion by the slaughter of so many thousand heretics. The war at once became unpopular. Soldiers were mustered with extraordinary difficulty, and served with the greatest reluctance. Even before they crossed the frontier, secret emissaries of Ashruff were continually reminding them of the illegality of the war, and the effect of such speeches was great. Some slight reverses increased their discontent. But when on the eve of an engagement, four aged and venerable Affghan priests appeared, who, in the presence of the general and the army, solemnly denounced the unholy warfare of Moslemin with Moslemin, they were discouraged altogether. Some actually followed the priests, declaring that they would not fight against the dictates of their conscience and the precepts of their law. A battle ensued, but the Turks, though twice as numerous as the Affghans, fought without order or spirit, and were defeated with the loss of twelve thousand men and all their artillery and baggage.

Ashraff now displayed the profoundest policy. He forbade his men to slay or plunder the stragglers. He sent back all the baggage, declaring that he did not think it lawful to spoil Mahometans; he asserted that he had fought entirely in self-defence; and he released all the prisoners he had made during the war. By this wise and

moderate conduct he became so popular throughout the Turkish empire that the court were compelled to grant him an honorable peace and to receive his ambassadors with the highest distinction.

He had hardly begun to enjoy the splendid results of his valor and conduct, when he was startled by Nadir's success in Khorasan. This was a serious misfortune. The battle of Kafer Kalà had disclosed the important fact that the Affghans were not invincible. If the Persians were permitted to expect aid from any quarter, he might tremble for Ispahan. All these circumstances determined him to crush Nadir as soon as possible. His measures were taken with his usual caution, and executed with his usual tyranny. In the principal cities a certain number of the male inhabitants were driven from their homes, and their places supplied by small garrisons of Affghans. All the suspected were put to death. The fortifications of Ispahan were strengthened; an army was recruited and equipped; and early in September he set out against Nadir, at the head of thirty thousand men, the conquerors of Persia and the Turks.

On the twentieth of September, 1728 — a day forever memorable in Persian story — the two armies met near the town of Damghàn. The Affghans hardly waited for orders to attack an enemy for whom they felt the greatest contempt. They threw off their shaggy mantles, flung away their match-locks, and with tremendous shouts sprang upon the Persian infantry, sabre in hand. Then was seen the value of that iron discipline which made Nadir the lord of Asia.

Not far from those vast volcanic ridges which skirt the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, Nadir drew up his army in one formidable mass. The artillery he placed at the angles. Strong lines of sharpshooters, armed with very heavy muskets, covered his front and flanks. He himself, splendidly mounted, and grasping a heavy battle-axe, rode slowly along the lines, until the Affghans came within range. He then retired to a spot where he could overlook the field, and silently awaited the attack. Not so the Affghans. Full of ferocious contempt for their enemies, and hardly waiting for orders, they raised a dreadful shout, and came on at a run. But a heavy well-sustained and well-directed fire, that tore them down by the hundred, taught them the difference between the soldiers of Nadir and the wretches whom they had been accustomed to butcher in the streets of Ispahan. For an instant they recoiled; not dismayed, for bravery is the inheritance of the Affghan race, but bewildered at a resistance so utterly unexpected; and in an instant they rallied. Stepping over the bodies of their slaughtered kinsmen, with howls of barbarian rage and anguish, they drew their long knives, and made another desperate rush upon the Persian ranks. But vain were the utmost efforts of unskilful valor against a discipline such as the East had not seen since the days of the great Aurelian. Again there was a volley, at which they withered like grass before the fire; and ere the smoke had lifted, the thundering voice of Nadir was heard, ordering a general charge. The struggling savages were instantly trampled down, and scattered with horrible slaughter. Quarter was

neither given, nor asked, nor thought of; and Ashruff fled from the battle, tearing his beard in agonies of terror and despair.

Blood-thirsty savage as he was, the energy with which he faced his great disaster is too uncommon not to call for admiration. In forty-eight hours after the battle he had ridden two hundred miles. In forty-eight hours more he collected about ten thousand dispirited and famishing wretches, and set out for Ispahan by forced marches. There he assembled another army; entrenched himself in a strong position, nearly thirty miles from the city; and awaited another battle with unflinching resolution.

On the twelfth of November Nadir arrived at Moortchâ Koor. Early next morning he stormed the Affghan's camp, killed vast numbers of his new levies, and drove the rest before him, after an obstinate and bloody struggle of five hours. Throughout the day Ashruff performed every duty of a general and a soldier. Where his Affghans charged, he headed them; where they wavered, he supported them; where they broke, he rallied them; when at last, after dreadful carnage, they gave way before superior discipline, he covered their tumultuous flight. Hoarse, exhausted, covered with dust and blood, but fighting like a lion, he reached the city at night-fall, the last man of his ruined army.

Up to this moment the fugitives from the battle had not ceased to boast that they had gained a victory. But the arrival of the king proclaimed that all was lost. The Affghan women in the citadel discovered the fatal truth, and broke into loud lamentations. They were heard all over the city, and the Persians rejoiced with trembling at the calamity of their barbarous tyrants. The latter passed the night in preparations for flight. The shops and houses were robbed. Three hundred camels were loaded with the plunder of the royal palace. They would have slaughtered the people and fired the city, but the rapid approach of Nadir gave them no time. There was time, however, to butcher their captive, the unfortunate Shah Sultan Hussein, and this they did. They then departed about day-break in the direction of Shiraz.

To the amazement of every one, Nadir refused to pursue them. In vain did the shah remonstrate; in vain did the unfortunate people of Shiraz entreat him to deliver them from the fury of the Affghans. The army, he said, was in want of every thing. Without money it could not be held together. If the King of kings would empower his slave to levy money in his own name, he would answer for the success of the campaign with his head; but if the supply of the army was to be entrusted, as heretofore, to the corrupt men who surrounded his majesty, he, Nadir, must humbly beg leave to retire from a service in which he must witness abuses and disasters that he could neither prevent nor remedy.

The shah's consternation was great. Nadir was already commander of the army and Governor of Khorasan. To empower him to levy money in his own name was to abandon the last remaining fragment of the royal authority. Yet it was ruinous to offend him. The Affghans would resume courage, and the Persians, accustomed

to conquer under his eye, would lose heart at his desertion. At the same time to suppose that he would change his resolve was out of the question. Accordingly, after a violent struggle between his fears and his inclinations, the unfortunate monarch yielded the authority he could no longer retain to his great and formidable servant.

Clothed with unlimited irresponsible authority, this remarkable man now displayed the full force of his energetic character. He at once set out for Shiraz. There are no roads in Persia. The Affghans had desolated the country. The soldiers were exhausted, diseased, ill-clad, and nearly famished. Many perished from the excessive cold, for it was the depth of winter, and Persia, in the latitude of Florida has the winter of Vermont. None of the survivors fared worse than the Khan. He satisfied his hunger with a few parched peas. He quenched his thirst with snow water. He slept in his cloak, with a saddle for a pillow. After twenty days of incredible hardship, sustained without a murmur, he met the Affghans near the ruins of Persepolis, defeated those obstinate enemies in two bloody battles, and drove them into Shiraz in hopeless confusion. This was their last struggle. Ashruff fled in the night, that his own officers might not deliver him up. His clan instantly dispersed, never to reassemble. Dead horses, camels, provisions, bundles of rich stuff, the plunder of Shiraz and Ispahan, slaughtered bodies of old men, women and children, butchered by their own people, because they were unable to keep up, marked out to the horsemen of Nadir the flight of their despairing enemies. The exasperated peasantry rose all around them, and cut whole divisions to pieces. Many died of hunger in the desert. Many were taken and sold into slavery. Several thousand surrendered at one time, and were received into the Persian service. Very few ever escaped to their own country. Ashruff, while wandering in the desert, was attacked by a party of savage Ballouchees. He fell, fighting bravely for his life, and his head was cut off and sent as a present to Shah Tâmâsp. Thus were the Affghan tyrants exterminated by the genius and valor of Nadir, after having ruled over Persia seven years and twenty-one days.

STANZAS INSCRIBED TO ——

BY DR. DICKSON.

Nay, lady!—thou alone canst tame
The fire thyself hath blown to flame;
But say not that my soul is one
Can sigh to all, bear love to none;
In every clime, in any hour,
Can find a beauty and a bower;
For here I swear, love! once for all,
Within the meanest cottage wall,
Unlike my gay compeers, who roam
From flower to flower, from home to home,
My saddest moods I could beguile
With thy sweet song, and sweeter smile;
Could blissfully, without a sigh,
With such as thee live, love, and die.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

'O, joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!'

'This thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.'

In all the scenes of childhood's day
That memory paints as years recede,
The beauty of a blessed deed
Is last to fade away.

The guardian-spirit of my youth
In manhood's noon upbraids me not
With earlier stains, now all forgot,
Of folly and untruth.

The faults a sterner judgment sees,
(The careless word, the vain desire,
The sinful haste of childish ire,)
She took no note of these.

But oft she brings in peaceful dreams
Some vision of that purer stage,
That to the sins of ripened age
A kindly lesson seems.

The faithful love that suffered long,
The zeal of piety unfeigned,
The courage of a heart unstained,
That only feared the wrong:

The lisping prayer put up at night,
Low bending at my mother's knee,
The tear of pity, and the glee
Of innocent delight:

These are the memories that she brings,
This guardian of my early days;
These are the nightly thoughts that raise
Mine eyes to holier things.

Then often, as they pass away,
Her gentle voice this message bears:
'Arise, thou child of many prayers,
O, slumberer! rise and pray!'

Thus ever teach, thou spirit mild!
My troubled soul through doubt and care,
Till, meet for heaven, again it wear
The semblance of a child.

TO FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

THE poetry of FREILIGRATH, some noble specimens of which are included in LONGFELLOW'S 'Poets and Poetry of Europe,' has been rendered more familiar to us by BAYARD TAYLOR'S spirited and beautiful translation of 'The Dead to the Living.' FREILIGRATH'S share in the late political events in Germany and subsequent exile, are well known to the reading world.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'ALONE the poet lives, alone he dies,
CAIN-like he bears the desolating brand,
Upon his brow of sorrow. True his hand
Is free from blood-guilt, but in human eyes,
His is a darker crime than that of CAIN:
Rebellion against social wrong and law!' CRABBE'S DEATH.

POET who warring nobly 'gainst the wrong,
And greatly gifted;
Bold in the front, true Bard! the sword of song
Hast fearless lifted:

'Ah! never thus wilt thou go forth,' I said,
Alone and branded;
But like the fiery messenger that led
Of old the banded!

'For souls like thine are TITANS in the earth,
In strength upheaving;
Until the long-pent flame resistless forth
Its way is cleaving.

'Until the loud volcano from her sleep
Awakes the nation;
And from her burning heart swells up the deep
Reverberation.

'Thus woke thy land. The light that LUTHER shed
Its ray was giving;
And by thy prophet-lips the martyr-dead
Invoked the living.

'Till from the blood-drops sown throughout the land
Of her true-hearted;
As from the fabled dragon's teeth, a band
Avenging started.

'They rose in faith, and to the glorious toil
Bent their strong shoulders;
To rear Man's Rights like giants in the soil,
Firm as earth's boulders.

'Oh land! where liberty a pariah, bowed
In dust before thee;
High hopes, like angel-ministers, a crowd
Unseen are o'er thee.

'For, like the sign that led by night and day,
The God-commanded,
Before the Pharoah Might thou leadest the way
Of nations banded.

And thou, her Bard! all hallowed with the fame
Of thy devotion;
That like to yonder rainbow's arch of flame,
Spanneth the ocean:

Oh, doomed to exile! if it be to death
Thy faith hath won thee,
It is to martyrdom thou goest forth —
The crown upon thee!

HOW TO LIVE WHERE YOU LIKE,

A LEGEND OF UTICA.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

Long before Utica was a great city, indeed while it was only a small settlement, called Old Fort Schuyler, a little man lived in this little place, in a log house near the old fort, which was then standing in all its pristine formidableness, except that it was no longer garrisoned with soldiers. He was fifty-seven years old, which is a prodigious time in a new country for one pair of lungs to have kept constantly blowing at the spark of life, and one heart constantly beating seconds; and his were never known to cease, except once, for a few moments, when he had the night-mare from eating at supper too freely of broiled bear. He could not see to read without spectacles, nor with them very well, as the glasses were sadly scratched from rough companionship in his pocket with gun-flints, and new glasses were not easily procurable. His hair had become gray, and no person in those days of simplicity could hide such a calamity with a wig; so that he was a great curiosity to the numerous little papooses who used occasionally to see him; and while half of them wondered how a human being could live so long, the other half wondered how much longer he could live.

His nearest neighbors were the Indians, who lived at Oneida Castle, and with whom he had from time immemorial trafficked in beaver-skins, muskrats, fox-skins, and other furs, giving in exchange New-England rum, pig-tail tobacco, and kindred luxuries. As he was an honest man, never permitting any advantage to be taken of the poor Indians except by himself, he was quite popular among them, and had acquired what in those simple times was deemed a large fortune, though the exact amount is unknown to tradition.

Schenectady was then the head quarters of inland commerce, and as the old man's wealth was notorious, he never visited the ancient city without receiving much hospitality, intermingled with surprise, that a man of his fortune and age would live among Indians, instead of luxuriating amid the refinements of Schenectady. To all these suggestions he uniformly responded by a mysterious shake of his head, that seemed to signify just what the questioner happened to imagine. The old women interpreted it as meaning that he could not think of removing from the ashes of his departed wife, and under this persuasion would sympathetically wipe their eyes and say that he was doubtless right and knew best, while the young ones used to laugh and think that some old lady at Oneida or thereabouts was the secret attraction.

But though the mysterious shake of the old trader's head thus satisfied his Schenectady friends, it failed to satisfy the more inquisitive mind of a little girl, his only child, who had become the idol of her father and used of late to accompany him in his periodical journeys to the city. She was fast becoming a young woman, and every step in her progress to puberty added to the interest with which she heard the accustomed surprise in relation to his continued residence at Old Fort Schuyler. Every thing in Schenectady delighted her. Even the young men delighted her with their vivacity and gallantry, and the young women with their fashionable attire, conversation and merry meetings. The very dogs and cats seemed to enjoy a social happiness peculiar to the city, and to chase round after their tails with a pertinacity and glee unknown in the woods. That a young woman who was confessedly fitted for society should be doomed to pass her days and nights in solitude, seemed every day a greater marvel to her and a more intolerable misery.

The old man was not slow in discovering the discontent that was maturing in his daughter, and as her efforts to conceal it became every day less zealous, he was fain to allay it by assuring her that the present were her best days, that she was now exempt from all real trouble, and by urging various kindred doctrines, which ever since the flood age has handed down for the benefit of the young and which have usually been as ineffectual as they were in the present instance. Finding, however, that all his attempts to allay her discontent but added to her restlessness, he at length told her, more in sorrow than in anger, that all he possessed would be hers, and if she would only wait patiently a short time he should follow her mother to the grave and she could then live where she liked.

The little girl had already bloomed into womanhood when these remarks occurred and though she yearned for society, she was too benevolent to contemplate it with complacency on the terms proposed by her father; yet he, as if in pity to her wishes or possibly in grief at her apparent unhappiness, lost his relish for trade, and after a little drooping, a little unusual taciturnity, a little disinclination to arise from his bed as early as usual, became admittedly sick and died, leaving her undisputed possessor of his house and all its contents. In the first surprise and grief at the event she felt no desire to leave

the spot where she had been reared and where she had interred her kind parent; but Nature, like an authoritative overseer with a contumacious mendicant, soon disciplines us out of the inaction of sorrow, and she accordingly soon gained a sufficiency of composure to determine on closing the house, and making a journey to Schenectady.

Previously, however, to executing this design, she took a brief survey of the treasures to which she had succeeded. They were principally situated in a locked cupboard, and she found they consisted of three not very large, but square boxes, which were severally numbered one, two, three, and on their lids were the following labels:

On number one, 'Open this; I shall not be offended.'
On number two, 'Touch not till the other is expended.'
On number three, 'Nor this, till the other two are ended.'

She had never been deficient in filial obedience to the express injunctions of her parent, and she determined to obey in the present instance the directions which he had thus transmitted with his property; and consequently, but not without much trepidation, applied a chisel and a hammer to the lid of number one, and forced it open. It was nearly full of gold, in coins of England, France, Spain and Portugal, which were then (bank notes being unknown) the common medium of circulation throughout the United States. The amount of money seemed immense, and was in truth no small sum, being, as far as can be ascertained from a careful measurement of the box, (which, with the original label thereon, is still preserved in the Utica museum,) not less than two thousand dollars. She felt, however, a little self-reproach when she saw on the inside of the box, in the well-known handwriting of her father, 'Live where you like.'

But she soon brought herself to believe that this was not a reproach for the impatience she had exhibited during the life of her father, but rather a parental reward for having so well overcome her impatience. Thus encouraged, she speedily transferred the gold from the box to her travelling trunk, carefully wrapped in cloths, to insure its safety, and departed with it for Schenectady, in a canoe, by the way of the Mohawk River, leaving in the locked cupboard the other boxes; for so great was the honesty of the simple period, that few persons ever placed a lock on even their street doors on journeying from home, but in its stead placed a log of wood, so as to lean against the outside of the door, as a signal that the inmates were from home, more than as a protection against intrusion.

At Schenectady, where she arrived in safety with her trunk, she found a ready welcome. The whole city, from sympathy with her recent affliction or influenced by her youth, beauty, and reputed wealth, or perhaps from all these causes, seemed anxious to make her happy. She readily reciprocated their good feelings, and liked every body and every thing, and was more than half determined to establish her residence permanently where beauties and luxuries seemed so abundant, when, unfortunately for such a determination, she accepted an invitation to join a party who were the next day to visit the neighboring city of Albany. The distance, though short in

the present period of rail-road speed, was then a journey of some severity and duration, over sands almost trackless, and over hills of no small altitude. For Albany, however, the party departed in a two-horse wagon, which, though it possessed not the benefit of springs, possessed inmates that carried springs within themselves; and a merry time they made of it, for they started on the theoretic principle, that the worse the roads the better the sport; and as a recent rain had raised the streams that intersected the way, and gullied the hills, they suffered no lack of mirth-inspiring events during the long summer-day, which was all expended in the transit. But even the best of jokes must come to an end, and the party finally found themselves in the city of Albany, and dispersed among their respective cousins, with whom they were to lodge for the night.

Albany, at the period of which we are speaking, was a splendid city, when compared with Schenectady. The noble Hudson was as superior to the shallow Mohawk as it is now, while the 'old Dutch church,' as it was subsequently called, though then not old, graced the bottom of State-street, and astonished the young maiden with its height and size when she for the first time beheld it. The ladies also of Albany were entirely different from the women of Schenectady, both in dress and address, except that they were equally delighted with the handsome heiress of old Fort Schuyler. They feasted her on young sturgeon, while the gentlemen regaled her with fumes of tobacco out of pipes two feet long and tipped with red sealing-wax. These and various other novelties soon effaced from the maiden all intention of residing in Schenectady, and after some days she quietly permitted her companions to return home without her, and accepted an invitation to remain behind at Albany. Indeed, who could expect that a person having the power to choose, and the means of gratifying the power, should reside in Schenectady, when they could live at Albany? The statement of the proposition shows its absurdity; and the interesting orphan determined that Albany was precisely the place she had always seen in her dreams, and that henceforth it should constitute her residence.

Scarcely had the aforesaid determination been expressed, to the approbation and delight of all her new friends, when a sloop from New-York approached the dock, bearing on its deck a gallant young man, fresh from the even then great metropolis, who was fated to reverse what had thus been too rashly resolved. Never before had she seen a real metropolitan beau, and she was as much surprised at the extent of his information as at the confident superiority of his general deportment over his Albany acquaintances. In his first interview he expatiated so fluently on the amusements of the city, its theatre, its battery, its Broadway, its sea-views, and its multitudes of gay and busy inhabitants, that she determined to see New-York before she irrevocably attached herself to any other place, and secretly reproached herself for her hasty resolve in favor of Albany, having but so lately experienced at Schenectady the rashness of precipitate resolutions by a person who had seen so little of the world as she.

How she gratified her intention of visiting New-York the historian

is almost afraid to record, because the manners of the simple times in which the event transpired are so different from ours, that the narration may bring suspicion either on the prudence of the young lady or on the veracity of the narrator; yet as Providence commands all men to speak the truth on all occasions, the command shall be obeyed, and the consequences be left to Providence. Know, then, that she took passage in the aforesaid sloop, on its return trip, and went to the great city with no protector but her own judgment, assisted by the friendly counsel of the aforesaid young man; and what may be deemed stranger still, no person thought her conduct improper or hazardous; nor in fact did she encounter either impropriety or danger, except that she felt very unusual sensations; but whether they proceeded from the novel scenery around her, or from the presence of the young man, remains still an undecided point of history.

The voyage was sufficiently long to furnish a large volume with incidents, were the writer gifted with the ordinary powers of amplification and description. To let go the anchor when the tide failed, and to hoist it up when the tide served, to pull in the jib-boom when the vessel tacked, and to let it swing out again on the opposite side as the sloop dodged from one bank of the river to the other, were noble opportunities for displaying the daring skill and muscular energies of the young man to the wondering gaze of the young maiden, to whom all the operations were novel and interesting. Nor were more romantic incidents wanting; for at many stoppages, the sailors, while waiting for a tide or a wind, lowered a small boat from the sides of the sloop, and the passengers went ashore to purchase fresh milk at the farm-houses near the margin of the river, to ramble a little way into the country, and perchance to find some apple-trees with goodly fruit thereon; and which, being gathered without compensation or license, added much to the piquancy of the fruit. But the most pungent amusement, and one that never failed to excite the hilarity of all the voyagers, was when the helmsman would slily, but in apparent unconsciousness, steer against the nets that were spread in the river for shad, and thus enable the sailors to extract the fish; while the fisherman on the shore would bluster at the outrage, in all the abuse of impotent rage.

At New-York they eventually arrived, on the sixth day of their embarkation, and safely, notwithstanding the storms and tempests which occasionally had varied the incidents of the voyage. The captain, who in the language of the times was called 'the skipper,' lived in the city, and as had been preconcerted, took the fair stranger home to his house, where she was kindly welcomed by his wife, who soon discovered in her a remarkable resemblance to a dear daughter who had died a year previously. The captain now recognised the likeness, and his son (the young man of whom we have been speaking,) recognised it also, and his two sisters were not slow in the same recognition; accordingly nothing can exceed the love parental, sisterly and fraternal that suddenly seized the whole family toward their visitor. The old lady and the captain could not help calling her daughter, while the young gentleman and young ladies were

equally impelled to call her sister; so that the scene might well have gladdened every beholder's heart who possessed a spark of benevolence.

Out of doors the sights were as captivating as the scene in doors was affectionate. The stranger was delighted at the ships in the harbor, the bustle on the quays, the houses without number, the streets without end, the crowds without cessation, the ladies without negligence, and the gentleman without awkwardness; the rumbling of carts, the ringing of bells, the splendor of shop windows and the twinkling of lamps. New-York stood without a rival as the only place worth living in, and while the visitor rejoiced in the accident that had brought her there, and shuddered at the dulness of Albany, from which she had escaped as by almost a miracle, and overflowed with gratitude toward the good people whose hospitality she was enjoying; she was in a delightful humor to bear the kind banterings of the sisters, who proposed that she should accept of brother Charles, and enjoy these delights for ever. Brother Charles himself was not backward in sustaining these hints, but plied his suit so earnestly, that long before the sloop was prepared to trail its slow length back to Albany, Miss Lucinda Tompkins of old Fort Schuyler, became the wife of Mr. Charles Augustus Lusher, son of Frederick William Lusher, skipper of the sloop Rising Sun of Coenties slip, New-York; for such was the announcement of the marriage, as it appeared in the Commercial Advertiser, the only newspaper that was published in the city of New-York, at the time in question.

The festivities of the wedding have not been chronicled, nor the incidents of the honey-moon; but as all things must come to an end, these events experienced the general law; and eventually all the novelties of New-York had been enjoyed till they had ceased from being novel; and worse, all the good humor of the Misses Lusher, all the maternal affection of old Mrs. Lusher, and even all the patience of the old skipper came to an end in process of time; and the curious discovery was at length demonstrated anew, that no house is large enough for two families. Young Mrs. Lusher was also urgent to live alone like other people, and for the furtherance of the project, she tendered to her husband all that remained of the gold she had brought from home, and which by dint of various purchases, had insensibly pined away to about half of its original quantity.

To house-keeping the parties went, though before they obtained the numerous conveniences of a city household, all the remaining gold became expended; and Mrs. Lusher was brought to remember, that in the almost forgotten log-house of her father, were two more boxes of larger dimensions than the one whose contents had proved so evanescent. To fetch number two, Mr. Charles swiftly arranged with no little pleasure, and departed under the strong injunctions of his wife to abide by the intentions of the donor, and not to touch number three, till the contents of number two should be exhausted; an event, however, which she intended should not occur; for she began to perceive that money takes to itself wings, and needs the supervision of a vigilant keeper.

On arriving at the old cabin, after a journey which would have been tedious had it not been relieved by the principle, that 'the labor we delight in physics pain,' every thing was found just as it had been left; except that the log in front of the door, had by some means fallen down. Box number two, the object of his journey, was not so large as number three, which stood abreast of it, and seemed to protest against being left alone by the withdrawal of its companion. The silent protest was not without its effect on the sensitive feelings of the young man; and he even ventured to lift the box, and found it heavier than number two, as it ought to have been, in accordance with its superior size. All the blood in his body seemed to rush into his head, as he thus contemplated the golden charms of his wife. She never seemed to his imagination so beautiful as at that moment; and much his conscience smote him, that he had presumed on some occasions to disregard her wishes. He was even tempted to disregard them now, and to carry home both boxes instead of number two alone. He might hide it, and she would not know that he had brought it. Why trust so much treasure where it could so easily be stolen? These reasons had well nigh made him unfaithful to the injunctions of his wife, when his superstition came in as a powerful auxiliary to his fidelity. Superstition was among the prevailing weaknesses of the age in which he lived; and when he reflected on the strange character of the old trader, his long residence among the Indians, and the mystery which always seemed to surround him, he was afraid to violate his wishes; and carefully locking again the cupboard, retraced his way homewgrd, with only box number two.

At home he arrived, and the box was eagerly opened; but to the sad disappointment of the owners, it contained only coins of silver. Still the amount was not small, and it consisted of dollars, and the different fractional parts of dollars that were current. At the bottom of the box was found, in the hand-writing of the old man, and manifestly intended for his daughter, 'Live where you can.'

This seemed to imply that as the gold was expended which enabled her to live any where, the present supply was only sufficient to live on in certain circumscribed places. But so limited seemed not its capacity to the present possessors; and beside, was not another and still larger box awaiting their necessities when the present should be exhausted!

Thus consoled and reässured, the silver was carefully locked up in a snug closet of which Mr. Charles carefully took the key, and placed it in his waistcoat pocket among the things to be preserved most safely. The act was performed with all the firmness and deliberation of a man who knows what he is about, and wishes to impress other persons with a sure sense of the same fact.

But in spite of the aforesaid pantomime, and though Mr. Charles was a very pretty young man, as his wife had long known, he was not the person to make a very prudent use of money; and this his wife had lately begun to suspect. He was both lazy and inclined to dissipation. He smoked almost incessantly, continued out till very late hours at night, and not unfrequently returned with unequivocal signs

of inebriety. In addition to these causes of growing discontent on the part of the wife, she could not help observing with dissatisfaction, that she was not the distinguished person in the city, that she had been in Albany and Schenectady; and while the novelties of New-York palled upon her senses, her heart secretly pined after the lost self-complacency which had been fostered by the adulation toward her of the former places.

With these feelings silently fermenting in her bosom, her dissatisfaction with the city became every day stronger, and its attractions every day weaker; but when she at length ventured to promulge her feelings in conversation with her husband, they grew rapidly, and soon became uncontrollable. She wished him to remove to Albany, and eventually urged it forcibly and incessantly, while he deemed Albany the most intolerable of places; and New-York, where he had always lived, the only residence where existence was endurable.

A dissatisfaction in married life is like a rent in a knit stocking, it must be speedily repaired or it will become irreparable. The latter result was unfortunately realized in the present instance, for the more Mrs. Lucinda complained, the more indifferent to her complaints became Mr. Charles; and the more indifferent became Mr. Charles, the more urgent became the complaints of Mrs. Lucinda. Like all descents, the matrimonial fall was rapidly increasing in intensity by a sort of compound progression, so that he began to drink openly, and she to fret as openly. But as death had been her friend in the commencement of life, and released her from the solitude of Old Fort Schuyler, so again death stepped kindly forward, and released her from the tumults of New-York. Mr. Charles, in coming home late one night in a state of pretty high excitement, staggered off Coenties' Slip into the river and was drowned.

The historian hates grief, especially funerals, therefore we will pass over the sad intelligence that early the next morning was brought to Mrs. Lusher; her returning love, when love was no longer appreciable by its object, and her self-reproach, when reclamation was no longer practicable. The readers must supply these omissions in any way most agreeable to their respective tastes. The sad events were, however, no sooner faded into the past, than Mrs. Lusher began to put in practice her project of returning to Albany, against which no obstacle any longer existed. Her known intention soon brought upon her a host of bills for debts, of whose existence she had previously no knowledge and their liquidation speedily stripped her of all her remaining silver, and even then numerous debts were left unpaid. In this dilemma she instinctively thought of box number three. The exigency was arrived in which it could be properly resorted to, and therefore promising her remaining creditors a speedy payment, she took with her only a few changes of apparel, and proceeded hopefully toward the scenes of her early childhood, where, after various accidents of flood and field, and without having stopped unnecessarily an hour upon the way, she safely arrived, and found all things as before related, and box number three unopened.

Box number three was, as we have several times stated, the largest

of the set, and the heaviest; and as she had been accustomed in early life to many masculine operations, she knew enough of the use of a hammer and chisel to open the box without difficulty; but lo! her surprise was equal to her mortification, when she saw no gold, no silver, but copper. She took out handful after handful, in the eager hope that some gold would be found, or some silver, but the whole was small copper coins, such as used to be current before the introduction of American cents. At the bottom of the box she found this label, 'He only can live where he likes who will like where he lives.'

To return to New-York with this small sum of money would be useless, she therefore left the debtors to make the most they could out of the effects she had left in the city, and taking with her the coppers, (for they being her all, were not to be neglected,) she returned slowly and sad to Albany. Whether time had changed her, or grief and disappointment, or whether the change was in the people of Albany, we know not, but the poor Widow Lusher looked, in their eyes, not like the rich heiress Lucinda had looked some few years previously, nor did they appear to her like the admiring, hospitable, and affectionate friends they had been in those happy days. The maidens had all become matrons, and no longer possessed any love of gayety or any leisure for society. The beaux had all become husbands and were too busy in supplying the wants of their growing families to expend any time in unnecessary civilities. The old people of the former day were either dead or had become so benumbed with accumulated infirmities, that they were the same as dead for any purposes of friendly recognition, or active benevolence, excepting only one bed-ridden old woman, who seemed rejoiced to see her, and claimed some present services in remuneration of former hospitalities. Poor Lucinda was glad of even this recognition and would have requited it by administering personally for a few days to the wants of her helpless old friend, but a married daughter, with whom the sick woman lived, intimated that the old woman was in her dotage and needed no assistance, and that the house was already too full of inmates to admit of another.

Finding herself thus a stranger and neglected where she had expected sympathy and admiration, the Widow Lusher concluded she would indignately abandon a town which was given up to selfishness, and fix her residence in the more simple but good-hearted city of Schenectady, among her earliest friends and the friends of her father, over whose memory she now wept bitterly, for the first time since his death. In the melioration of her feelings by this outbreak of grief, she felt some reproach at ever having been tempted to prefer Albany to Schenectady, the tinsel of politeness for the solid gold of unsophisticated kindness, and she mentally resolved that no returning prosperity and no change of time should ever again make her forgetful of their friendship.

To Schenectady she accordingly returned, yearning with good feelings toward its whole population, but the change there was worse than at Albany, for the Albanians were simply indifferent and forgetful, but at Schenectady the people remembered too much and were

revengeful. They could not forgive the levity with which they had been abandoned in the hour of her prosperity, and they were more exasperated than soothed that she should presume to make them the mere conveniences of her adversity. They felt that they had been injured, and they had no wish to be appeased. This last blow was a little too much for the equanimity of the now forlorn widow. She wandered into a small tavern, the only one which the city then contained, and sinking into a chair, gave full scope to her feelings in copious tears, as the full extent of her destitution for the first time appeared clear and naked to her perception.

The landlady was softened at this mute, but well-understood language of sorrow, and endeavored to allay with kind words the wounds of offended pride and disappointed hopes, but the wounds were too deep to be healed and too recent to be assuaged. Still the sufferer possessed the vigor of youth and the independence which flows from a hardy education in the wilds of a semi-civilization. Her spirits therefore soon rose above the depression with which misfortune was bearing them down, and she resolved to despise those who contemned her and to seek in the solitude of her pristine home a refuge from the selfishness of artificial communities. She accordingly, after paying the small tavern bill, and proudly rejecting an offered abatement, that was made on the supposition of her apparent poverty, placed herself on a loaded scow, that was proceeding up the Mohawk, and returned to Old Fort Schuyler and the log-cabin of her childhood, determined to put in immediate practice the prescription of her father, and by trying to like where she lived, to eventually live where she liked.

The Indians soon heard of her return, and those simple people, on whom the circumstance of more or less money produces no effect, came down to see her, bringing with them their furs, not doubting but she would purchase them, as her father had in times past. This was a new idea to her, but in the solitude of her position, she thought traffic would constitute an amusement, and she accordingly gradually became a purchaser of furs with the copper coins that she had brought home with her, and gradually became a dealer in tobacco like her father, and in the various articles desired by Indians; and also gradually, by the profit of her dealings, began to refil boxes number one, two, three, like those that her youthful imprudence had exhausted.

With the fame of her returning prosperity, the enmity of the people of Schenectady gradually subsided, and even the memory of the Albanians gradually brightened. When she occasionally resorted to those cities to replenish her merchandise and dispose of her furs, numerous were the friendly recognitions with which she was greeted, and numerous were the attempts to revive former intimacies; and even numerous were the offers that were made to induce the widow to relinquish her residence at Old Fort Schuyler and to become the helpmate of some friendly old widowed skipper of Albany or teamster of Schenectady, who in days long vanished, had been a beau of the blooming Lucinda. But she had seen enough of the world to

estimate unfavorably these late propositions, and as often as they were made to her, she kindly but firmly declared, that she had paid too much to live where she liked, to change the place now she had found it. She never did change it, but lived at Old Fort Schuyler all her days, the most contented and cheerful old woman in the whole place; for it eventually became quite a village, and she was surrounded by kind neighbors to whom she would relate with untiring interest, the foregoing events of her early life; as the sympathizing listeners would call to share her cheerful evening fire and comfortable tea-table. She would never forsake even the old log-house, though she was often importuned to build another, and her resources were known to be abundant; but the house suited her and she suited the house. They had both become old, but were still hale and strong. She always welcomed with food and lodging the Indians who visited the village, though the trade of purchasing their furs and supplying them with tobacco had fallen into younger hands, to whom she had quietly resigned it as soon as opposition showed itself urgent to obtain the business. The Indians came from Oneida in crowds, old and young, male and female, to attend her funeral when, after but an hour's illness, she had sunk in old age, (nobody knew exactly how old,) to her last repose; and she was buried aside her father, in a spot where now, alas! runs a street (Wiley-street,) which was the original burial place of the early settlers. Her property was eventually claimed by a collateral relation, living in Hartford, Connecticut, who accidentally heard of her after her death and apparently had possessed no knowledge of her previously. She had, however, in the latter period of her life, wisely expended the larger part of her estate in active benevolence to her Indians friends and white neighbors, and in their memory her good deeds and irreproachable name were long cherished; and they are now, together with the precept by which she discovered the art of living where she liked, recorded for the benefit of posterity in all future times.

THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY DR. DICKSON OF LONDON.

Sweet Rose! all charming as thou art,
Go to the bosom of the fair
But faithless nymph who holds my heart,
And shed thy sweetest odors there.

There, happy in her smiles, be thou
Of all I feel interpreter;
And in soft whispers tell her how
I live, I love, I burn for her!

And when thy head shall languidly
Upon her snowy breast decline;
Say to her then, sweet Rose! that I,
Dying, shall woo a death like thine!

STANZAS: A FANCY.

BY J. A. SWAN.

I.

Now in this purple twilight
I 'll set my fancy free,
Will put away all science,
And doubt astronomy;
Will gaze into the heavens
With myriad stars that gleam,
And think — not what they may be,
But only what they seem.

II.

The sky is a fenceless meadow,
Not very far away,
Which still moves near and nearer
With the departing day,
Till we see it filled with flowers,
Not ranged in rank and row,
But strewn in rich confusion,
As flowers were made to grow.

III.

Jove is a broad magnolia,
With petals long and white,
And Mars a fiery dahlia,
That flashes through the night;
The Serpent is a creeper
That half visibly doth run,
And the Moon, a great sun-flower,
Looks ever at the sun.

IV.

The Pleiads are a cluster
Of pale anemones,
And Corona a chaplet
Of brilliant *fleurs de lis;*
A chime of blue-bells, Lyra,
In simple order twined,
Whose most melodious music
Is whispered on the wind.

V.

The Dragon is a trailer,
Adorned with flowers fair,
And forms a twilight arbor
O'er Cassiopeia's chair:

Look every where, we see them,
Of every form and hue,
And some, so meek and modest,
Are hid beneath the blue.

VI.

The Milky-Way, a river,
Glides on 'mid rock and cave,
With cresses on the margin
And lilies on the wave;
And cardinals most lordly
Along its course are met,
And the meads are blue with gentian,
And the drooping violet.

VII.

There is no earthly flower
But hath a sister there,
Not of a richer perfume,
Not of a hue more fair;
But 't is as if those gardens
Had dropped their seeds below,
And like object and reflection,
They both together grow.

VIII.

A meteor! — how brightly
It flashes through the sky!
Some flower has lost a petal,
That on the wind doth fly;
Now onward like an arrow,
Now falling through the air:
Another! still another!
The wind breathes freshly there.

IX.

And all the broad expansion
Seems waving to and fro,
Like tall grass in the meadow
Or the barley-fields below;
I see the star-flowers twinkle
As leaves before them play,
And hear the golden ripples
Break on the Milky-Way.

X.

The air seems full of flower-dust,
Floating, dropping all around,
Which lodges on the tree-leaves
And covers all the ground;
And the sky seems falling, falling,
As if on earth to rest,
Till a feeling of oppression
Grows heavy in my breast.

Cambridge, Sept. 25, 1849.

The Bunkumville Chronicle:

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF NO. 1, AND NOTHING ELSE.

'GOD GIVE THEM WISDOM THAT HAVE IT, AND THOSE THAT ARE FOOLS LET THEM USE THEIR TALENTS.'

VOL. I. NOVEMBER 1, 1849. No. 3.

FIVE months, five mortal months, have we been wrapped in the arms of Morpheus; and if there be law in the land, we will have it! No man shall drug us with such opiates, and go unwhipped of justice.

One pleasant afternoon in June, our devil Sam having returned from the post-office, with a hysterical grin thrust into our hand a paper, upon the wrapper of which was marked 'P. X.;' and after kicking Sam out, as usual, we opened and read: '*The Bunkum Flag-Staff.*' We confess to a slight irritation at first, but soon laughed at his gross ignorance and envy of our transcendent genius and sparkling wit. *He* an editor to cater to a thirsting community! *he* draw refreshing drafts from the well of pure old English undefiled! Why, you might souse him in all over, and it would not improve him one whit; only it would foul the waters if he meddle with them. Well, we read on, and on, and on, in the vain hope of finding one redeeming point, until at length the sleepy influence of his pen overcame us, and *it* fell out that *we* fell out of our easy-chair, falling both asleep and on the floor. How much longer we might have remained in a trance, we know not, had it not been for the application to our nostrils of the following pungent letter from our venerated friend, patron and correspondent, Major Bunkum, once more restored us to vitality. In an instant we ordered the pestilential cause of our dire misfortune to be cast into the flames; but, alas! not sufficient latent caloric existed in it to allow of combustion. We tore it into bits, and cast it to the fresh morning breeze; but, too heavy to be affected by it, it ominously fell to the ground. We then had the scraps carefully swept up and thrown into a glue-pan; when, wonderful to relate, here they proved too light, and although thoroughly saturated, refused to sink. There let us leave them, while we present to our readers Major Bunkum's very remarkable letter:

'HOOKER! Old hoss, what 's broke? Why don't you open and give tongue? Er ye shut up fer good, or er ye ondly playin possum? When yer paper didnt make a show for two months, I was powerfull riley, and would hev writ to stop it; ondly, by NED! twant no sorter use, fer you 'd got clar ahead on that trail, and stopped it fer me. Ide no idere what the diffikelty was tell I sot ise on that alfired smart chunk of a paper, 'The Bunkum Flagg-Staff.' 'Flagg!' I raythor reckon the feller will hev to flagg afore long; and there warnt no sorter use puttin the 'Staff' on, for any one can see hese a stick, without any 'item.' And thar you er, a-settin and a-settin, and not hatchin nothin.

'Dern it, old feller, jest let me ax one thing: *a'ter his breakin into yer office, stelin yer spellin, and carryin off yer sins,*

I jest want to know, fer information, ef yer agwine to stand it so docious? Dog on my cat, ef I believe it!

'He sez Bunkumville 's 'an outsquirt of Bunkum,' does he? I allow thar 's *one* squirt out of Bunkum when he 's on his travels, and I 'll risk my pile that his mammy aint apraised of his abequatilation. Why, that consarned Bunkum 's nothin but a long-shore pile of huts in the state of Long-Island, whar they dont raise any thin, cause thar aint no perduchuns, and so they live most ways on clams; and that 's why this chap 's so clamerous.

'And so thar 's 98 principals to work at that alfired paper, is thar? Well, that accounts for the idees bein so mixed up, I allow. What does that feller know about Bunkumville, I 'd jest like to know? It 's no more to do with Bunkum than a rale Simon Poor rabbit has to do with a Welch one. '*An outsquirt of Bunkum!*' That sticks in my crop! Jest 's if thar wa' n't two Bunkums; ondly one on em 's got a 'ville' for a tail, cause hit 's genteeler.

'Do ye want to know how his owdacious log settlement got its name? Ye see, the Yankees say a thing 's 'bunkum' when it 's good enuff as it is; the Canada Frenchers say '*Bunq cum sa;*' and that 's the root of the evil. Now, that dern Bunkum haint moved nor shifted nor changed for nigh onto a hundred year; the peeple 's most on em livin now that was then; they 're too dog-on lazy to draw their last breth. Evry thing that thar grand-dads did they think 's about the right thing; and they 're so sot up in thar own noshuns and consates, that the naybors all calls em 'Bunkumites.'

'Now our North-Carolina Bunkum 's another sort er place. We onst sent a chap to Washington, whar he giv tongue so long that all the other fellers fell asleep and got to snorin; and when the Sargint tride to make him shet up, he swor he waddint, cause he sed he was a-talkin to Bunkum. Well, the story got riz on us, and that 's the way we cum so poplar.

'Now, PETER, look heah: don't ye think that Flagg-Staff man must hev gone to skool in a house built of crooked logs, his spellin 's so powerfull twistified? Ime sum pumpkins in that line; but he 's a huckleberry above my persimmon, and right smart lanyope too, as them creole darkies say. His information is jest about ekil to the Hosiers' Ive hearn tell on, what war a standin on the shores of the Big Drink, when long bulged the old 'Meteor,' a reglar screamer, I tell ye. 'Hallo, Jim!' sez he, 'what boat 's that?' 'Why, can't ye read, ye dern fool?' sez Jim. 'Read? yes; but what 's the meanin' on it?' 'Why, ye see,' sez Jim, 'shese a powerfull big boat, and kin tote a gush of pork; mer 's any other on the Drink; and that 's why they call her Meat-ier; ondly them dernd paneters up to Sante Loos hant had no arly advantagis of eddieation, and spell like thunder!'

'Well, I allow our friend must hev got his skoolin along with that Hosier; and nither of em took much of a spell at it.

'Ive got jest one partin yip to give to him, and here it is: Look out, *stranger*, and keep your eye skinned! Clar the kitchin; *gentlemen 's* a-comin. Ye 're a-barkin up the wrong tree; and ef ye come a-cavortin round our Peter, and a-snekin on his trail, this child 's a'ter you with a sharp stick! MAJOR BUNKUM.'

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

NUMBER THREE.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

WE learn from GROSE's Dictionary that although all vegetables may be considered as plants, yet there are some plants which *are not* vegetables.

The term vegetables (vulgarly pronounced wegetables) is perhaps derived from the peculiarly pointed form of most of this description of esculents, and hence called wedge-eatables. There are some however of different form, as the potato, onion, etc., and these are said to be flatulent.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their dispositions, and well provided with pistils.

As with the human family, the lower portion of all plants are radicles.

Trees are migratory in their habits, for wherever they may winter, they are sure to leave in the spring; most of them are extremely polite and full of boughs.

The external coating of many trees is the most valuable part. Cork trees and boot-trees for instance.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous except when about to shoot.

Some trees are like watch-dogs principally valuable on account of their bark.

A small quantity of bark will make a

rope, but it requires a large pile of wood to make a cord.

Although there are no vegetable dandies, yet there are a great many spruce trees.

Most trees are respectable. A number however, of lo-cusses are found among them.

It is considered to be proper to ax trees before you fell them.

All fruit trees have military propensities. When young they are well-trained; they produce many kernels, and their shoots are very straight.

Grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy they are cradled; and generally well threshed to render it fit for use.

Tares are found among the small grains only, which is the reason that they alone require sewing.

Too great indulgence in fruit is dangerous; a free use of melons for instance, often produces a melancholic turn.

Old maids are fond of pears, but cannot bear dates. Lovers like tulips and the cypress. Sailors, are attached to bays, and oystermen to beaches. Ordinary looking individuals and carpenters, to plane-trees. Reserved and distant persons, to the fir. Love-sick maidens, the pine. Crockery dealers, the China-tree. Mock-auctioneers, the gum. Masons, the lime. Chatham-square merchants, junipers. Politicians and young parsons, the poplar. Misers, the plum. Blacksmiths, the iron-tree. Shoemakers, the boot-tree. Manufacturers, the cotton-tree.

MISCELLANY.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

INNS AND FRESH ACQUAINTANCES ARE DANGEROUS. No doubt of it in the world; and inns are the very places of all the world to meet *fresh* acquaintances.

AN OAK IS NOT FELLED WITH ONE BLOW. That depends altogether upon how hard the blow is. A September gale is very apt to make a general average among the kings of the forest.

AFFECTATION IS AT BEST A DEFORMITY, especially if there is a *bustle* about it.

A HASTY MAN NEVER WANTS WO. We think rather differently; a hasty horse certainly does very often.

A SMALL SPARK KINDLES A GREAT FIRE. Tom Thumb is about the smallest spark we wot of, but we have never heard that he had any thing to do with the great fire.

IT IS HARD FOR AN EMPTY BAG TO STAND UPRIGHT. Empty Pillow succeed better, it appears, especially when bolstered up with government patronage.

BUSINESS IS THE SALT OF LIFE, which accounts for business being so excessively dry.

HORRIBLE ATROCITY.

A LEGAL friend of ours, whose somnolent propensities are rather fully developed, having taken his accustomed dominical nap in church, received on the ensuing day the following bill:

New-York, 29th Sept., 1849.

TIMOTHEUS SNOOKS, Esq.
Attorney at Law,
To Rev. Mr. SPRIGGINS, Dr.

For Lodging:	
Two naps, at fifty cents each,	$1 00
Six snores, at twelve and a half cents,	75
Two extra do., at twenty-five cents,	50
One double extra do., at fifty cents,	50
Damages:	
Awakening four old ladies and sixteen children by the last operation, at twenty-five cents, children half price,	3 00
Kicking in sleep, and bumping head seven times, each disturbance twenty-five cents,	1 75
Speaking aloud in his sleep, and saying 'You can't come it!' when the Rev. Mr. S. was soliciting a contribution,	50
Injury to the Rev. Mr. SPRIGGINS' feelings,	1 13
Immediate payment is requested.	$9 13

N. B. Any delay will result in the issue of a habeas corpus to the sexton.

ADDENDA TO THE THEATRICAL LEXICON.

SUDDEN ILLNESS: unpremeditated intoxication.

INDISPOSITION: a flare up with the managers.

PRIMA DONNA: a fifth rate squaller from a third rate Italian theatre, imported expressly to gull the natives.

THE LAST EMANATION.—'Yes,' said Mrs. P., sighing, 'great expectorations was raised about him, and he was a man of uncommon debility, but he studied too hard, and so the doctors said he brought on information in his brains, and departed this pulmonary existence.'

CAPTAINS OF VESSELS, when they are crowding sail, treat their ships as nurses do refractory infants, clap on a spanker.

Mose in India.—We perceive the Sikeseys in India have had to mosey; and so it appears that they have not real-lized their expectations.

THE MODERN MARINER.

'T was evening, and the cloudless sky
Foretold no threat'ning tempest nigh;
And proudly in the upper air,
Peerless and bright, the queen of night
Poured down her flood of silvery light,
Making all fair things seem more fair.

. . . . .

A boat awaits my guiding hand,
Fast moored upon the glistening strand,
And in I leaped, gave loose her wings,
As o'er the tide she lightly springs,
Around her prow the creaming wave
A pale and fitful lustre gave,
Like diamonds sparkling on the sea,
The gems of Neptune's treasury,
Bright drops of liquid light float by,
As faster, faster on we fly.

. . . . .

The moon at length has sunk to rest,
Pillowed on Ocean's heaving breast;
Dark clouds are shrouding all the sky;
Fierce forked flashes fitfully fly.
The stars affrighted hide from sight;
Egyptian darkness wraps the night.
The gleaming of the crested sea,
The flash of heaven's artillery,
The only lights to cheer and save
The wanderer on the midnight wave.
Yet ever onward, onward still,
Impelled by a mysterious will.

. . . . .

A hand!—a hand! I see it now,
A skinny hand upon the prow;
A skinny hand and a demon's eye;
A wailing blast sweeps wildly by;
Seems burthened with a deep-drawn sigh,
And rising from the groaning sea,
A laugh of hollow mockery,
As of a fiend in dev'lish glee,
A gush of waves around me sweep;
And struggling in the raging deep,
No time for prayers, no time for fears,
Strange voices ringing in my ears,
Unearthly visions flitting near,
A horrid clang—and I awoke;
Awoke to find it fantasy.
The breakfast bell my slumber broke,
So close my dream I can't, I see.
An oyster supper late at night
Nightmare provoked, and direful dreaming,
Rain through a window open quite
Set my fantastic brain a scheming.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Tea House, tuesda, Anno Dominich, 1849.

Mister Headeater: I want tu git a situashun in sum extinguished abominable or magiseen as principal contributer in the potterry line. I would like a review, but am feard I'm not quite up tu milintary tactics.

Good jugs has denounced my talens in potterry as bein suthin uppards of considibul. I spose you nose I 'm the sun and hair of the celebrated Miss Partington. Sum folkes ses she 's got false hair, but it's ondly a militia slander, jest 's f a marm wud n't know her own sun. Ef thay 'd sed it about my Pa I woudent have thought it haff so strange.

I send you hear with a pepermint of my stile, which of you kin git over, and will publish in the 'Kronikle,' He think my fortin 's maid that minit. I wrote these tu Miss Sally —— when we was agreable:

Yuve got rale lasses lips, dere Miss,
Sweeter ner sweet pertater;
And wen a feller gits a kiss
It beats awl human nater!

But arter we 'd had a sorter bobery kiked up betwixt us, and she tride tu turn up her nose at me, ondly she cuddint, fer nater had turned it up so high a'ready, that when she tride the spearmint she lost her ballance and fell over westerd, then I wrote the follerin histerical lines—

TO SASSY SALLY.

Oh Sal! ure ise is very sharp,
But sharper ure elbose is;
Sharperer yet ure temper, Sal,
And sharpercst ure nose is!

Ures, respectably,
Zakariar Partington.

POETRY.

YE PLEASAUNTE BALLANDS, CLEPT YE

SOWDYOURE AND YE HOSTE.

Supposed to have been written by Sir John Maundeville.

Fyttе ye Firste.—Showynge howe ye Sowdyoure gotte hime mete withouten fee.

A Londe theyre ben owere ye see,
Meane clepen Alleymayne;
An hostel theyre an hoste dyd keepe,
And althro' Luste o gayne.

Ne manne he been opene herte,
Ye pens dyd grype ryghte dour;
Ne mendicaunte, ne starvynge dame,
Ben derk himme opene door.

A cumynge sowdyoure manne theyr came
Fro merrie Engelande,
Hys purs ben barre, for travaille farre
Ne small purs mighte withstande.

Ryghte lustylie then called he
For mete and fyseche and wyne;
And when off mete ynoughe ben ete,
Ne fee ye hoste myghte fynde.

Nowe paye to me meyn hoste seyen he
Tenne pens o sylver bryghte;
Or else fulle deepe yn dungon keep
Ye clappe you thyevynge wyghte.

Nowe staye your hande on faythe of manne
One yeer ben passe awaye;
Thro thys same Reme, returnynge hame,
Comme Y to paye your fee.

Nowe here 's for thee a gondon fee,
Als you wil fulle soone fynde,
Thee raysed himme foote and clouted boote
And kycket himme behynde.

Saunte Marie, here thy servant's prere,
Iesu so me sauve;
Revengyd to be foule carle on thee,
Or fille deshonoured grave.

FYTTE YE SECONDE.

Showynge how ye Sowdyoure paydaye hoste.

On yeer ben passen quycke awaye,
And at ye hostel doore;
Ye Sowdyoure manne, agayne dide stond,
And lustylie dyd roare.

Comme outen here, o surleye hoste,
Comme outen unto mee;
I comme fro farre and dystaunt warre
To paye ye owynge fee.

Ye hoste dyd quake, ye hoste dyd shake,
To heare ye Sowdyoure voyce;
But when ye dette, he thoughte to gette
His herte dyd muche rejoyce,

O pardone me, you Sowdyoure manne,
I tooke ye for a knayve,
But now ye comme to paye your dette,
Pardone I humblye craue.

Naye, naye, myne hoste, I trowe I be
A right goode truthfulle manne;
But menne theyr ben, who thynke no sinne
To cheyte you when they canne.

Brynge mee a pottel of goode wyne,
Bringe mee a goode fatte henne,
And I wil drynke and I wil ete,
And I wil paye you then.

Outen he broughte ye pottel wyne,
Outen ye goode fatte henne;
Ye Sowdyoure drauke, ye Sowdyoure ete,
Ye Sowdyoure seyen then:

Agone on yeers, I dyd comme here,
Anhunger-ed fulle sore,
To fille my cravynge bellye then
I ben make derke your doore.

Ne sylvere bryghte had I to paye,
Ne sylvere bryghte, ne golde,
I seyen treue to paye to you,
Whenn on yeere bye hadde rollde.

O pardone mee! I bolde Sowdyoure manne,
O pardone me! I praye,
And gyve to me ye twentye pens,
That ben thy dette thys daye.

I tolde to thee, O surleye hoste,
And I wil meke yt trewe;
Revengyd I wold ryghtlie be,
I swere yt unto you.

Tenne sylver pens ye dette then ben,
You kycket me behynde;
Ye raysed foote, ye clouted botte,
Dwelle alwaye yn my minde.

You kicket mee behynde, myne heste,
And now I wil thee thanke,
For twentye pens my presaunte dette
To cheeke on ye same banke.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'X. Y. Z.' *enquires what sea poets are supposed to be the most partial to? A-dri-attic we imagine.*

'GROWLER' *asks if guttural sounds are peculiar to the Germans and our Aborigines? Not at all. Nocturnal cats are notorious for guttural melodies.*

'THE MAJOR' *wishes to know why the sixth word resembles a military coat? Can't tell for the life of us, unless because it is so thoroughly paddled.*

'JUSTICE' *is curious upon a curious subject. Who first underwent the punishment of the pillory? Lot's wife, to be sure. See Dead-Sea Expedition.*

'BELLES LETTRES' *wants to know the precise meaning of chopping logic? Axing questions and receiving cutting replies.*

'PARCHMENT' *desires to be informed why a sailor off Cape Hatteras is like a lawyer examining a deed? Rather think he is looking out for flaws.*

'ST. HELENA' *enquires why Napoleon did not stay quietly in Elba? Perhaps there was not enough elbo'-room for him there.*

'ANNA MARIA.'—*Jane Eyre is not new, but probably an old Spanish story, as a city and river in South America are named after her—Rio-Janeyr-o.*

'AMATOR' *asks what is proper food for young married persons? Green turtle, we presume.*

'SCRUTATOR' *would like to know why Yankee lovers on Sunday nights are like the boys that loiter about our wharves. We suppose it must be because they are fond of lapping lasses.*

'A CONSTANT READER' *requests our opinion of beetles. We think them to be decided ham-bugs.*

'MELPOMENE' *enquires why a cannibal rejoicing at having dined upon his wife would resemble Mr. Forrest the other night. We imagine he was Glad-i-ate-or.*

'INQUISITOR' *wants to know which is the most dangerous, a balloon or a double-barrelled gun. Do n't know. They are both provided with pair-of-shoots.*

'O. P. Q.' *asks why modern ladies are so easily consoled? Because they are always so-laced.*

'JOSEPH.'—*Yes, Sir, your name is rather unpopular with the fair sex, and we are sorry to say that but three persons with the same handle ever arrived at distinction; Mrs. Potiphar's Joseph, Jo Smith, and Joseph Andrews. Although it is considered highly probable by the best authorities that the Jewish historian title was originally the*

same, but from his peculiar fondness of witnessing all sorts of rows, such as the taking of Jerusalem, etc., etc., he received the soubriquet of Jo-see-fus.

'Astor-Placer.'— We do not know about your assertion that Colonel Webb's influence is declining, although your remark is true that 'Although he compelled the Woods to leave, he could not make the Forrest put out.'

O. P. Q.' asks why, if we should by mistake present a mendicant with a quarter instead of a copper, the action would be like a toast? How silly! It was a cent-I-meant, of course.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST, STOLEN OR BORROWED.—A peculiarly fine temper, covered with rose-colored silk, brass ferule, government steal tip'd, and crooked handle. It was carried by the proprietor to the last inauguration, and then and there changed for a shocking deep-blue cotton affair, badly discolored with contract ink, and a remarkably stiff upright handle. It cannot be induced to shut up on any account.

As the subscriber has endeavored in vain to persuade a tailor to re-cover the present incumbent, finding it past endurance in its present condition, he now offers a liberal reward to any person who will restore his own.

The article now in his possession is very singularly marked, and can easily be recognized. It has painted upon its cover a prophetic view of sunset at Salt River, an ideal decapitating machine in full operation, and an imaginary gullet-in.

☞ Brother editors will please copy.

1June,1t.p. UNION.

WANTED, a few active Homœopathic whips, to drive the new stages of disease lately invented by

THE HOMŒOPATHIC GENERAL COMMITTEE.

CRISTY & CO.,

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

ECONOMY AND GRATIFICATION COMBINED.

MECHANICS ALL ATTEND.

CRISTY & CO. offer a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS to prove they are not the original inventors of their very popular mellow-dyes.

Old Songs turned, repaired, dyed a lasting black, and new words sewed on. Threadbare Airs renovated, and made as good as new. Old Jokes re-vamped and half sold. Conundrums manufactured, warranted to last forever, and then to be good enough to be turned into puns.

Colored white-washing also done here. Upper, lower and middling stories carefully brushed over. Areas will receive particular attention, and all work done up the brownest kind.

Thankful for past favors, they respectfully inform the public in general that they have returned to their old quarters, and are now prepared to receive new ones.

I. O. O. F. MYTHOLOGICAL LODGE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Father Mathew, who should have remained farther and kept himself to himself, having made his corporate appearance upon this earth, is hereby dislodged from our order.

Signed,

THE MAN THAT STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON,
THE MAN IN THE CLARET-COLORED COAT,
THE MAN IN THE WHITE HAT,
THE MAN THAT SMOKES IN THE OMNIBUS.

NOTICE.—Although the editor of this paper is perfectly willing to receive any of the staple productions of this country in payment from subscribers, still, his own dignity, the duty he owes to his wife, children and bleeding country, has impelled him to take a decided stand in the present posture of affairs. In future he will not take sarse from any one.

PETER PINDAR, Jr.

THE SEASON OF ROSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ, BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

Up, boy! 't is the Season of Roses,
When none but the dullard reposes;
Bring wine, bring the song, bring the sentance,
And—a fig for our vows of repentance!

Amid roses like nightingales nesting,
While singing, and jocund and jesting,
We 'll quit not the wine-cup a minute
For Eden: where 's Eden, but in it?

'T is the Season of Roses!—come hither
Before they grow leafless and wither;
With a friend and the charm-giving chalice
Seek the bower—seek the young Rose's Palace.

With Hafiz to happiness clinging,
Where the bulbul his love-tale is singing
To the blossom that newly uncloses,
Give thy sense, give thy soul, to the Roses!

TO THE DEERFIELD RIVER.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

Glad river, on thy verdant brim,
An invalid in heart and limb,
Idle and sick, I weave my hymn.

Joyous thou flowest at my feet,
And overhanging groves repeat
The cadence of thy music sweet.

The noon-tide hour with burning ray
Holds vale and upland in its sway;
But thy swift waves it cannot stay.

Thou comest down through wood and glen,
As crystal and as cool as when
Thou first didst hear the voice of men.

Beneath the rock and through the lea
Thou rushest on, all light and free,
In thy far journey to the sea.

Far up among the frowning hills
And ancient crags thy fountain fills,
And o'er the rocky barrier spills.

The trailing elm and waving pine
And broad-leafed ivy intertwine
To hide that lofty home of thine.

Nursed in the ledge, the wild fox creeps
Along the verge of dizzy steeps,
And free but careful footing keeps.

And there the eagle, perching nigh,
Looks down upon thy birth-place high,
When cloud and storm are hurrying by.

And when the cloud and storm have sped,
The golden sunlight overhead
Streams through the boughs athwart thy bed.

The timid partridge leads her young
To thy cool brink the hills among,
Whose shadows vast around are flung.

The wild bird's carol in the morn
Wafted upon the breeze is borne
Through the green solitudes unshorn.

At eve, while burns the blazing west,
The stock-dove smooths his azure breast,
And coos his gentle mate to rest.

Ah! why thus eager in thy flow,
Like human hearts that blindly go
Other and untried scenes to know?

Flow on, bright river, in thy pride!
Alas! too soon thy waves will glide
To swell the ocean's boundless tide.

And then thy grieving waves will burn
Toward home their truant feet to turn—
The peaceful home that now they spurn.

Sweet river! lost on Life's broad main,
Full many a weary heart would fain
With tears of blood its home regain.

Claremont, (Mass.,) July, 1849.

LITERARY EMPIRICISM.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?' KING JOHN.

THERE is a difference between truth and error; an axiom which needs no argument to substantiate. There is also a distinction separating fact and fable, or the heir from the impostor. We dig deep and build high for walls to defend the prince, and lavish the treasures of the realm to engirdle his brow with a crown of erudition and wisdom; yet beyond the ramparts prowls the dark designer, with his cunning and his treachery, as the lever and the fulcrum, to topple over the lawful inheritor, while frequent errors and careless sentinels allow him to creep in to test his strength. As in the medical profession Doctor Sangrado still moves, in his own weakness a tome of skill and experience, while in reality a mere charlatan, so among mankind are those professing great possessions yet sadly adrift from the actual enjoyment.

As mortals we are imperfect; nor can we at any time, age, or by fortuitous circumstance, attain perfection, neither speak nor write words or sentences that breathe of perfectness. The reason is obvious: we are each and all biassed by our own idiosyncrasies, which hinge upon the peculiarity of temperament to a greater or less degree. A nervous man, stimulated by excitement, becomes absorbed in a subject, which he attempts to declare, and he proves a clever essayist or a terse, epigrammatic orator. Still, he fails to create a

fellow enthusiasm in the bilious man, who, cool in spirit, has that perfect control over self which the nervous man often courts but never wins. This difference in temperaments constitutes the pabulum for all the discord of mind, be it in 'the high places of earth' or among the less aspiring. Whichever temperament is paramount, you will there detect sentiments of a peculiar nature signalizing their origin by their fruits, usurping the place of all others; the reigning monarch of thought and of action; and one has treason in his heart dare he lift his head to open his lips in argument. Themistocles' exclamation, 'Strike, but hear me!' is made subservient to the more modern imperative 'Off with his head!'

There is a vein, nay, an artery, in the organization of society, which to many minds needs a purgative for its purification; but the nature of the physic or the method of administering, *non inventus est.* There needs the uprising of a mighty Esculapius, whose nod shall be as potent as that of puissant Jove; for man has become mechanical in thought as well as in movement; the power that shook high Olympus could hardly rouse him from his lethargy. Alas! the god Somnus, who upon Cimmerus slept a thousand years, has his imitators and his adherents. It is this: the channel of thought is clogged by the wrecks of so many endeavors of purblind mortals, who, greedy for immortality, burst upon the world with a glow-worm light, and faded into shadows, that others, (and *others* are many,) steering up the stream without helm or compass, snag their unballasted boats and sink likewise, while their spars and hulks are left decoys for the next endeavorer. Man thinks not for himself; his originality is lost in the fatal speciousness of the false apostles of rhetoric and of eloquence. The mind of the errorist is like a field sown with wheat, wherein creepeth the tare to choke and the rust to blight, without the slightest attempt to eradicate the one or prevent the other; and the result is, the soil capable of bearing a golden harvest is negligently left to produce nought but barrenness or abortion. Weeds are indigenous to all lands; but the fragrant rose and the yellow corn are obtainable only by carefulness and labor.

This artery, pregnant with impurities, pervades the entire system of society, until you see its effects upon and throughout the whole mechanism. Various excrescences, which attain a decayed maturity, and whose fruit, as grand-children, are cast upon us for endurance, are observable in daily life. Perhaps it may be novelty of style and sentiment, the mere gewgaw of the brain; but it is, nevertheless, far-reaching in its effects, and always with a proclivity to baneful issues. The unprincipled penny-a-liners, 'authors' as they are honorably called, are they who flood our youthful minds with a subtle spirit of wildness, which needs but the circumstance to image the monster. With a scintillation of evil craftiness, and an inspiration that cometh not of God, do these writers undress their brains of ideas full of fearful meaning to the inexperienced; and so cunning is their weft, with its hues of bespangled gold, that, like the apple from the hand of Eve, it is taken with avidity, and with an indifference to consequences. The inward torture tells the deluded victim at the eleventh hour that

a serpent has been cherished. Such readings follow the absence of mental discipline, and a desire to imitate some thoughtless ones who have passed through the brushwood. Imitation rather than originality is the inception of a state of powerlessness. All concede that 'the mind is the standard.' Our *vade mecum*, we look upon the handiworks of God with awe and yet with admiration. The golden sunset and the silver moonlight; the soft eye of woman and the rosy prattler; are subjects we contemplate with pleasurable interest. A gratuity it is we cannot transfer; a treasure more precious than the cedar of Tyre, the gem of Sardis, or the pearl of Gungunnah. And yet we abuse it both in a constant application of its powers and a total neglect of its capacities. The one abuse is injurious, the other criminal. The one uncommon, the other so frequent that it disgusts.

There is a large portion of mankind who with a physical enervation and a lassitude of mind allow others to feed them, and swallow the nourishment, be it a worm or a sparrow. Now these public caterers are those who have suddenly discovered their capacity of being 'blown up,' and even in their thinking it is done: shallow-pated fellows, with an enormous abundance of *ego non tu*, and who imagine themselves elevated far above the general talent. How they have crawled up the ladder none know, but there they are, soaring aloft in an element ill becoming their superlative ignorance. Perhaps it is a lecturer, whose subject favoring seriousness attracts the well-meaning, and who by apparent zeal and enthusiasm in his *trade* gains friends. He has a ready and voluble tongue; a full eye, that can at the shortest imaginable notice film over with moisture; an untiring loquacity to clog your ears with balderdash and cant. Perhaps his subject allows a margin for humorous display; if so, it is well used. A fund of old anecdotes and nursery rhymes is gleaned from Thomas' Almanac, or Mother Goose, and altered to fit; while the imagination, let loose to its utmost bounds, picks up ornaments crushed and withered by use and time, that have been in requisition since Tubal Cain drew the bow to feast and edify his auditors, forsooth! Shades of Syntax and ashes of Lindley Murray, can you lie undisturbed?

Perhaps it is a representative of reformers from certain pernicious vices. His pedigree may savor of the awl or the needle; it matters not, so he has a flippant tongue. Inveigled by the idea of being known as Timothy Straw, Esq., the Reformer; of being foisted before the community — nay, the world; looked upon by bright eyes, and 'lionized' by weak men and silly women; why the poor man feels he has changed; that his mind has suddenly enlarged; that he undertakes no more than a natural capacity dictates! Puffed with flattery, his vanity fed to satiety, he is as conspicuous as Dr. Law, or Prof. Knowledge, and, in fact, better known than the profoundest logician or belles-lettres scholar. O tempora! Six months agone, with an indifference at once brutish, this same wiseacre was picked from amid the common filth of self and street. Shall the picture be painted with a deeper shade? Nay, in it there is more truth than romance. With a change as sudden as death to the living, he is transformed into a public man, and 'all the world and his wife' have gone mad after

him. He is the last novelty; the last sutler for an army of morbid palates, and proves the appetizer to whet the taste lost by indolence and base excess. The thunder of the Roman Vatican could no more displace him from the hearts of the people than could Cæsar have turned from crossing the Rubicon. Like an electric shock does this mad enthusiasm pass from one to another, until all mouths open but to pronounce him the most natural orator and gifted man before the public.

Is this really so? Has our master talent; our ideal chief of eloquence and of song, been covered by living rags but as a disguise to be suddenly thrown off to our greater amazement and surprise? Impossible! Some may believe it, *some* will not. Well then, from what cometh this love of mental change? Again: it can be attributed to an absence of mental discipline; to the lack of originality of thought, which leaves others to write, speak and think for ourselves. Admit that it is *fashionable;* that it is treason against mind; an unpardonable breach of etiquette; an open-mouthed slander to speak other than in praise of him who makes the welkin glad with shouts of acclamation; him of the public desk and clamorous tongue, and mountebank oratorship; shall we too bow the knee? God save the mark!

Manifold are the ways to ride into publicity, and many are the competitors. One covers himself with a mantle of righteousness, another smiles would-be courtesy while acting the boor. The world is the fool; he the Solomon. Like a walled city are we, hemmed in by superstition, ignorance and imposition.

There are certain defined rules of energized thought which, if not ordained, have become regulated and established by time, and in the pursuance of which, the result is not problematical. It is known before tested, and with the ordinary experience of control, the profound writer can also be the true prophet. He has his course, and his charger is at his volition. Give then the right speed or the right check, and the flying chariot is the object of all eyes to gaze upon in rapt wonder. Its shafts are of iron, its impetus from God; what obstacle can delay, or what power of earth can impede? But let the course be uncertain, the charger untamed, and the progress is tortuous, while the vehicle pulled by unequal exertions is cracked, broken and crushed ere the gazer has turned. And yet with these wrecks about as monitors for the future, there are Jehus ready, ay, eager, to pull taut the rein and bury the spur, while admiring thousands stand by to encore them on to madness. As a ship beautiful in symmetry, majestic in her bearing, with hatches battened upon a precious cargo, can yield plenteousness to her owners, so the mind with culture and application can make the vaulted heavens ring with praises, and distil upon the heart the oil of gladness with the music of sweet adulation. It is the Eden of existence. Ambition is natural, failures are unfortunate, and condemnation is cruel; but where the one o'erleaps itself, the second follows as a contingency, while the supplement is but its final portion. Could we listen to true common sense, allowing ourselves no untutored master, but watch the movements of a

well-cultivated mind, then might we expect a rich increase to mouldy treasures half hid betwixt indolence and imposition. Let us burn the brushwood to make visible the stalwart oak.

Imperishable fame is won by deep concentration and an unrelaxed assiduity; but it is not this prospect that creates the new apostle. He has not thought so far onward yet. The present is his enjoyment, his intoxicating draught. A natural distrust whispers to him, '*Now;*' and blinded by the uncertain glare of his own phosphorescence, he stumbles on amid hope and fear, until gathering to himself fresh courage and quickened confidences he brays with asinine clamor, 'I am Sir Oracle!' and around him congregate a clannish sect of partisans, ready to follow him to the death. There is no profession, no pursuit, no trade, but these intruders have their circus. Like anti-Christs they are; like to such, let them be so entertained. Deplorable, truly, is the reign of a tyrant, and mortifying the endurance of a known empiric; yet more deplorable, more galling is the fact to sensible persons that one arisen from his own dung-hill, moveth among us and partaketh of our dainties with that air of assumption which forceth abeyance. The canvass upon which is painted such a picture is before us; a moving panorama. Run as we may with our ears stopped, the bells that herald the train are ever jingling at our side, ringing the harsh discord that merit dies at the approach of pretention.

Thus has it ever been, thus will it ever be. The established word of God is our declaration; though by no means compelling us to shut our eyes at the sight and endure with patience. Action is the only achiever; Mind the only helmet that blunts the cast javelin of envy or charlatanry. We would shake the good man from his stupor, the sensible man from his repose, and whisper, nay, bellow in their ears, that wolves are abroad in sheep's clothing, stealing from cotes the leader and the lamb; while for all unlettered pretenders, the artisan *sans* his apprenticeship, would we erect a guide crested with a finger of iron ever pointing with steadfast significance to letters which read: 'Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?—there is more hope of a fool than of him.'

A FRAGMENT.

The only female who escaped the wreck,
Wrung the damp locks that wandered down her neck;
And seated on a ledge of rock, looked round,
As dubious of the safety she had found.
The storm had ceased its ravages; but still
There was enough with fear her mind to fill;
The sea retreating on its sandy path,
Left scattered there the relics of its wrath.
A broken boat and many a plank were seen,
To tell how desolating it had been.
The birds of prey disputed in the cleft
Of the gray rock a corse the waves had left.
It was a woman's corse; her yellow hair
Tangled and twined with rudest rock-weed there.

TO THE NORTH STAR.

BY CHARLES R. CLARKE.

LONE, peerless sentinel! thy watchful eye
Still coldly beams upon me, as enthroned
Above thy kingly fellows of the North,
Thou mak'st night beautiful!

Old Ocean writhes in agony; his waves
Surge proudly high, and angry tempests sweep
The rifted sail; the mariners cling
In speechless terror to the heaving ship;
Proud masts are swiftly splintered; bulwarks fall;
While through the driven darkness, boding cries
Assail each wakeful ear: the pilot stands
In awful silence at the faithful helm.

All eyes are turned on him, while his are bent
Alone on thee, as if he sought thine aid
In mediation with the God of Storms!
There is an anchor in thy wondrous beam,
Which parts not in the clutch of elements;
It holds the vessel safe: its name is HOPE.

The wand'rer in the pathless desert wild,
Afar from human kind, still looks to thee;
Still, through the ling'ring watches of the night.
Though strange and fearful howlings fill his ear,
And nameless shapes rise up beside his path
In ever-wild succession; and the dawn
Is not more welcome to his wearied sense
Than thou — companion of his peril-hour!
For darkness summons from her wizard caves
Dim phantoms forth to lead the traveller astray,
But thy calm eye still guides him on aright.

The Soul's broad sky was rayless, cold and dark,
Discordant voices told a chaos there;
It knew nor form, nor void; confusion reigned,
And Hope seemed buried in eternal Night;
But lo! a strain of melody divine
Burst from its broken harp, and far above
The ceaseless war of Passion, there arose
A form of dazzling light, and all became
As GOD designed it — fair and beautiful!

Methought I heard, as borne from upper air,
An echoing sound. It fell upon my soul
With such a pure and melting tenderness,
I dreamed it came from Heaven's open gates:
The Cross! the load-star of the soul!

Rochester, (N. Y.,) Oct., 1849.

MOUNT SAVAGE RAMBLINGS.

NUMBER TWO.

A RIDE TO FROSTBURG.

THERE had been a sprinkle of rain during the night, which laid the dust; and the sky was just overcast enough to make it not cheerless nor too hot, when a friend, whom I shall call Leonardus, made his appearance to escort me to Frostburg. We had already been to the mines, you know, but they are under the hill, while Frostburg is on the top of it. So, mounted on our nags, we trotted along at a very steady rate, up-hill most of the way, occasionally wheeling round to enjoy the prospect, discoursing on the want of good roads in Maryland and Virginia; the superior enterprise of Yankeedom, the prospects of the iron business and the habits of the miners. They all use tobacco for chewing and smoking, and, like Jack, would rather go without their dinner than their quid.

'What creatures of habit we are!' said Leonardus; 'tobacco and brandy are universally distasteful to the palate of a child, but the moment they throw off nature they begin to like such things, and they get into the habit, simply to do as others do. Almost every country has some drink which seems to be created for man's use. In England the hop grows better than any thing else, and is fit for nothing but to make beer; in France, and in all the continental countries, there are grapes which are of but little use except to make wine. Well, the ale in England and the wine in France is a natural drink, and don't hurt when drunk on the spot; but we have no natural drink in this country. Apples grow freely, but they are rather for eating than drinking; and so of rye; though, if there's any spirituous drink that is healthy, it is good old Monongahela. And they keep it very good up at Frostburg. It goes through, and don't bind you up as brandy does.'

This winding-up of Leonardus, who is quite a temperate man, reminded me of an incident on board a steamship on its way to England. Dr. S——, a celebrated writer on temperance, was on board, and was looked up to with profound veneration by several 'advocates of the cause,' clergymen and others, who were fellow-passengers. The temperance men had a table almost exclusively to themselves, where a thicked-necked fanatical sort of personage, who called himself a 'preacher,' and was going out to collect funds for a negro-college in Canada, daily descanted on the merits of cold-water, and the folly of those who at the other tables were imbibing so much 'poison.' The pop of a cork sounded to him like a knell of approaching pestilence, and he was on all occasions appealing to the doctor for confirmation of his statements relative to the effect of alcohol on the system. On the last day of the voyage the captain, as is usual, sent champaigne

to all the tables. Our Canada passenger shook his head with the remark, 'It 's a waste of your ice to put it in our glasses,' when to his astonishment, he saw the great apostle himself, the doctor, raise his glass, fill it to the brim, and drink off the sparkling liquid with a perfect gusto, following it up with the remark, 'Champaigne never does me any harm. It goes right through me.'

'It does, does it?' exclaimed Canada. 'Well, Sir, the sooner a dagger goes through your heart, the better for your soul and for our cause.'

No sooner was it known in the cabin that the doctor had taken a glass, than the waggish passengers began to send their decanters, first to the doctor and then to the Canada man, with Mr. So-and-So's respects, etc. In spite of all his protestations, the doctor and the Canada man were completely enclosed in glasses of various kinds of wine, which however, I believe, remained unsipped.

But 'it goes right through you,' was henceforth considered a good excuse for drinking champaigne; and I believe the doctor got well lashed for it in some of the tee-total papers at home.

'Well,' says Leonardus, 'I think the doctor was right. I don't believe any pledge binds you not to drink good wine on the ocean, or in the wine countries of Europe. But as I was saying, we 've no natural drink in this country. And as for the stimulus of tobacco, I think the fact that it uses up the soil, is an argument that it was n't intended for general use. However, when you 've got into habit of using it it 's a great comfort. It 's a *very* 'slow poison' with me.

Here Leonardus took a fresh quid, and here we came to the Maryland Mining Company's shaft. It is much like that at Frostburg, though not quite so free from dampness. Here is the usual collection of miner's huts, and here too is a little chapel, which enjoys the afternoon services of our parson of whom I told you. Well, after climbing sundry hills, riding through close forests, and stopping to chat with a fat and merry farmer, who had just discovered a vein of coal in the neighborhood of his house, so as to save all coal-hauling to his domestic hearths, after all this, I say, we came to Frostburg. It is a village of perhaps four hundred inhabitants, on the top of a hill, overlooking a wide extent of country, which you take in to great advantage from the back porch of the principal hotel. And a right good hotel it is said to be, much resorted to by families from Baltimore and Cumberland in the summer season. It is about ten miles from the latter place, and being on the National Road, all the stages stop here on their way across the mountains. The place derives its name from Mr. Frost, the owner of the mines we visited the other day, which are distant about half a mile.

We concluded to try that 'old rye' Leonardus told about. There was some left in the decanter in which two or three flies had met a spiritual grave. The bar-keeper turned it out into a tumbler which was two-thirds filled, remarking that it would 'do for the drivers.' Soon afterward a driver came in, and putting a big lump of sugar between his teeth, raised the tumbler to his mouth and allowed the liquor to drain through the sugar, then, rinsing his mouth with a little

water, pressed his stomach with a comfortable twinkle of the eye, as much as to say, 'It feels good! Water is very well for an *occasional* drink, but for an *ordinary* drink, give me whiskey!'

It was along this region that Braddock travelled with his army when he went to attack Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh. You cross the road he made as you travel on the National Road, and the whole line of it is still visible through the woods. It is a better road than you would have supposed could have been cut merely for the passage of an army. WASHINGTON was the engineer who laid out the track, and the fact that the engineers of the National Road followed nearly the same track, attests the accuracy of the Pater-Patriæ. Braddock was buried on the road about thirty miles above here, on his return from his unfortunate expedition. It was at Fort Du Quesne that the Indian pronounced WASHINGTON bullet-proof, as he had seventeen fair shots at him and could not bring him to the ground.

There are deer in these woods, they say; and at the everglades, some miles from here, they shoot them in sufficient numbers to make a business of it. What delicate creatures they are, when young! A live fawn was caught by some dogs the other day, at the cost of a tooth-wound in one of his hind legs. He was given to Walley, who fed him with milk, and made him, next to the baby, the show of the house to all visiters. His hide was covered with white spots, which they said would disappear as soon as he grew older; and then, they said, he would be too troublesome, for any thing else but venison. But they do not well brook confinement, and poor Sylva, after lingering awhile and licking his wounded leg, laid himself down and died.

As we trotted home, we indulged in speculations on the probable appearance of this region a few years hence; and Leonardus thus discoursed:

'It will be a great business, Sir, that coal. Frostburg and all around it will be covered with miner's huts; and perhaps the iron-business will go-up! Its awfully solemn to see great manufactories shut up. People do n't look half as cheerful down at Mount Savage as they do up here, for that reason; and yet these very fellows who are begging for work will go to the polls and deliberately vote against a tariff which they know would set the works a-going. That 's what they call 'going for principle.' These Irish are an ungrateful set, any how.'

Then followed a discourse upon beards and shaving, occasioned by the luxuriant growth of hair about my companion's face. He never shaves at all, and his face always looks the same, while I am always shaving, and my face never looks smooth. And verily, could we always live among people who, like those at Mount Savage, do n't mind your savage looks, it would be a luxury not to use the razor at all, especially in the winter. In the summer the perspiration rolling on a hairy upper-lip is not so pleasant, and I must confess to sharing a little in the prejudice so common in our country against those who wear the moustache. No reflections on Leonardus; this being intended merely to show that a man may do as he pleases at Mount Savage, which is one of its recommendations.

V.

HAYING-TIME.

As we entered the gate of the lawn, we saw a singular procession entering on the opposite side. First, on a spare-boned Rosinante, rode a burly farmer with rosy cheeks, in brown-linen frock; behind him came a row of hands who carried scythes upon their shoulders; and last of all the faithful Robert, walking with rapid strides, anxious to see that all was right. It was farmer E —— and his hands, who had been mowing the grass that morning, and who informed me that they had got along famously, and with five scythes in a row, would in weeks' time do-up the twenty-five acres.

'We think it most *h*advisable to *h*eat our dinners *h*in the 'eat of the day, and come back punctewally.'

Form a line; there they go! and as they march forward, with regular step, the swath falls down behind. What a graceful swing it is, that of the scythe! — and it seems very easy, too; but let a green one try it, and he 'll soon find his mistake. The hardest kind of work too, especially when the hot sun is beating down upon you. The fact is, working on a farm is no joke. Suddenly one of the mowers gave a yell, and hopped back in double quick time. He had fallen upon a copper-headed snake, which was raised upon his scythe and pitched into his face. However, no harm was done, except to the snake, who was speedily despatched, for they 've 'got no friends.' Even the deer will always stop to cut them in pieces with their fore-hoofs. The hogs find them dainty food, and have a shield against their poison in their fatty covering. Wherever these animals are allowed to run they are seldom seen. It is only the 'snake in the grass' that is to be feared. Several others were killed during the day. The people about here do not appear to feel much apprehension from the effects of their bite, several remedies, such as herbs, harts-horn, etc., having been used with success.

Toward evening, as the group of mowers were gathering up their tools, I heard a dissertation on ghosts, that would answer for a modern play of Hamlet.

'And did ye hear about the ghost, Sir?'

'No, Patrick; what of it?'

'Last avening, as the men was a-watching at the rowling-mill, they saw the man that was kilt last fall.'

'Anant!' said Robert, ''t will be gude campanie for 'em.'

'Sure you would n't talk in that way about it. Did n't the men say it with their own eyes!'

'I 'av 'eard,' said Farmer E ——, 'that they allers comes back punctewally. So if you 've a mind to watch, Robert ——'

'I wad nae fear all the ghaists that iver was kenned the darkest night in the world.'

'Put do n't you pelieve there is such things?'

'I dinna think was iver one seen, except aibleens in a dream.'

'Mayhap they were a drahming.'

'More like it was a bear.'

'That 's jest it. The docther's horse was a startled that same night on the bridge by something dark, like the ghaist they saw in the mill.'

'Icht was black, like von bear, they said,' was the observation of George, our ostler.

'Hear till that now!' said Robert; 'I alwdys tho't a ghaist wore a white uniform. And where should a bear be a comin' from? Aibleens 't was a dog.'

'Oh, yes; I guess it was a dog!'

The next morning the mystery was explained. Our black dog Nero came home with a shot in his thigh, which he had received from a watcher, determined to send some lead into the ghost or 'critter,' whatever it was.

Such is the variety of tongues and idioms one meets with here on almost all occasions. The Scotch, English and Welsh are rather a thrifty race; but the sons of Erin mostly live as they go, drink and chew and smoke, and lay nothing up for the morrow.

That night there was but one obituary which, as it was repeated three times in notices of different persons, with no other alteration than that of the name, deserves to be commemorated, for the benefit of obituary hunters:

'Jeremiah Gardner, thou has left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that has bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.'

Obituary notices should contain something like information concerning the party. This may interest friends at a distance; but when all the 'eastern papers' are 'requested to copy' rhymes, the parties might as well try their hand at something original, and thus give a little novelty, if not some pathos.

Conversation turned upon epitaphs in general. There 's a droll one in an old church-yard in Connecticut: 'Here I am; you 'll soon follow.' Here 's one which a man who had suffered more than the ordinary share of affliction requested might be carved on his stone:

'In life he knew only sorrow and pain,
And to him indeed death was a great gain.'

I have often admired the two verses of Martha Day, which are inscribed on her monument at New-Haven:

'I would not wish that those I love
Should wander here at break of day,
And think of her o'er whom they rove
As dwelling only with decay.

'No; but in each familiar spot,
Which both to them and me is dear,
There I would not be all forgot,
Yet ne'er remembered with a tear.'

Although in these mountain districts we feel comparatively free from apprehension of the cholera, we have had an impressive reminder of the pestilence in the ravages which a disease, called the Shrews-

bury fever, has made in a family living a few hundred feet behind us, on the higher part of the hill. It is a kind of typhus, which in the space of two weeks has carried off two of the sons, one just entering upon manhood, the other about twelve years old. Dr. Thompson has this evening informed us that a fine little girl, sister of the two last, who came down to bring us some flowers yesterday, is prostrated in the same way. It cast a gloom over the family, which silenced for the time all sounds of mirth.

THE WOODLANDS.

I.

O SPREAD again your leaves and flowers,
Lonesome woodlands! sunny woodlands!
Here underneath the dewy showers,
Oh! warm-aired spring-time, sunny woodlands!
As in your shade or open ground,
With boyish heart I used to bound,
The twittering birds were building round
Your high-boughed hedges, sunny woodlands!

II.

You gave me life, you gave me joy,
Lonesome woodlands! sunny woodlands!
You gave me health, as in my play
I rambled through ye, sunny woodlands!
You gave me freedom where to rove
In airy mead or shady grove;
You gave me smiling FANNY's love,
The best of all, O sunny woodlands!

III.

My voice like sky-lark, wavered high,
Lonesome woodlands! sunny woodlands!
To sing below your deep blue sky,
And white spring clouds, O sunny woodlands!
And boughs of trees that once stood here,
Were glossy green the happy year
That gave me one I loved so dear,
And now have lost, O sunny woodlands!

IV.

O! let me rove again unspied,
Lonesome woodlands! sunny woodlands!
Along your green boughed hedges' side,
As then I rambled, sunny woodlands!
And where the missing trees once stood,
Or tongues once rang among the wood,
My memory shall make them good,
Though you have lost them, sunny woodlands!

Charles G. Leland

MANES.

BY MEISTER CARL, A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

I.

There's a time to be jolly,
A time to repent:
A season for folly,
A season for Lent:
The first as the worst
We too often regard;
The rest as the best —
But our judgment is hard:
Why grin we or snivel
At that which a day
Sees blown to the devil,
And vanished away?

II.

There is snow in December,
And roses in June;
There 's darkness at midnight,
And sunshine at noon:
But were there no sorrow,
No storm-cloud or rain,
Who 'd care for the morrow,
With beauty again?
All soon finds its level,
The grave or the gay;
Then blows to the devil,
And passes away.

III.

The world is a picture
Both gloomy and bright,
And pain is the shadow
And pleasure the light;
And neither should smother
The general tone;
For what were the other
If either were gone?
The good and the evil
Must each have their day,
Then blow to the devil,
And vanish away.

IV.

The valley is lovely,
The mountain is drear,
Its summit is hidden
In mist half the year:
But gaze from the heavens
High over all weather,
And mountain and valley
Are lovely together;
Yet brief as a revel
This lovely array,
Must blow to the devil,
And vanish away.

V.

I have learned to love Lucy,
Though faded she be;
If my next love be lovely,
The better for me:
By the end of next summer
I 'll swear on my oath,
It was best after all
To have flirted with both.
But kind or uncivil,
Ill-natured or gay,
They 'll blow to the devil,
And vanish away.

VI.

'Oh! look on the bright side!'
A wooden-head cries,
'Be taught by reverses,'
A sap-head replies;
Give the gold its alloy,
And unless you are stupid,
Think well on grim Pluto
While worshipping Cupid.
The bread hath its wevil,
The sugar its clay,
Until to the devil
They moulder away.

VII

In London or Munich,
Vienna or Rome;
The sage is contented
And finds him a home:
He learns all that 's bad,
And does all that is good;
And will bite at the apple
By field or by flood;
Till Paris and Seville,
And all their array,
With the world to the devil
Have vanished away.

The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98, THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, THE FOURTH OF JULY, LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER 1, 1849. No. 5

☞ For great inducements to subscribe to 'Flag-Staff,' readers are respectfully referred to last number. We now add the following ample rewards, with a generosity which we hope will incite the public to well-doing. We will give a *Small Pocket-Comb* to those who will coax any one so as to get the promise that he will subscribe to 'Flag-Staff.' We will give a *Lead-Pencil* for the most distant and remote hope of getting ten subscribers. We will furnish a *Tooth-Pick* to any one who will write us a bloody tale, and a *Paper of Pins* for small poems, and a *Harmonicon* for those who will advertise by the year, and a *Steel-Pen* for those who will write a laudatory puff; and for those who will say the 'Flag-Staff' is an excellent paper, whether they believe it or not, and adwise their friends to subscribe, we will do as much for them another time.

GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT. CONTINUED INDUCEMENT TO SUBSCRIBE TO 'FLAG-STAFF.' THE PRICE OF BUTTONS IMPROVING. THE KED'NTRY NEARLY OUT OF THE WOODS. APPEAL TO OUR FRIENDS!! The experiment which we fust started some four months ago, hazidus, we must allow, to life, limb, and puss, to judge by the feelinks of our acquaintens, of establishin' for the fust time in this ked'ntry an independen' press, has weathered the shoals and quicksands, and is in the full tide of successful experiment. It affords us the most adequate satisfaction, as we now do, friends and patrons, to announce officiously that the 'Flag-Staff' is established beyond question; we think we may say peradventure. The coolness incidental to a fust undertaking has subsided into a warmth which receives us wherever the post-boy blows his horn. We think the reason of this is evident. Most people at the first, out of pride, out of wanity, are afeard to have their names tackled to a undertaking which they dono but what it may prove to be no go. Arterward they will run themselves out of breath till they weaze with an azma to catch up with a mob which is arter an object which is *all the go*.

We will illustrate. There is Mrs. Butler. In our opinion there is no manner of doubt that we can read a play equal to this lady, and in p'int of fact, we think we may say candidly, her superior. This however, we had ought to do; we being a man and she a woman. Yet should we attempt to do it, we think there can be no doubt that our success would be, to say the least, doubtful. The experiment would be clipt in the bud before it was hatched from the eg. She would have her thousand auditors to our hundreds. Why? Because she is our superior in depth of mind? We should feel inclined to doubt it; but *her name is up*. It however cost her a great many hard nox and cryin'-spells to get her reputation up. You see the same thing in natur. A large bird can hardly rise from the

ground. Why? Because he has to flop and flop, and keep a flop-pin' before he can coax the air to come under his wings. Having adequately done so, not the least difficul'; higher the better; slants and skims along like a boy on the ice; and he who it cost him so much trouble to rise from the greöund, he don't care if he never comes down again. So it is with a steam-indian. We merely wish to illustrate the *principle,* as we have pledged ourselves to stand up for principles, and we will adhere to it upon honor. It can hardly get off at fust without enough ile to light a city, and then with a kind of whoop-in'-cough spazzum and convulsion; arterward it goes over the Long-Island rail-road track at thirty miles an hour (tickets to be had at the depo,) and done it easy. Just so it is with an ole gennelman. It is hard for him to get out of his cheer, but when he done so, walk five miles before breakfast and think nothin' of it. And so it was when we begun to write this editorial leader for 'Flag-Staff.' It come tough. We did n't feel like writin' it. They were cryin' out 'copy' from the inner offis. Mr. Thomas come up to us and said, 'Seriously, my dear Sir, we *must* be furnished with copy! (slapping us onto the back) the press waits for it; the roller-boy is biting his fingers, yet he must be paid; we can't afford to pay him for bitin' his fingers; there is also the devil to pay; several hundred subscribers are now at the door waitin' for their number.' We said to him, 'It shall be done!'

We hitched ourself in our chair, unbuttoned our suspenders, turned up our risbans, put our legs oût of the winder, nibbed our pen, smoothed down our paper, canted our head a-one side, stuck our tongue out of our möouth, and *tried.* And here we are, reader, tuggin' at the oar like a gallery-slave for your benefit, with nothin' but a mug of beer to help us along, (who will send half a dozen bottles of the best wine for the editor of the Flag-Staff: and echo answers who?) and a little dry bread and pork, and a few beans. Yet we work on, on, on; with *ability* we presume. Many encouragin' fax have cum to our notis. Subscribers are flockin' from all parts of the ked'ntry to the Flag-Staff. Yet we feel constrained to reiterate the cry, cirkelate! cirkelate! It is a *good paper.* The editorials are marked by candor and great freedom, and no inconsiderable degree of talent. As an advertising medium it is beyond question. Mr. J. W. Smith, of the superior court, met us in the street the other day. Says he, 'Wagstaff, you 're lookin' uncommonly well.' Says we, 'Sir, your most.' Said he, 'Wagstaff, your paper is attracting a good deal of notice: set me down for a dozen copies.' We replied that our supscription was paid in adwance, to which he answered, pulling out his pocket-book; but one of the Wisconsin one-dollar Snake Valley Banking Company Bills, *P. Pitcher,* Cashier, has proved counterfeit, which we shall return. J. W. Smith is full of the marrow fat of human keïndness. CLARK'S KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE copies out nearly our hull issoo *verbattim et literrattim,* and not one word of credit. This, we put it to that functionerry, and to other editors who do the same, is hardly fair. Our articles are compacted with a degree of care. Credit to whom credit is doo. The St. Louis newspaper says he has split off all the

buttons onto his waistcoat in reading us, and he wants to know, if we come that way, will we come and see him. Yes, dear friend, we thank you; we *will* come, and bring some buttons with us, patented by our affectionate brother, now no more, (late of Shirt-Tail Bend,) which button themselves. The main superiority of these buttons over hooks-and-eyes is, that they are ornamental, hitch tighter, and hold faster; and when once buttoned, we will bet a load of shingles that a team of oxen cannot drag them onbuttened. The article is ten shillings a gross, and we are agents. Apply at Bunkum Flag-Staff.

So the Spirit of the Times also copies us. In the ked'ntry we are sought after with much vidrulence. A little suckumstance lately happened. In one of the adj'inin' towns, as our carrier was distributing, he was nearly torn in pieces by a lawless mob, who in great eagerness to get the paper, (without payin' subscription, be it observed,) set on him, but he being sturdy, and a strong fellow, beat them off, and sent us word by telegraff. We therefore, to punish such conduck, having in vain applied for redress, hereby offer the following rewards: To THOSE WHO WILL DETECT THE SAID OFFENDERS, HAVE THEM TRIED, CONVICTED, SENTENCED AND PUT INTO JAIL, FIVE COPIES OF THE FLAG-STAFF FOR ONE YEAR! To THOSE WHO WILL INDICATE THEM SO AS WE CAN LAY HOLD OF THEM WITH ANY PROBABLE DEGREE OF CERTINGTY OF SUCCESS, ONE COPY OF THE FLAG-STAFF; and this we will adhere to upon honor. *Fiat justishier!* Where has justice fled? And so we suppose we might go on, addin' line to line and precept to precept, but won't. It would take up too much time. Yet we cannot forbear to put it to the venders of medicines, of *patent medicines*, those benefactors of the race, those worthy individooals, who have taken the pledge against *mercury!* winged, heathen, unchristian god; those professors whose medicines are based upon true science; who have spent years of study, tears of agony, in their concoction, worn out pestles and mortars; those patrons of newspapers devoted to advertisements; those be-persecuted gentlemen who have so much to contend against; those cruelly-wronged gentlemen, whose specifics are mimicked and imitated, and copied and burlesqued, whereby vile, worthless, spurious drugs are actually foisted upon the disordered stomachs of community; those gentlemen, whose life-preserving panaceas are recommended by colleges of medicine, and approved of by the faculty; stamped with seal, and signatoor, and coat of arms; we appeal to these gentlemen to patronize the Flag-Staff. It will make them roll in their carriages while other of their fellow men are rolling in their hearse! Cirkelate! cirkelate! It promotes morals. Pickleby has made a fortin'. The Raxamillion Vermifuge will be a mine of California gold to its possessor! The Medicated Apple-Saäs is a-doin' well! Oh! oh! thou pale-faced, cruel Death! thine arrows, bedipped with p'ison, have been turned aside! Health blooms on the cheeks! the heart's life-blood flows amain! the elastic foot stamps the earth! to breathe is luxury! To die! to die! ay, there 's the rub! But whither are we goin'? Writin' on, writin' on for your benefit, reader, while the

night-watches is fast waning, and the clock tolls the hour for retiring; strivin', in our pecooliar way, to do some good to our feller men, and pledged to the Principles of '98. For further partickelers see large head.

Among many flattering enconiums we clip out the following as regards the Flag-Staff, which is hailed with one universal acclamation of the press at large:

'It is a good paper.'
Bunkum Flag-Staff.

'It is an excellent sheet.'
Western Eagle.

Speaking of the editor: 'He is a bird, and shows considerabul talons.'
Miami Messenger.

'Will the editor call on us, should he come this way?' *St. Louis Paper.*

'It contains meny judicious artieles.'
Oswego Valley Gazette.

'It contains many butterfly flights of fancy.' *Ladies' Rose Bud.*

'We hail it with delight.'
Miss Petit's Magazine.

'It is a delectable sheet, full of zest.'
Mary Ann Ponsonby's Gazette.

'The Bunkum Flag-Staff is always welcome.' *Dollar Newspaper.*

'We always wait for the Flag-Staff with impatience.'
Four Shilling Newspaper.

'Send us fifteen copies.'
John W. Jenks, of Choke.

'I like it very much.'
Your affectionate Brother.

*** We are in want of a load of shavins for kindlins in our offis this winter. Which of our subscribers, who has the article in hand, will send it around, together with a load or two of bark, peet, coal or cord-wood, either hickory, birch, saxafax or live ash? Which of our subscribers will do it, and consider their hand shook? The opporteunity is now open for competition. Dear friends, kind friends, all the titles of good fellowship go with you! Put it in our power, and we will kindle up our stove to a red heat, and so on to a white heat. If you spit onto it, it will fly off in globulies of all sizes, from buck-shot down to robin-shot number five. Delicacy pretty near forbids us to do any think more than to hint upon the topic.

A Lewzus Natury. — As long as we 've lived to Bunkum, we never see so great a cur'osity as that gig-top child of Fanny Couenhoven, down to Dead-Horse Bay. When it was fust announced in Clark's Knickerbocker that we was app'inted to go and surwey it, we took our old white post-ridin' mare and went down to see the little critter, takin' with us an ingen'us young man who sits up types into the 'Flag-Staff' offis, for to draw a picter of his head with a soft pencil, without regard to expense. You see it up there to the top. It was rather sprinkly but warm weather, and in goin' down we injured our best 'Bunkum Hat' a good 'eal. The little Luzus Natury was playin' out in front of the house, with its top up, 'cause 't was drizzly, as we stated. We let it up and down twice-t — old Fanny han't no objection — and it works fust rate; wants a little ile, she says, about once-t a-week. It is the most ingen'us Luzus Natury in the whole United'n States'n. It is a-goin' to stay all next week to our house in Bunkum; and them who will forward a six-months' subscription to the 'Flunkum Bag-Staff' can examine it for nothing; children half-price. It 's a most dreadful cur'osity as ever we see any wheres. Its legs is deformed awful, and can't set down without its feet settin' up. Cur'ous! cur'ous!

JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY lately come into our offis and shook a cow-skin over our editorial ears. The reason why JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY did this, was the alleged ostensible cause that we had somewhat reflected upon his cuzzin. But does JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY think that we care three jacknives for his cuzzin, or any other relative of his 'n? Does JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY think that cow-skins can chain up a free unfettered press? If JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY thinks this, JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY is very essentially mistaken; and neither for JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY or any other MCGOOSLEY shall we falter one iota in the course which we have marked out. Can it be supposed that every time we sit down to write an editorial leader that we should be thinking of JOHN MCGOOSLEY? By no means. We knew his father very well. He was the most wunnerful sot man in his ways that we pootty near ever seen. Who is JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY? We answer that he keeps a grocery-shop. Very well, that is n't to say, by any means, that because MCGOOSLEY *is* respectable, that he should be essentially turning up his nose at us, who are an editor. Have we ever bought a pound of cheese of JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY that we have n't paid him at a good profit? Have we ever bought any saleratus of him and we not do the same? Has JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY ever caught us in an untruth, or put in a false vote on election day? We challenge JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY! We double dare JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY! We double, double dare him! We understand his conduck. The elections are comin, and he knows we put in a vote for NUBBINS. Why? Because we know that NUBBINS is a good man. That 's the cause, and not his cuzzin. But JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY may set his mind adequately at rest. Holding the cow-skin over our head, says he, 'Do you take it back? do you take it back? eh? eh?' 'Take what back?' says we. 'That falsehood,' says he. 'Oh certingly,' says we, laughing, 'if there is any falsehood in the case we take it back essentially. Far be it from us to wownd your sensibilities. The Flag-Staff goes for truth, not falsehood, Mr. MCGOOSLEY. We wish that p'int to be kept distinctly in view.' This smoothed his fur down a little, and Mr. JOHN B. MCGOOSLEY walked out of our offis, lookin' pretty sneaking. We guess he had better not venture back again. We are by no means certing that we will not ring his nose. There is a p'int said to be beyond puttin' up with, and that p'int we have e'enamost reached.

MAJOR KEOKUCK'S MILITARY EXPERIENCE. — 'My first essay in arms,' said the Major, speaking with great pomp and subdivision of syllables, 'was on the fourth of July, onto the Battery. I was aid to General MORTON. A distant portion of the line had become entangled. The commander-in-chief turned and said to me: 'Ma-jor KEO-KUCK, put that line in or-r-der.' I was taken by surprise. Nev-ar had done such a thing in me life. I was unac-quainted with mil-ing-ter-ry tactics, but I put spurs to my steed, and in three minyeutes time I *got* that line in or-r-der. I re-turn-ed to the com-mand-er-in-chief. Said-ah he to me, (I nev-ar shall for-get the ex-pres-sion,) said-ah he to me: 'Major KEO-KUCK, you have RE-COVERED yourself with GEL-ORY!' And, Sir, I *felt* that I had, Sir!'

Statoory.

POWERSES PROSPERINE, GREEK SALVE, MR. FISHER'S SON AND GINERAL JAXON.— These four *shef doo ver* statoos, two of them he and two of them she, we went to see all at oncet for twenty-five cents; that is to say, jest six pence a-piece, United'n States'n currency. They are very remarkable pieces of whittlin. Of the first we have already discussed at large in Flag-Staff. Prosperine is an *exposure*. It is, however, an admirably whittled burst of a female. We thought that a marble shimmy, to fit high up in the neck, would have better fitted it for the altitude and longitude of Bunkum. However, if Mr. PROSPERINE chose to have his wife whittled in that way, why should we blush in our hat about it? We think that this kind of delicacy is carried too far in this ked'ntry, when no old lady will expose dolls in her shop-winder for sale without'n pinnin letter paper around their wooden nakedness. Who MRS. PROSPERINE was we done, but we believe she was the wife of a gentleman who lived in Pensacola. Such is at least the reported fact. Her features are mild and amiable, and her hair very handsomely trussed up, but whether she ever scolded her husband the statoo does not indicate. If she is a-livin we wish her well. If she is dead, it will be a consolation to her bereaved acquaintens that so good a likeness has been preserved. Mr. FISHER'S little son, as we have been informed the next statoo is, is exceedingly well done. How it was possible to redund him off so well, we done; but we have one remark to

make, both of him and of the Greek Salve. The legs are too reöund and too straight. We do n't think that any such legs can be found in the whole census. Can't be. Does well enough to imagine them. Does well enough to peck 'em out in marble; does well enough to portray 'em in plaster o' Paris, or to paint 'em; but rest assured, reader, that there ain't any sich legs any where. They are *beau ideal* we grant you, but not enough of the *real bow*. Our own legs are crooked considerably more we *know*. A moderate size dog could run betwixt 'em as we are standin' upright, and we not know it. And we do n't believe that Mr. FISHER's son, or the Greek Salve nother, are constituted so entirely different from us, who are a freeman, and hope to fire off a great many bundles of crackers. Otherwise, howsever, we like the statoo, and thought it pootty. General JAXON is the most natural thing not to be alive that we think we pretty near ever seen. In the history of the kedn'try he is one of the tallest men; and the kedn'try ought to buy that statoo though they have to sweat for it to the tune of fifty dollars. If such a measure were advocated, even at such a price, we dono but what we would vote for it. There he is, with the wrinkles of age onto him. His very wrinkles are his kedn'try's. After the statoos we went to see some picturs, which we will notice more particularly at some futur time. We noticed an admirable representation of KUPID and SICKY.

Musical Criticism.

'THE man that has not music into his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted
At any of the stores.' SHAKES.

M. FIDEL STICKH.—This new performer from Paris made his *deboo* last night, and is likely to create a great *furore* among the *dilettanty, connoseenty*, and *habit-ways*. The *hort-ton* have not been stirred up with such an *emuty* since the Norway malestrom, OLE BULL. Let us see if we can give our readers a little idea. The opening piece was a *fantasia* or *minor divertisemong*, taxing all the powers of M. FIDEL STICKH; a composition, we believe, composed during the intervals of seasickness on his hither voyage. It is an *extravaganza*, consisting of a connected series of variations, which, considering how sic he was, does him no small degree of credit. Next came the 'jenquil waltz,' an original composition of his own, which brought down thunders of applause, and called for a repetition three times, but on the fourth M. FIDEL's eyes blazed fire, his mustashes curled up, and he looked as if he could have taken all Bunkum into his stomack to once-t. This put Bunkum a little on his mettle. Did M. FIDEL STICKH, a performer from Paris, mean to disobey the wishes of the sovereign people? Thereupon a storm of indignation arose, in the midst of which our *parley-voo* got up a little mote of sunshine onto his countenance, and went through it again admirable, in the midst of the most concatenated extacies of applause. M. VICTOR D'ARGENT, who keeps a candy-shop, biled over, and said we must take his countryman for a horse or a beast of burden; a remark for which M. VICTOR richly deserved to be hustled out of the room. And we promise him that we will do it, shall he do the same again. But the creöwnin glory of the hull evening was Hail Columby, with fixins. We never were more surprised in our life: we said to ourselves, 'Can this be Hail Columby, happy land; hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band?' 'Must be so,' says our left-hand man: 'the bill says so.' The *fantasia* seemed to begin with the army on the field of Lexington, with the snapping of musketry. So on till we came to the battle of Trenton. We could see the platoons very distinctly wheeling, and the word of command given: 'Steady, boys! come near! take aim! give it to 'em!' Slambang! and then, the smoke clear away, see 'em a-runnin up the hill. 'Once more unto the breach, dear friends!—once more!' There they go! bands a-playin!, flags wavin! drums rollin! red-coats entranced behind works! left wing onto the plain! Trenton militia tryin to outflank them! play away with the artillery! Bum! bum! bum! Musketry pop-pop! pop-pop! pop! pp-op!—pp-op!—pp-op! Huzza!—ah! huzza!—huzza! Bang!—bang! They run!—they run! 'AMINADAB, hold my musket while I take a chaw!' Hurrah!—ah! hurrah!—rah! Then came in YANKEE DOODLE again. Dressed the poor Yankee in flowers; tied sky-rockets onto his neck; put him in a balloon and set fire to him; when with a spit-spattin, zig-zaggin, rushin, splashin, gushin, set of quivers, quavers, guadalquivers, hemi, demi, semi, hemidemi, dem things of one sort or another, blowed him right smack in the air, and nothin left of him but smoke! The excitement of the audience was wound up, we expect, to about the highest pitch

Mrs. Thomas would have fainted. We said to her, 'My dear Madame, contain yourself. Smell your salts. Would you lean upon our arm, and walk out into the open air?' Turning then to M. Fidel, we said, 'Will the performer stop the programmy for one minute? One of the fair sects is a little sick to her stomac, and will return when she is relieved.' We then said to those arŏound, 'Make room for a lady,' and led her ŏout, Thomas grasping our hand. In a few minutes we returned, and John Snaps into our seat. We asked him politely to go out of it, and he would not go. We remonstrated with him. Said we to him, 'Would you insult us by taking our seat while we are waiting upon a *lady?*' To which he replied by barely sucking his cane. By this time our collar was much excited. Says-ah we to him, 'Will you come out of it, or shall we ring your nose?' 'Yes,' says he, 'ring as soon as you please,' or 'ring if you like,' or somethin to that effeck. 'Like to see yon do it,' said he to us. 'Were there not at this moment a lady hangin onto our arm and claim our protection,' said we, 'we *would* ring your nose most unquestionably;' to which he merely retorted by squirting a long streak of tobacco onto our boots. After that we were obliged to set the whole evening ag'in the piller; and we now publish him in the Flag-Staff to let him know that the Press has its eye on him. The Press is a mighty indian. It effects revolutions; it quells riots; it reports speeches; it publishes advertisements; it makes the powers that be tremble in their shoes: it does. If we come to a critical analysis of M. Fidel Stickh, he differs alike from Herr Smash, M. Skreitch Oül, and M. Strikenhardt. The first of these performers has the most length, the second the most breadth, and the last the most thickness. But M. Fidel in the *timbre* of his head-compositions displays a judicious blending of all three. This gives to his style an evenness entirely remote from those unpleasant jerks and zigzaggedness which defaces almost every performer who has reached our shores. In the highest *alt* his edge is even as a razor, so that no acoustick microscope could detect it; while in the gruffest base, where, to say the least, a certain roughness is expected, he is planed down to a smoothness which the most elegant velvet could alone match. Yet there are passages where to *bear on* a little would be, we are constrained to say, judicious. We think the catgut would bear it. Would it not? We ask for information.

To the Polls! to the Polls!—Fellow citizens, examine your tickets. Those of you who are going for

NUBBINS

as Alderman of the First Ward be up with the day. Your country calls to the field! Shut up your shops. Don't stop to wash your faces. The destiny of the country, the immortal salvation of it for millions of years and untold generations, may hang upon the fact whether John R. Nubbins is elected Alderman of the First Ward. Fellow citizens, if John B. McGoosley is elected the ked'ntry is ruined!

Hiram Swidge.—This man has the audaçity to set himself up for offis. We trust that the flourishin town of Bunkum is not so far lost to a sense of shame as to secure his election. Where was he, let us ask, when the Hartford Convention took place? Who held the trump card when General Miranda was afloat? Where was Hiram Swidge when the Uraxall Club were in session? Answer us to that, Master Brooke.

Peppercorn is opposed to us for Inspektre of Ashes! 'Oh Shame! where is thy blush?'

Maxums.

Don't mash a cat's tail if you would save your nervous system from a jar. An ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure.

Never reveal the faults of a man which you have discovered only through the medium of his virtues. Thus a beautiful wave causes the stick to appear crooked. Perhaps the distortion is only to your own eye.

Never tip your conscience the wink. You may make a temporary engagement with it not to expose you, but it will come back and say to you, 'Dear Sir, you tipped me the wink on the corner, but I see you pick the pocket. Give back the money, or else I will flog you with the cow-skin of remorse; or else I will write on the ball of your eyes, in big characters, 'I took it!' Then to have your back scourged, or your eye-balls written onto, will be a small matter to choose between. Rather borrow a horse than *buy* an ass.

Don't take a good deal of trouble to do what ain't worth any think when it 's done.

Don't take a wife out of a winder when you can carry one out of a door.

These maxums we are much pleased with, and shall continue for the *bono publico.*

Ed. B. F. S. and I. E.

Summary.

A. Jarboldy, travellink Hinglishman, who found such fault with our otels, and could n't get any think to suit him, and druv a fine teem of osses while he was in this ked'ntry, and sported a white choke at our principal balls, has landed in Hingland, and been put in jail by his employers. Ha! ha! ha! 'Oi loike the monner they dawnce in Frawnce !'

G. P. Scribbledy has written so many novels that the materials now fall into order of their own accord. Chapters fall into their places; mottoes fly above the chapters; characters march in procession; plot unravels itself, and dénouement comes out square. He has now concluded to stop, seein' the novels write themselves. Time he did.

Curious Inconsistens. — The town of Cologne, where the celebrated scent called cologne water is made, is said by Coleridge to be one of the worst smelling towns in all Christendom. He counted two and seventy well-defined odors, all disagreeable. Would it not be advisable then, instead of sending their Odi-cologne away to sweeten other ked'ntrys, to sprinkle a little of it over their own town? This is always the way. People are always more ready to sweeten up other folks' reputation than to get themselves out of bad odor. We throw out the remark.

Our friend Van Dunk is very unhappy, under the apprehension that he is not long for this world. The reason he alleges is, that geniuses do not live to a great age. We have tried to comfort him with the assurens that he is no genius; a supposition which he will not hear to for one single instance. He says his whole course proves it, and that his brain is burning itself through with the brilliancy of his ideas. Let us hope that it is a case of spontaneous combustion, which will be long in busting out.

We were lately much delighted, and edified we hope, with a public speakerin one of our most respectable public bodies. Rolling his eyes up to the ceiling, he delivered himself with many a hem and haw about in this wise: 'Let not any one deny the allegation, for if they did it would be of no avail, for the facts go to prove it — *the facts go to prove it.* I myself have conversed with those this very morning who assure me that they know it on the most undoubted authority — *the most undoubted authority.* Others in distant parts of the country will bear witness to the same — *bear witness to the same.* Let me respectfully ask then, Mr. President, — *let me respectfully ask,* whether, to say the least, it does not amount to fool-hardiness — *amount to fool-hardiness* for gentlemen to stand on this floor and resolutely deny that which is substantiated beyond question — *substantiated beyond question.* We should think that it did — *should think that it did.*' Shade of Emmet, Pitt, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, deliver us from such tedious and self-conceited bores!

The Anniversary Oration before the Horological Society of Bunkum was delivered at the Hall by an old gentleman ninety-three years of age. It was like mumbling the peg, and could not hear three words he said. It was nothing but mum — mum — mum — dib —dib; and the end of his chin during the operation of speaking above the level of the eend of his nose. For the oration itself, no sense into it.

It affords us the sincerest pleasure to announce to the public in general, that Mrs. Thomas, wife of Mr. Thomas, compositor of this paper, who was taken sick at the concert given by M. Fidel Stickh, is in a state of convalescence. The attack was brought on wholly by nervous excitement. Poor Thomas was nearly crazy that evening. He could not speak.

Old Mrs. Zickerbacker invited us about a week ago, together with our wife and a considerabul company of old maids and widows, to her house to drink tea. A most remarkable suckumstance occurred, and so fragrant that we put it down in Flag-Staff. For the credit of community we do hope that such things do n't occur more than say twice-t in a dozen years. She

had muffins for tea, and the best of shushong and milk-toast, and a hickory-fire and small colored boy (BILBO JONES) to wait onto us, and were really enjoying it very much. All of a suddent Old ZICKERBACKER, findin' what was goin' on, strode in in a pair of leather breeches, turned every mother's son of us out of doors, and bolted all the winders. We was glad, for our part, that we had secured three muffins well buttered, shuggared and cinnamoned, (a most toothsome dish,) before this unexpected suckumstance took place; also a cup and a half of shushong tea, strong as lie. Said we to Mrs. WILSON, one of the company, 'My dear Madame, lean onto our arm.' 'Yes,' said she, 'what a hottentot he is!' Poor old Mrs. ZICKERBACKER was mortified to death, but we went up into our offis and rolled over and over onto our stomac a dozen times, and thought we should a-died, we laughed so. It 's a great world we live in.

Arrivals.

AT BUNKUM HOTEL AND STRANGERS' PUT-UP.

P. WAGROM, Vicksburg. Should n't be surprised if he was a gambler.

J. W. SNAFFINS, North Carlina. About forty-five years old, very cross, and marked with the small-pox. Carries four trunks, two carpet-bags, a hat-box, an umbrella-case, and a negro servant. Dined yesterday at five o'clock, and went to the theater after dinner. Keeps into his room pretty much all day. Something wrong about him.

HURADIAH RANTERS, Hartford, Connecticut. A very slick-lookin' individooal. A son of temperance. Walks very straight. Keeps his hat well brushed. Still, however, we think *he drinks*.

JEROLAMON SAUNDERS, Saugerties. He has been confined to his room three days with dysentery, or something of that kind. Pays all his bills in gold, and wears a clean shirt every day. Rings the bell a good many times, and very nervous. Something wrong about him.

JOHN ANDERSON. He drinks.

Mr. BIGSBY and lady, Nova Scotia. A fine old couple, but we think not long for this world. They must be considerabul over seventy. The old gentleman drinks some brandy and water at his dinner, but apology is his great age. His wife is a hearty eater. The Bunkum Put-up won't make much out of *her*.

SILVESTER TOODLENS, Pensacola, Florida. We are pretty sure we seen that man before somewhere, but we can't call to mind jis where. We have heered that he has brought on two race-horses, which we sincerely hope may not prove to be correct. When you reflect on the demoralizing nature of hoss-racing, Mr. TOODLENS, we hope and believe this hint will be sufficient. His little boy is with him; a humbly little cub. Mr. TOODLENS went to the theatre last evening. Where he goes in the day time we dono, and 'fraid to inquire. Something wrong about him.

WILLIAM JIX, Oneida County. Brought a drove of hosses. He drinks.

By Telegraff.

FOR BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF.

Philadelphia, November 1.

BELLS are ringing all over the city; population all out, and arming. Hicksite and Orthodox *Friends* fighting at the gate of the disputed grave-yard in cherry-street. Non-resistent Hickites dropping stones from the top on the heads of the Orthodox, only saying, 'Stand from under, or peradventure a brick or stone may fall upon thee!' A firemen's-fight in M'ynamensin' — four killed. The boys of Girard-College and the High-School in a row; college-boys planting cannon ——

☞ Telegraph-wire 's gin eout.

WE have been kindly permitted to transcribe for the collums of the Flag-Staff the following interesting letter from the Green Mountains, written by a friend of our family.

'DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: It 's fine, clear mounting air this mornen, as your brother this mornen sits down this mornen to write to you this mornen. I hope u are wel as i am the same. uncle TOM is thrashen oats in the barn. they rais pretty good crops here. but the ked'ntry is kivered all over with mountings from eend to eend. So many on em, that there aint hardly aflat or a swamp between em; sum rumatis and no fever aig. No hickery or kiskatomas nuts and equirls skeine. One mounting sticks way eout among the thunder. This mounting is called Camel's Hump. Montpelier is a purty town. A spur of the mounting runs through it and keind of warps it right reound the base. They 're a-blastin' rocks here putty near the hull time. The other day a man see one a comin' and like a devil bewitched what does he do but open both his arms keep his eye onto it, walk up to and hug it while it was a fallin'. The embrace proved fatal. It smashed his complexun, tore out his bowels, left him dead on the side-walk and buried next day by Odd Fellows — a most a melancholy instans.

The State-House is bigger than all the barns in Bunkum put together. How I should like to see Aunt SALLY! I been some bumsick, but nose to hurt. Tell aunt POLLY ANN VAN DOZEN that I gin the snuff to old Mrs. GEISENHAMMER, and she said it was lovely. I want you to sell my oats at the goin' price. No more at present from your dutiful Son,

'—— ——.'

Poetry.

I LOST my silken umberell,
Who took it off I know full well,
If he don't give it back, I 'll tell.

Though I of kindness have the milk,
I like not people of that ilk,
Who give me cotton fur my silk.

I lost my polished B. B. hat,
Ta'en from me by a thief, that's flat,
Who can't discern twixt *this* and *that*.

Though I of kindness have the milk,
I like not people of that ilk,
Who for my *beaver* give me *silk*.

I lost my well-brush'd overcoat,
Exchanged for one not worth a groat,
And know where to direct a note.

I like not people of that ilk
Who think that cream's the same as milk;
In deep affliction,

WILLIAM PILK.

Bunkum, 1 Nov.

Answers to Correspondents.

'*Alpha, Beta, Digsby, Duckleby, Snipkins, Hopkins, Flipkins,*' '*Diminutive* POM DE TABE,' '*Hawksby,*' '*New Theory,*' '*Sincere Friend,*' '*Ardent Lover.*' '*Remarks on the use of the* TIDDLE DE, DUMDE IDE, *in Herr Smash's compositions,*' '*Was Bonaparte a handsome man?*' '*Simblins, an Essay,*' '*Petition of John Smith to the Legislature to have his name changed,*' '*The abuse of Snoring,*' '*How to sneeze politely,*' '*Hirpaz,*' '*Rugodozia,*' *the Elder,* '*Where does the Androscoggin take its rise,*' '*Indignant protest of Miss Van Plush,*' '*Blood, a Novel,*' *verses beginning:*

'I saw her in the pinnacle of beauty,
With cheeks as red as roses are in June,' etc.

'*Essay on short-horned critturs, by one from the kentry,*' '*Maltese Cats, have they no bowels of affection?*' '*Bam, an Elegiac Poem,*' *these and other compositions which we have not no space would fail of to enumerate, shall be attended to in point of time. Patience, dear friends, patience is a jewel. So 's goodness, so 's temperance, so 's politeness. We are a doin' all that mortal man can to clear our table, but with the life of mind we lead, with the gigantic labors of the Flag-Staff in one head, single handed, and subscriptions very poorly paid in, (nothink this week but a few grits,) we can't do better than we can. Our friends therefore* MUST *bear with us a little. They must positively. Dear friends, kind friends, seek not to burden us with complaints, when we are really doin' so much and risin' above so many petty vexations with a magnificence of character unknown since the march to Moscow. We are positively (we can lay our hand on our heart and say it) we are positively often up half the night, with nothing but a mug of small beer by our side to sustain natur, writin' articles, and settin' up types, and answerin' letters till our poor eyes ache like a carman's back, and our wife sends in word, 'Wagstaff, you* MUST *come to bed.' Under such circumstances we* DO *say that the grumblin, of our correspondents, like so many wild beasts in a menagerie, does amount to the rankest ingratitude. Authors of accepted communications! we say to you that you shall all have the ear of the public, if it is long enough. Patience! patience!*

'QUERY' *asks: 'In the Skripters is there* ANY, *and if any,* WHAT, *and if any where,* WHEN, *in p'int of time, a dumb critter that spoked in a human voice?' Certingly. The whale, the largest ocean-insect of which we have any 'count, said to* MOSES *in the bull-rushes, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;' to which* MOSES *replied, 'Thou art the man!' We cannot admit these plain and silly questions any more into our columns.*

'OLD LADY' *has written to us to know whether we think there is any ground of hope of thinking that the Poet Burns was pious. We answer that we think he was a very faulty individooal, and we are afraid not, but do not know for sartin. Nobody knows. Let that be a comfort to 'Old Lady.' The only clue we find is in an extract of one of his own letters, written to a country friend who had questioned him on this subject: 'You said something about religion in your last letter. I have forgotten what it was, and the letter is in Ayrshire, but I remember that it was* NOBLY THOUGHT, AND BEAUTIFULLY WORDED.'

TO 'JAMES,' *who asks us in what era* NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, *a pop'lar warrior, flourished, we say we done; he 's got us* THERE; *and in reply to his second question, whether he reigned before or a'ter the Christian era, in p'int of time, we say, you 've got us AG'IN. We han't no notion. Is 'JAMES' satisfied? He ought to be.*

'BEAR'S GREASE' *is filed for insertion. Our thanks are due to a 'Subscriber' for the present of a long-necked Squash. May ten fold be restored into his own bosom! The play of 'SMASH HIS BRAINS OUT' we have handed over to the manager of the Bunkum Troupe, with every prospect that it will be underlined for rehearsal. The character of 'Swerpo' was expressly written for McHine, was it not?*

'INQUIRER.'— *There is, in course, a difference between a fac-simile and a sick family; and no person or individual who was not an ignorant ramus would ask such an interrogative.*

TO 'JACKSON' *who sends us a* MAGNUM BONUM plum 'TO LOOK AT, *and he would give it to us* WERE IT NOT *already sold,' we answer, that we eat it before we read his note, but we thought the flavor was poor. The unfortunate owner will credit us to the amount of the plum, and oblige us very truly.* ED. B. F. 'S. AND I. E.

'CUR'OSITY.'— *Ned Yachtline's Bunt did n't come to Bunkum. We seen it once-t to 'York. It was a kansum fabrication.*

'WAGGLEDORN' *is excluded for vulgarity. As to Latin, we never learned it except two sentences which we shall remember till our dyin' day.* QUID AGIS: *where are you goin'?* QUOCUMQUE TENDUMS: *what are you doin'?*

*** LITERARY notices, recommendations of books, picturs, moosic, magazines, plaster of Paris, Ingen rubber, puffs for villanous impostures, for which we are paid four-fold, are respectfully postponed to a future number. We are gettin' up some fashion-plates, which will be nuts to the ladies. Cirkleiate! cirkleiate!

Advertisements.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING AT THE BUNKUM POST-OFFICE:

Swidge, Hiram.	Robinson, Lame Gus (colored.)
Nubbins, John R.	Pode, Elnathan.
Smith, George Washington.	Bedott, the Widow.
Jones, Thomas Jefferson.	Pickleby Pitiful.
	Parkins, Hateful.
Plush, James Madison.	Digsby, William.
Allen, Andrew Jackson.	Raxamillion Vermifuge, Inventor of.
McGooseley, Martin Van Buren.	Smith, John.
	Smith, John,
McGooseley, Jerothnail.	Smith, John.
	Smith, John.
McGooseley, John B.	Smith, John.

PATRICK MCQUADE, plaze to deliver for Misther O'LEARY in Amerikey, sent to BRIDGET HANNEGAN, next door but three to Thames-street, No. 17 in 1848, for BRIDGET her cousin, servant in Misther DONOHUES family, Protestant, road to Bunkum, United States Amerikey: plaze to deliver.

For Miss Van Tromp	Please to go down,
Who is a romp,	And there you 'll find,
And jumps the rope	If you do mind,
All in the hope,	All by the clump
That she will ope	Of willow trees, and
This envelope.	near the pump,
We send this letter	Lives Miss Van Tromp,
To Bunkum town;	Then give the letter.

People calling for the above letters will please say they are advertised.

THEATER.

AT the urgent request of many families, the troupe will continue their exhibitions at the Town-Hall. Every specimen of impropriety carefully excluded, and an allowance of one policeman to every ten men in the house to keep order. Patronized by the Mare. Mr. MCGOOSELEY will attend the Theater this evening. First appearans of Mr. MCHINE from the Poughkeepsie and Saugerties Theatres. This evening will be repeated for the fifteenth time with rapturous success, and all the performers called before the curting, the Grand Romantic Melodrama of

THE RAGAMUFFIN OF HACKENSACK!

BLOODY SCOUNDREL,.....MCHINE
TIDIWINK,.....SOOKSEY
JIBIWIBL,.....RUGGINS

After which

THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL!!

MCPLUSH,.....TOODLENS
JORINGS,.....TRASK
MASHELBY,.....TOMBINS
POLLY ANN,.....MISS VALINSKY

After which the laughable farce of

BUCKWHEAT CAKES!!

MOLASSES,.....RIGGBY
DOUBLE ONTONDER,.....VAN BLOOM

After which,

NO MORE, I'M OBLIGED TO YOU!!

After which

HERR SMASH

Will perform his brilliant, new composition called

THUNDER AMONG THE ALPS!!

To be followed by

POLLY HOPKINS IN TROUBLE!!

To be succeeded by the full strength of the hull company:

I REALLY DONO WHAT I SHALL DO!!

After which Signor CAPUTINI, from the Civita Vecchia Circus, will stand on his head and eat a custard!

An hour's recess allowed to recruit and liquor, after which, MISS VALINSKY

Will dance a *Pas Stool!*

The whole to conclude with the highly amusing farce of

JUMBODILLO!!
OR
I DON'T LIKE HIM!!

The free list will be suspended during the performance of the Ragamuffin of Hackensack. Curting rises at seven. tr.a.sh.

PIG BOARDING HOUSE.—This valuable institution is now open for the recipience of guests. Winter pigs who bivouac in the open streets, and feed on ashes, very few with more than one ear left, the other bit off by dogs, and a mere section of their tails, tripping up pedestrians, sneakin' behind barrels, and fightin' for a few potato purins, poor creaturs! almost turned into hippopotamuses they get so savage, will be well boarded, fatted and fitted to kill! No pigs received for less than three months, and bring their own trough. A butcher will be attached to the establishment. A skilful Professor will visit the seminary once a week to wire noses.

This establishment has now been instituted on a firm footin', is three stories high, amply provided with boiling-tubs, and well provendered in all its departments. Learned pigs will be trained in this establishment, and the alphabet taught. School commences at nine o'clock in the morning. Professor BRISTLEY will be very strict. Scholars expected to be punctual, and to keep their tails untwisted, and rooting and grunting and snorting forbidden strictly under penalty of expulsion. They will be prepared for the duties of life, namely, for pork-steaks and spare-ribs. Those intended for sassages will take a different department. Too much pains will not be spared to furnish bristles for wax-ends. Owners of pigs who wish them to be decently housed during the winter, instead of letting them run into a consumption in the avenues, grow thin and diseased and afflicted with the scurvy, and suffer dreadfully on cold nights, besides being a nuisance and subject to the law of vagrants, are respectfully directed to this Pig Seminary. It is a delightful sight to see them so orderly at their troughs, from the tender squeakling up to the lusty and sonorous grunter, bristling with quills. Professor BRISTLEY will be happy to show the institution, as well as the processes of pig education in its various departments of squeaking, squeeching, squealing, grunting, snorting, rooting and alphabetic instruction.

Price of board, twenty-five cents a week; schooling and accomplishments extra. tf.

HAIR-CUTTING SALOON,

1 MAIN-STREET.

☞ CUSTOMERS NOT BLOWED ON. tf.

PUTTY.—Six quintals of Putty, assorted sizes, now landing at SMITHSON'S wharf, from schr. Squam, by JEROTHMAL PODS.

RAXAMILLION VERMIFUGE.

WE SUPPOSE, that within the last few weeks we have received, all told, over a hundred Testimonials in favor of this medicine, unsolicited, unexpected, out of sheer gratitude, and speaking in the language of eloquent praise. We have not time or space to quote a tithe of these documents; and could we do so they could hardly add to the enthusiastic reputation which the RAXAMILLION VERMIFUGE enjoys in all parts of the country. The following, however, is of so remarkable a character, that we cannot in conscience and from an imperative sense of duty any longer withhold it from a suffering community:

'DEAR SIR: Your Raxamillion has acted to a charm. When all hope seemed to be fled it stepped into the field, and positively worked wonders. It has put the sunshine of happiness where before there was nothing but a cadaverous gloom. We may say that we had pretty nigh given up all hope, when, reading the 'Flag-Staff,' we saw by accident the advertisement of your Raxamillion, and fled to it as the last ark of safety. I suppose our family is without exception the most worm-eaten family this side the Rocky Mountains. My youngest son, THOMAS ANDREW, was a perfect little HEROD. Nothing did n't do them no good. Ten bottles of your Raxamillion restored them all to perfect health. Please send me ten bottles more, WITHOUT THE LEAST DELAY. I make this acknowledgment from a sense of gratitude; and if it will do the poor afflicted public any good, you are welcome to publish it.

h.a! h.a! 'WILLIAM JAX.'

TRIPE.—Four cases Connecticut Tripe, in bond, subject to debenture. ALSO, three carboys of Provincetown Cod-Fish. Sale without reserve, by HIRAM HINKSTON.

GREAT AND GLORIOUS DISCOVERY!

MEDICATED APPLE-SAAS!

MORE TESTIMONIALS,

AND STILL THEY COME!

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, YET EFFICIENT!

Wonderful! Wonderful!

WHEN CAPTAIN CODDLE walked upon the sea-beach on that ever-to-be-remembered morning, his benevolent eye at times wandering over the expanse or cast upon the sands in deep reflection, he little thought of those glorious results which would ensue from his invention to the whole human race. He had long been studying how he could turn his talons to do good, when his kind genius, quicker than a flash of blinding light, whispered in his ear 'MEDICATED APPLE-SAAS!' We defy the whole annals of science to furnish a parallel to a more wonderfully ingenious idea; and the only wonder is, when we consider its great simplicity, that here, after eighteen hundred years or more of the Christian era, it never should have been thought of before. When they have reflected on this, many have positively laughed right out. Others have said, being really provoked at themselves, 'Well, that is so simple, I could have made it myself!' Just so, our worthy friends; but why did n't you do it? That, let it be observed, that 's the p'int: why did n't you do it? All things are simple after you 've found 'em out, but nothing but the most stupendous genius can find 'em out. HENCE WE VIEW, that the MEDICATED APPLE-SAAS for a base, is only due to the great invention, coupled with the benevolent disposition of Captain CODDLE, who now offers it to the public in barrels, hogsheads, kegs, firkins, jars, gallipots, etc. Those wishing to be furnished for the California market please call.

☞ Testimonials in our next. s.h.a.w.

I AM prepared to furnish my customers with the best Pork-Steaks, Welch-rabbit and Ale to be found in all Bunkum. If I do n't, call me horse; spit on me. JOHN ANDERSON.

BUNKUM SAVINGS' BANK.—Four shares in Bunkum Savings' Bank, (coupons attached,) subject to four years' dividend, for sale by SMITH AND SMITHSON.

RANTICUMSCOUT PILLS!

FOR THE CURE OF EVERY INCIDENT DISEASE ON THE WHOLE GLOAB.

APPROVED OF BY THE FACULTY!

SWORN TO BY AFFIDAVIDS IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE! A SAFE AND SPEEDY MEDICINE! SARTIN CURE! SUITABLE TO ALL AGE AND COUNTRY! CERTIFIED BY **10,000** TESTIMONIALS FROM MEN, WOMEN, PERSONS, INDIVIDUALS, AND MINNISTERS OF THE GOSPEL!

☞ **CHILDREN CRY FOR IT!** ☜

WHEN Charlatanism is making such inroads, wiping so many every day from the slate of existence, it is really refreshing to see this popular medicine, based upon scientific principles.

GREAT DANGER

of the world's being overstocked! This decrease of mortality, and the continual cure of

THOUSANDS OF CASES

superinduced by RANTICUMSCOUT PILLS! Warm the Pit of the Stomach, Cure Indigestion, Stop Palpitations in the Bud!

We never professed that they cured

FITS;

we had not claimed for them the merit of curing Fits. Fits generally require handling distinct. What then was our surprise, when, unbeknown to us, unasked for on our part, entirely unexpected, we received the following extreamly gratifying, voluntary and gentlemanly testimonial from a highly respectabel citizen of Ashtabula county:

'DEAR SIR: Our eldest boy, GEORGE WASHINGTON, two years older than his brother, THOMAS JEFFERSON, a fine, uncommon boy, on whom we sot a great deal of store by, and his mother's idol, was afflicted with fits. We ap-

pealed to the medical faculty — did n't do him no good. We tried Graffenberg Pills, did n't do him no good, and various remedies, with a ditto result. At last, hearing of your Ranticumscout, we procured a box, and after taking that and ten other boxes, he has n't had another fit in several changes of the moon. His mother and myself consider GEORGE WASHINGTON to be cured up; and should THOMAS JEFFERSON be afflicted the same way, rest assured we will use your Ranticumscout.'

SOFT SOAP. — Fifteen pipes and half-pipes of Soft Soap, made out o' the best *lie*. For sale at this orifice.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amatoors. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. (For further particulars see large head.)

The Bunkum Flag-Staff
Is edited by Mr. WAGSTAFF.

Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once-t a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbour, Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquitoe Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, fippenny bits, and United'n States'n currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, hemp, snake-root, cord-wood, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, gingshang-root, vinegar, pumpkins, ellacompaine, harness, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange. FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER, PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS. WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese once't a-week.

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THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL — oh, no! I cannot bid
Farewell to thee, my mountain North!
With falt'ring lip and moistened lid
I breathed it to my mother forth;
I said it to the friends I met,
I sighed it to my mistress dear;
To thee my swelling heart as yet,
Loved land! can only give — a tear;
For heart and lip refuse to shape
To syllable such sound to thee!

I fain would from myself escape,
But where, oh! whither can I flee?
The tossing bark is now my dwelling;
I watch thee from her giddy mast;
The wind is in her white sail swelling,
And thy cold cliffs are fading fast,
Are vanishing from every eye;
But I shall gaze the longest there,
And when I can no longer spy
Thy shores, I'll give thee then my prayer!

WORDS OF CHEER FOR MEN OF GENIUS.

BY WILLIAM F MULCHINOCK

'And after all,' continued Fleming, 'perhaps the greatest lessons which the lives of literary men teach us is told in a single word: "Wait!" Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait.'

Longfellow's 'Hyperion.'

'All the newspapers, all the tongues of to-day, will of course at first defame what is noble; but you who hold not of to-day, not of the times, but of the Everlasting, are to stand for it; and the highest compliment man ever receives from Heaven is the sending to him its disguised and discredited angels.'

Emerson's 'Lectures on the Times.'

I.

Though the venal press deride ye,
Though the senseless herd defame,
Ay, though justice be denied ye,
And earth's curses load your name;
Though your labors bring but sorrow,
And your love but yield you hate,
Ye are toiling for a morrow,
And your watch-word must be 'Wait!'

II.

Ye shall stand; for that you 're seeking
Is undying as the soul,
And its light, from heaven breaking,
Points to heaven as its goal.
All of Slavery shall perish,
Ever shifting as the sand;
But the Freedom-love ye cherish
Makes immortals — ye shall stand!

III.

Sow the seed of wisdom holy
In the hearts of old and young;
To that task devoting solely
All the might of pen and tongue;
On no idle phantom wasting
Strength and power we sorely need;
Cling unto the Everlasting —
Scatter, broad-cast, Freedom's seed.

IV.

Though to all your toil incessant
Of the muscle and the mind,
Ye shall feel and find the Present
In its sluggish dulness blind;
In the Future shall the story
Sung at ev'ry happy hearth,
Tell how for man's lasting glory
Heaven's angels toiled on earth.

THE SWALLOW.

Warm cloudless days have brought a blythe new-comer,
Beloved by young and old,
That twitters out a welcome unto summer,
Arrayed in green and gold.

With sunlight on his plume, the happy Swallow
Is darting swiftly by,
As if with shaft dismissed by bright Apollo
His speed he fain would try.

Now high above yon steeple wheels the rover,
In many a sportive ring;
Anon, the glassy lakelet skimming
He dips his dusky wing.

Old nests yet hang, though marred by Winter's traces,
To rafter, beam and wall,
And his fond mate, to ancient breeding-places,
Comes at his amorous call.

Those mud-built domes were dear to me in childhood,
With feathers soft inlaid;
Dearer than nests whose builders in the wild-wood
Were birds of man afraid.

To seedy floors of barns in thought I wander,
When swallows glad my sight,
And play with comrades in the church-yard yonder,
Shut out from air and light.

The 'guests of summer' in and out are flying
Their mansions to repair,
While on the fragrant hay together lying,
We bid adieu to care.

Barns that they haunt no thunder-bolt can shatter,
Full many a hind believes;
No showers that bring a blighting mildew patter
Upon the golden sheaves.

Taught were our fathers that a curse would follow,
Beyond expression dread,
The cruel farmer who destroyed the swallow
That builded in his shed.

Oh! how I envied, in the school-house dreary,
The swallow's freedom wild,
Cutting the wind on pinion never weary,
Cleaving the clouds up-piled:

And when the bird and his blithe mate beholding
Abroad in airy race,
Their evolutions filled my soul unfolding
With images of grace:

And O! what rapture, after wintry chidings,
And April's smile and tear,
Thrilled to the core my bosom at the tidings,
'The Swallow, boy, is here!'

Announcement of an angel on some mission
Of love without alloy,
Could not have sooner wakened a transition
From gloom to heart-felt joy:

For summer to the dreaming youth a heaven
Of bliss and beauty seems,
And in her sunshine less of earthly leaven
Clings to our thoughts and dreams.

In honor of the bird, with vain endeavor,
Why lengthen out my lay?
By Shakspeare's art he is embalmed forever—
Enshrined in song by Gray.

W. H. C. H.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the October Quarter, 1849. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY. London: J. CHAPMAN: PUTNAM'S American Agency.

THE present number of this time-honored and influential Quarterly is one of the best issues of the work which we have read very many months. There is abundant variety in the character of the books reviewed, as well as in the style in which the reviewers' several tasks are accomplished. Cordial praise is awarded where praise is deserved, and where the whip and branding-iron are demanded, these instruments of justice are put in requisition without undue severity, but yet with an unflinching hand. The first paper in the number, upon '*French Ideas of Democracy and a Community of Goods*,' embracing a running commentary upon the contents of some seven or eight recent works from the French press, bearing upon the general theme illustrated by the reviewer, we have not yet found leisure adequately to discuss. The second article in the Review, however, we could not pass by. It is upon '*Lyell's Second Visit to America*,' and is an admirable paper, both in its spirit and in its style. Ample credit is awarded to this intelligent and fair-minded author, although the reviewer does not in all cases agree with him in his geological theories. We collate a few passages from this paper, which will afford the reader some idea of its spirit and the felicitous ease of its style:

'SIR CHARLES LYELL'S book is a very amusing *mélange* of observations on geology and men and manners in the United States; he speculates with about equal success on the various formations of rock and the different strata of society, taking rather a deeper interest, we suspect, in the former than the latter, but expatiating upon both in a very sensible and judicious manner, and always choosing to examine and form his opinions for himself. He is a sturdy Englishman at heart, and judges of things quite involuntarily from an English point of view; but he has wandered about the world so long, and seen so many varieties of human nature, that he has worn off most of the knobs and sharp corners of his Anglican peculiarities, and writes at times almost like a cosmopolite. If he has any weakness, it is upon the subject of old fossil bones and shells, of which he is so fond that he cannot help thinking well of the people who live in the districts where they abound. The sight of them invariably puts him into good humor; he rubs his hands, and the country about him forthwith assumes a smiling aspect; the people and the institutions appear very well, and really seem to be admirably adapted to each other. The truth is, we believe, that his observations on the state of society are inserted only by way of condiment to his geological pudding, in order to make it palatable to a larger portion of the public.' . . . 'HIS passion for geology was a signal advantage for him as a general observer in another respect. It carried him off from the great routes for travellers, and away from large cities, into remote districts and obscure villages, where he became acquainted with all classes of the population. Accustomed to hard fare and still harder lodgings from the many similar excursions which he had made in Europe, he submitted with invincible good humor to the various privations and annoyances which he had reason to expect while journeying in such regions, and was not made so terribly uncomfortable as Colonel HAMILTON was, by not finding all the luxuries of a Parisian hotel in a little back-woods settlement on the banks of the Wabash. If elated by some geological good luck in groping about in a dirty coal mine, or in grubbing after fossils and shells in a mud-hole, he comes up with a smiling but smutty face, and

very dirty hands, and remarks that the appearance of the country is quite pleasant, and the people are really very civil.'

Speaking of the way in which the dress, household arrangements, manners, etc., of the 'upper classes' of America are copied by 'the masses,' the reviewer touches upon one of the styles which the wealthy and refined fancied could not be imitated:

'A happy thought occurred to them some ten years since. 'What is new,' they argued, 'however costly and useless, can and will be copied; but what is ancient can only be forged, and, fortunately, the stock of old furniture that has survived the dilapidations of time and the love of change is very limited. We can be exclusive by filling our houses with old chairs, claw-footed stands, and worm-eaten tables. Beside, this fashion will be really respectable; historical associations cluster around those venerable relics, and people are at liberty to imagine that they have been in 'the family' for several generations.' This plan was really ingenious, and it had the success that it deserved. Old furniture immediately rose to an unconscionable price, and fashionable drawing-rooms were immediately filled with tables at which the Pilgrim Fathers had sat, and chairs 'that came over in the Mayflower.' Sundry old farmers' wives were delighted to find that they could exchange the ancient, inconvenient, and dilapidated articles, which had actually been in *their* families a century or two, for new and comfortable furniture, and receive something handsome to boot; and they always wisely made the change when their daughters, who were quicker than their elders in ascertaining the mutations of fashion, would let them. But Yankee cabinet-makers are ingenious, and the market was soon filled with modern antiques which no mortal could distinguish from those manufactured by the Puritans. And now, every mechanic's wife has her parlor filled with these detestable inventions; to be sure, their inconvenience in use is no concern to her, as the parlor is carefully shut up three hundred and sixty-days in the year, and the family eat and live in the kitchen. But in the drawing-rooms of the opulent, the annoyance is chronic; no two articles being alike, they do not admit of symmetrical arrangement, but are clustered together in 'elegant confusion,' another fashion that is faithfully copied by the million. Thus a visitor cannot cross the room without imminent peril to his limbs, nor even sit down in comfort on an awkward, straight-backed chair, which, on homœopathic principles, would be a sure cure for the lumbago.'

Well and truly does the reviewer subsequently remark: 'Talk about the natural equality of the human race, and the injustice and artificialness of all social distinctions! Why, in this American democracy, which is now three-quarters of a century old, in this society where the law recognises no difference of rank, a society which legally has no top and no bottom, all the world, whether rich or poor, with a manful disregard of common consistency, bravely eating their own democratic words, are actively endeavering to create *in*-equality, to establish and jealously to preserve their own rank in the teeth of the law, and to surmount the social barrier which their neighbors have succeeded in setting up.'

The succeeding article is a review of *Mrs. Lee's Memoirs of the Buckminsters*,' father and son, the 'eminent New-England clergymen; a well-written paper, containing lively and graphic portraits of the inner and outer man of these eloquent divines. The notice of '*Greenleaf's Edition of Cruise*' is among our postponed reading; but not so the paper upon '*Novels and Novelists, and Charles Dickens;* a review from the pen of one who evidently appreciates and truly feels the genuine humor, true pathos, and simple yet effective and most felicitous style of this most popular of England's later authors. We are glad to find in this paper a true appreciation of the novel proper, as well as of the 'ink-wasters' who have 'bored out' the public with their long-winded productions, and placed all publishers on their guard against them. Time was, when even Mr. Simms' 'novels' were read; but now few publish, and fewer read, elaborations of that class. The reviewer remarks:

'A good portion of the feeble things purporting to be novels are bad, and some of them execrably bad. Ink-wasters, who could write nothing else, whom nature never intended to write any thing, have still considered themselves abundantly qualified to write fiction; consequently, all the nonsense and fat-wittedness in poor perverted human nature have been fully represented in the congress of romance. Of all printed books that ever vexed the wise, and charmed the foolish, a bad novel is probably that which best displays how far the mind can descend in the sliding scale of sense and nature. In the art of embodying imbecility of thought and pettiness of sentiment in a style correspondingly mean and gauzy, all other men and women have been fairly distanced by certain novelists.

'The great novelist should be a poet, philosopher, and a man of the world, fused into one. Understanding man as well as man, the elements of human nature as well as the laws of their combinations, he should possess the most extensive practical knowledge of society, the most universal sympathies with his kind, and a nature at once shrewd and impassioned, observant and creative, with large faculties harmoniously balanced.'

We segregate a few passages from the reviewer's observations upon DICKENS:

'DICKENS as a novelist and prose poet is to be classed in the front rank of the noble company to which he belongs. He has revived the novel of genuine practical life, as it existed in the works of FIELDING, SMOLLETT, and GOLDSMITH; but at the same time has given to his materials an individual coloring and expression peculiarly his own. His characters, like those of his great exemplars, constitute a world of their own, whose truth to nature every reader instinctively recognises in connection with their truth to DICKENS.' . . . 'THE tendency of DICKENS'S genius, both in delineating the actual and the imaginary, is to personify, to individualize. This makes his page all alive with character. Not only does he never treat of man in the abstract, but he gives personality to the rudest shows of nature, every thing he touches becoming symbolic of human sympathies or antipathies.' . . . 'THE whole originality and power of DICKENS lie in his instinctive perception of individual character. He has gleaned all his facts from observation and sympathy, in a diligent scrutiny of actual life, and no contemporary author is less indebted to books. His style is all his own, its quaint texture of fancy and humor being spun altogether from his own mind, with hardly a verbal felicity which bears the mark of being stolen. In painting character, he is troubled by no uneasy sense of himself. When he is busy with SAM WELLER or MRS. NICKLEBY, he forgets CHARLES DICKENS. Not taking his own character as the test of character, but entering with genial warmth into the peculiarities of others, and making their joys and sorrows his own, his perceptions are not bounded by his personality, but continually apprehend and interpret new forms of individual being; and thus his mind, by the readiness with which it genially assimilates other minds, and the constancy with which it is fixed on objects external to itself, grows with every exercise of its powers. By this felicity of nature, the man who began his literary life with a condemned farce, a mediocre opera, and some slight sketches of character, written in a style which but feebly indicated the germs of genius, produced, before the expiration of eight years, The Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, The Old Curiosity Shop, and Martin Chuzzlewit, in a continually ascending scale of intellectual excellence, and achieved a fame not only gladly recognised wherever the English tongue was spoken, but which extended into France, Germany, Italy, and Holland, and caused the translation of his works into languages of which he hardly understood a word. Had he been an egotist, devoured by a ravenous vanity for personal display, and eager to print the image of himself on the popular imagination, his talents would hardly have made him known beyond the street in which he lived, and his mind by self-admiration would soon have been self-consumed. His fellow-feeling with his race is his genius.'

The reviewer expresses only a general regret in lamenting that we have not a class of novels illustrative of American life and character, which does some justice to both. 'Novelists,' says the Quarterly, 'we have in perilous abundance, as Egypt had locusts; some of them unexcelled in the art of preparing a dish of fiction by a liberal admixture of the horrible and sentimental.' One would almost suppose, from hearing the usual despairing criticisms of the day, that in the United States the national novel was an impossible creation. Are there, then, no materials here for the romantic and heroic; nothing over which poetry can lovingly hover; nothing of sorrow for pathos to convert into beauty; no fresh individualities of disposition over which humor, born of pathos, can pour its floods of genial mirth; no sweet household ties, no domestic affections, no high thoughts, no great passions, no sorrow, sin and death? Has our past no story to tell? Is there nothing of glory in the present, nothing of hope in the future? In no country, indeed, is there a broader field opened to the delineator of character and manners, than in our own land.'

HERBERT'S translation of the PROMETHEUS and AGAMEMNON of ÆSCHYLUS is elaborately reviewed and very highly commended by a discriminating critic in the ensuing paper of the Quarterly. The next article is a just and searching criticism of that unequalled tissue of brazen falsehoods, Mr. CHARLES LANMAN'S 'Summer in the Wilderness.' The reviewer remarks in opening, that he had been led to a post-mortem examination of an imposition at once weak and bold, because its *veracity*, among other qualities, had been commended in one of the literary papers of London, and because he wished to offer the book as a warning to other MUNCHAUSEN authorlings.

Mr. LANMAN's style is justly characterized as 'ambitious, and labored into a sort of painful prettiness, with a superabundance of fine sentiment.' The untruthfulness which pervades the book is abundantly established by direct evidence. 'To those of our countrymen,' says the reviewer, 'who are familiar with the country about the upper Mississippi and Lake Superior, the principal scene of our author's observations, any exposition of his falsehoods would be superfluous; but to foreigners who undertake to speculate upon the condition of the Indian race and upon the conduct of our government toward them, taking the facts reported by this writer for the basis of their observations, such an exposition may afford a useful lesson.' Mr. LANMAN makes various squaws and old Indians tell him long and stupid yarns in a language of which he does not understand three words, and his hunting exploits are proved to be the grossest exaggerations. As a specimen of style merely, the reviewer quotes a passage, the images in which are pronounced 'rather pretty,' and 'the language on the whole such as would do credit to a promising sophomore.' But it so happens that even the images commended are stolen! It was LONGFELLOW who lay upon the green, looking up into heaven, and saw the

——'sailing clouds go by,
Like ships upon the sea,'

and not the plagiarist who concealed the jewel among his own paste and pinchbeck. Touching the fabrications of the book, the reviewer observes: 'Some few departures from the truth in minor matters, in the recital of personal adventures, for instance, might have been pardoned if there had been even a show of useful information; but the writer appropriates to himself not only the incidents that happened to others, their exposures and escapes, but their observations and the scenes which they had witnessed, coolly representing himself as the observer or original witness. What little valuable information the book affords appears to have been gained in this way; and the account is so perverted and mingled with gross fabrications that its value is wholly destroyed.' The reviewer proceeds to establish the truth of his charge beyond all doubt or gainsaying. He *proves* the falsehoods with which the book abounds; that LANMAN travelled but ninety miles on the south shore of Lake Superior, and that in a canoe loaned him by Mr. MORRISON, whose own adventures, in distant places which LANMAN never even approached, he describes as happening to *himself* at those places; he gives elaborate pictures of nature's wonders which it is proved he never beheld: he describes five lakes in the lake country around the Upper Mississippi, not one of which he ever visited, although he interlards his descriptions with direct and repeated assertions that *he* had been there, *he* saw, *he* observed, etc. The searching review we have been considering closes with the following sentences:

'It gives us no pleasure to break a fly upon the wheel; but a regard for truth and justice will not allow so flagrant a violation of both, in a book of some literary pretensions, to escape unpunished. The copious extracts given in this article are enough to show what these pretensions are worth. The forgeries of LAUDER, IRELAND and GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, however flagitious in design, were executed with so much spirit, learning and imagination, that they have secured for themselves a place, though not an enviable one, in literary history. But this fabrication by Mr. LANMAN, while it equals theirs in audacity, is so feeble and puerile, that our notice of it can but create a brief delay in its speedy passage to oblivion. There was a risk, however, that it might be fished up at a future day by some mousing historian, and quoted as the evidence of an eye-witness in relation to the aspect of the country, the condition of the Indians, and the conduct of the white traders at the present time in the region about the Upper Mississippi and Lake Superior. This danger, we think, is now sufficiently obviated.'

Mr. LANMAN, squirming under the effect produced by a recent notice of one of his later 'booklings' in these pages, wrote to an old and esteemed friend and contempo-

rary, attributing to *us* the letter from Mr. MORRISON, published several months since in '*The Tribune*' daily journal, setting forth the true character of his 'Summer in the Wilderness!' Probability *rather* favors the conclusion that the reply of our friend, in connection with the review we have been considering, was 'satisfactory' to our small MUNCHAUSEN. It strikes us that it is as little creditable to deliberately write and publish such a collection of wholesale falsehoods as are proved to be contained in the 'Summer in the Wilderness' as it was in a certain literary and pseudo-artistic 'gentleman' whom we could name, to beg, by whining appeals to fellow artists, specimens of their skill and genius, 'to enjoy, as a lover of art,' and when so obtained, to sell them and pocket the proceeds! But even this is better than to borrow pictures of distinguished artists, ostensibly for the purpose of copying them, and then sell them; and better, we also think, than offering to write puffs of private picture-galleries for 'a consideration,' and failing to receive it, abusing the same and their proprietor. It is only necessary that such things should be known to render all similar attempts harmless for the future.

FRONTENAC, OR THE ATOTARHO OF THE IROQUOIS: a Metrical Romance. By ALFRED B. STREET. From BENTLEY'S London edition. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER. Second Notice.

HAVING given in our last number the history in detail of the incidents upon which this, the most elaborate of Mr. STREET'S efforts, is based, we proceed, as we promised, to present some examples of the poetical excellence which characterizes its contents. In the first place, we must express, as we have often expressed before, our cordial admiration of Mr. STREET as a painter of nature. We know no American poet who can so successfully transfer, as it were to canvass itself, the features, in minutest detail, of a forest or a landscape. Nothing escapes his observant eye. Different tinted mosses, vari-colored foliage of all the families of trees, the thistle-down floating star-like in the blue ether, the aspects of the seasons in their changes, he pictures with such fidelity that the reader sees with *his* eyes the very landscape spread out before him. We proceed to select one or two passages in justification of the praise here awarded, regretting only that the large drafts upon this department of the KNICKERBOCKER prevent our making them as numerous as we could wish. Read the following, and admit that you are in 'The Wilderness' described:

'INNUMERABLE vistas far
Extended, myriad trunks between,
Eye-tangling and irregular,
Till closed by hillock or ravine.
Trees, trees, a verdant world, were round,
Straight, crooked, slant, each seeking light;
With some all splintered, bare and white,
Telling the lightning's blasting bound,
And now and then was seen a path
Of prostrate trunks in chaos cast,
With upturned roots, dark circles vast,
Signs of the fierce tornado's wrath.

'Pines met the eye, all tasselled o'er;
Hemlocks that fringy cones upbore;
Oaks with their scalloped verdure; beeches
Whose moss the northward pathway teaches;
Poplars, light-hued and sensitive,
To every air-breath all alive:

Maples, their red-stemmed foliage flickering
To downiest winds like streamlets bickering;
Striped dog-woods, birches sweet, that stood
The incense-bearers of the wood;
Grim lurching firs and laurels green,
Showing the swamp's wet, clustered scene.

'Through this gigantic roof the light
Here, made some natural opening bright;
Here, down a narrow vista swept;
Here, underneath dense thickets crept;
Here, broken, struggling being found,
Sprinkled like fire-flies on the ground.
But scarce these colors flew the sway
Broke of the general hue of gray,
That filled, subdued and soft, the air,
Making a solemn twilight there.

'This glorious sylvan scene showed rife
Each stage of vegetable life:
The downy sprout, the ground-bird trod
Elastic to the downy sod;
The sapling with faint verdure crowned,
Low bending to the squirrel's bound;
The tree, that, towering strong and high,
Spread its green standard to the sky;
Then, the dead top with lichens dressed;
Then, the dark hollow in the breast;
At last the dead prone log, with moss
Flung like a shroud its form across.

'As by the Indians passed, its lay
The robin ceased and shot away;
Off, like a flash, the red-bird flew;
Its gambol scared, the rabbit threw;
The crackling of the under-brush
Told of the deer's retreating rush;
With heavy wing, and croaking hoarse,
The crow urged o'er the woods its course;
Whilst now and then the eagle gray
Pointed his beak and soared away.

'O'er some green glade now went their tread,
Spotted with strawberries pouting red;
Now by a fountain clear as dew
Trickling its mossy channel through;
Now in a broad and sweeping aisle;
Now in a deep and dark defile;
And now across the jagged bridge
Of some tree fall'n from ridge to ridge,
Forming between the hollow black,
Where crept the sedgy streamlet's track.'

Observe the almost awful life and vigor of this brief sketch of Indian warfare:

'Still flies round with delight the brand,
Flames flash out upon every hand;
Over, the clouds are bathed in red;
A glaring horizon around is spread;
The tops of the woods seem to stagger in smoke;
All the wild life of their depths has awoke,
Eagle and panther, and wolf and bear,
Screaming and howling and snarling there;
Blent with the Iroquois war-song loud,
Pealing from out of the smoky shroud.

'Hooh! hooh! how the sharpened knife
Has gleamed again in the war-path's strife!
Hooh! hooh! like the lightning red,
The On-on-dah-gahs have flashed in dread!
Hooh! whoop! like the lightning red,
The On-on-dah-gahs have flashed in dread!'

Very beautiful, to our conception, is this picture of Cayuga Lake, the first '*big water*' that ever reflected back the sunlight to our boyhood's eyes:

'Sweet sylvan lake! in memory's gold
Is set the time when first my eye
From thy green shore beheld thee hold
Thy mirror to the sunset sky!
No ripple brushed its delicate air,
Rich silken tints alone were there;
The far opposing shore displayed,
Mingling its hues, a tender shade;
A sail scarce seeming to the sight
To move, spread there its pinion white,
Like some pure spirit stealing on
Down from its realm, by beauty won.
Oh, who could view the scene, nor feel
Its gentle peace within him steal,
Nor in his inmost bosom bless
Its pure and radiant loveliness!
My heart bent down its willing knee
Before the glorious Deity;
Beauty led up my heart to Him,
Beauty, though cold and poor and dim
Before His radiance, beauty still
That made my bosom deeply thrill;
To higher life my being wrought
And purified my every thought,
Crept like soft music through my mind,
Each feeling of my soul refined,
And lifted me that lovely even
One precious moment up to heaven.

'Then, contrast wild, I saw the cloud
The next day rear its sable crest,
And heard with awe the thunder loud
Come crashing o'er thy blackening breast.
Down swooped the Eagle of the blast,
One mass of foam was tossing high,
Whilst the red lightnings, fierce and fast,
Shot from the wild and scowling sky,
And burst in dark and mighty train
A tumbling cataract, the rain.
I saw within the driving mist
Dim writhing stooping shapes — the trees
That the last eve so softly kissed,
And birds so filled with melodies.
Still swept the wind with keener shriek,
The tossing waters higher rolled,
Still fiercer flashed the lightning's streak,
Still gloomier frowned the tempest's fold.

'Ah! such, ah! such is Life! I sighed,
That lovely yester-eve and this!
Now it reflects the radiant pride
Of youth and hope and promised bliss,
Earth's future track and Eden seems
Brighter than e'en our brightest dreams.
Again the tempest rushes o'er,
The sky's blue smile is seen no more,
The placid deep to foam is tossed,
All trace of beauty, peace, is lost,
Despair is hovering, dark and wild,
Ah! what can save earth's stricken child!

'Sweet sylvan lake! beside thee now
Villages point their spires to heaven,
Rich meadows wave, broad grain-fields bow,
The axe resounds, the plough is driven;
Down verdant points come herds to drink,
Flocks strew, like spots of snow, thy brink;
The frequent farm-house meets the sight,
Mid falling harvests scythes are bright,
The watch-dog's bark comes faint from far,
Shakes on the ear the saw-mill's jar,
The steamer like a darting bird
Parts the rich emerald of thy wave,
And the gay song and laugh are heard,
But all is o'er the Indian's grave.'

But we must pause; having left to us only space again to commend the beautiful volume from which the foregoing extracts are taken to the cordial acceptance of our readers.

THE OLD WORLD, or Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands. By WILLIAM FURNISS. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

A RAPID but very agreeable series of sketches, from the pen of one who observes well and who describes well; of one, moreover, who has that in his style which makes even a journey with him over a somewhat beaten road very pleasant travelling. The writer gives us, as he himself observes, no egotistical prologue about his necessities, virtues, or occasions. He wrote simply because he liked to, and among the retrospects of travel found repose and consolation after the toils of daily professional labor. We shall endeavor hereafter to accomplish that which neither our limits nor our leisure will at present permit; namely, to set forth, by extracts, some of the fruits of our author's wanderings from England and across the continent, by way of the Danube to Stamboul and Alexandria; including descriptions of much that was worth seeing in England, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and 'manie other londs and contrees' which Sir JOHN MAUNDEVILLE also speaks of, even 'unto Turkey, Egypte, and the londes that be thereby.' The volume before us is beautifully printed, possesses a good map, and several very clever illustrations, from the pencil of the author.

THE HORSE-SHOE: A POEM. Spoken before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Cambridge, July 18, 1849. By JOHN BROOKS FELTON. Cambridge: JOHN BARTLETT.

THERE is an unusual degree of spirit, and a graceful ease of versification, visible in this unpretending but very clever poem. We had never before heard the name of this young writer mentioned; but we think it does not admit of much question that we shall hear of it hereafter, if his more advanced years shall fulfil the promise of his spring. For reasons elsewhere mentioned, involving a tyranny of space, the difficulties of which we could scarce hope to make the reader understand, our present notice of 'The Horse-Shoe' will rather indicate than set forth the merits of the poem, regarded in its 'entirety.' It opens in this natural manner:

'JUST over the way, with its front to the street,
Up one flight of stairs, is a room snug and neat.
The prospect MARK TAPLEY right jolly would call;
Three churches, one grave-yard, one bulging brick wall,
Where, raven-like, Science gloats over her wealth,
And the skeleton grins at the lectures on health.
The tree by the window has twice hailed the spring
Since we circled its trunk our last chorus to sing;
Maidens laughed at our shouts, they knew better than we,
And the world clanked its chains as we cried, 'We are free!'

'Oft as twilight confuses day's sharply-drawn line,
Its branches seem harps to the wind's 'Auld Lang Syne,'
And the dance of its shadows the quick springing tread
Of the many all scattered, the one that is dead.

'On the wall hangs a Horse-Shoe I found in the street;
'T is the shoe that to-day sets in motion my feet;
Though its charms are all vanished this many a year,
And not even my 'goody' regards it with fear,
'T is a comfort, while Europe, to freedom awoke,
Is chirping like chickens just free from their yolk,
To think pope and monarch their kingdoms may lose;
Yet I hang my subject wherever I choose.'

Small as the writer's subject may appear, he manages to make it the nucleus of much that will attract the regard and win the admiration of his readers. We invite attention to the ensuing lines, as a very beautiful tribute to Sleep, 'calm relative of Death:'

'WHEN cares that swarm in glare of day are o'er,
And on the world Sleep shuts his filmy door,
How glad the mind its prison quits awhile,
And leaves on murmuring lips a parting smile!
Through joys that flash in quick succession by,
Through glories born in transient hues to die,
Passive it floats; nor marring wonder chills,
As wizard dream each day-mocked hope fulfils;
Calls from the past the love unchanged to rise,
The eye to sparkle in the dust that lies;
Memory forgets, as bursts the enchanting view,
And Reason yields, nor asks if this be true.

'How oft by day, from thoughts that bid it weep,
The eye seeks refuge in the mimic sleep,
And soars the mind, and, soaring, strives to deem
Its dreams the real, the sun-lit world a dream!
How blest, when Night's miscalled gloom draws nigh
To light the soul's, but dim the body's eye,
Could thoughts thus wander, rescued from annoy,
Were Eve sure usher to advancing joy!
Oft on its wing the kindly dream to find,
Home to the body stoops the cowering mind;
Convulsive strifes, as elfish forms appal,
To heave the limb unyielding to its call,
Struggles in dread, though conscious they but seem,
Shudders, yet whispers, 'These are all a dream.'

We need not, we conceive, quote other lines to prove that Mr. FELTON is not lightly endowed with the 'vision and the faculty divine;' indeed we have space but for a round dozen of lines more, but in quality they are a 'baker's dozen:'

'Go, when the shades with noiseless feet advance,
And say what see you in the broad expanse;
Worlds' age-kept secrets all by Science shown,
Each distance measured, every orbit known?
No; still Orion's sword the gods defies,
Still for their sister watch the Pleiads' eyes.
O'er this vast temple bends the pictured dome,
Where Hero Virtue found eternal home;
Where gods who could not save, *enshrined above,*
In frames of darkness set, their mortal Love.
So soars the mind along the starry gleams,
Back to the night that teemed with glorious dreams.'

We shall see no future production of the author of 'The Horse-Shoe' announced without a pleasant remembrance of what he *has* accomplished, and a lively anticipation of coming enjoyment.

MAKATAIMESHEKIAKIAK, OR BLACK-HAWK, AND SCENES IN THE WEST. A National Poem in Six Cantos. By ELBERT H. SMITH. New-York: Printed for SMITH and published by SMITH.

THIS is a tremendous poem. It is too great a poem to be written by a man with so common a cognomen as SMITH. If we had written it, we should want to change our name, whatever it was. SMITH says that big as his poem is, he might have made it five times bigger, such is his facility in composing. He could easily have written the whole in rhyme, too, he adds, if he had been so 'disposed,' but he 'was partial to blank verse, and originally intended to compose the whole in that style, but the constant tendency to rhyme continually furnished him, as he went along, with beautiful couplets, some of which he retained among the blank verse as the base!' At other times he has 'reduced whole portions of the work entirely to rhyme, portions which were at first intended for blank verse, so that he has in such a variety of styles something that will suit all tastes and classes of readers.' We propose to do SMITH the justice to let our readers hear from him in two or three of his several 'styles,' beginning with the style following, which is developed in a description of the mining region of Lake Superior:

'MEANWHILE, at Copper Harbor, there arrived
Steamers with many immigrants on board,
Who seemed to have a copper fever on them.
Come from all parts, elated with high hopes
Of soon becoming wealthy in their prime,
By snatching up the treasures here dispensed;
E'en mining Cornwall disembogues her sons.
Of these, one long engaged in British mines
Seemed much astonished, and quite bewildered,
That Yankees, unexperienced in the art,
And for the business never educated,
Should understand, and carry it on so well.

'To which our traveller answered promptly thus:
Think you the Yankees are such dunderheads?
Did they not whip king GEORGE and all his legions?
His seventeen thousand Hessian hirelings, too?
And JOHNNY BULL discomfit on the sea,
And terminate all wars with victory?
And do not their inventions head the world?
Why, Sir! a Yankee, with his natural 'cuteness,
Wisconsin mountains could look through with ease,
If he but thought that mineral there was hid.

'Meanwhile, more vessels constantly arrive,
With loads of miners, speculators, diggers,
And amateurs, of various minds and figures,
In search of wealth, of El Dorado, north.
A glorious prospect, those of Copper Falls;
For there, not only copper rock is found,
But silver, too, in quantities obtained.
And if the stories that we hear, be true,
Of all the wonders lately here disclosed,
Copper and silver will be drugs in market.
Each person, here, entitled to respect,
Sports a tremendous ring, well hammered out,
Of native silver; and enclosing in it
An agate, from Superior's mining shore.
Many locations, excellent, are made
By numerous companies, on the Eagle, Dead,
And Mining rivers — Portage, Lake La Belle:
HOUGHTON, geologist of Michigan,
Immortal wight, was sent, this coast to scan.'

'What to the wonder of the world, he found
His geological surveys amidst,
On the Ontonagon, a copper rock.
He finished his surveys, and left the place;
After eight years had fled, again returning,
His hatchet lying on the rock still found.'

Here ensues a specimen of SMITH's rhyming style. The passage is 'of and concerning' an Indian girl:

'ELIJAH was by ravens fed,
And she a life as pious led;
For he had passions, various wit,
Like ours; we leave to holy writ.
What marvel, then, if she should be,
In such a like extremity,
Fed thus, or otherwise preserved,
By sovereign mercy, whom she served?
She turned her eye — her guide was gone:
But, looking forward, o'er a lawn,
Again she saw it settling there,
Yet still suspended high in air,
Above a spacious opening glade,
Which herding buffalo had made,
In ancient day, their stamping-ground,
Though now the place did not resound
With their loud low, grown scarce and gone.
Here, grazing on this beauteous lawn,
Amidst this fair deserted ground,
A female buffalo she found.
Attended by its young it fed;
As she approached, it raised its head,
And cast on her complacent eyes;
Not with that feeling of surprise
Such creatures fain are wont to show,
When first the human form they know;
Fast scampering off like fleetest hind,
That almost leaves the wind behind;
But, inly feeling there no harm,
Was held by some celestial charm —
Made conscious of its course by heaven,
At once submitted to be driven
Quite home, and udders drained, became
Domesticated, kind and tame.'

SMITH, from very incontinence of rhyme, bursts often from the bonds of blank verse into little bits of song, which are extremely unique. Thus after a description in long lines, of the hunter 'seeking to find the fatted 'coon,' we are favored with the annexed brace of verses in quite another 'style:'

'BUT, should there come a snow so deep,
The nimble deer can't run,
Then, girding on his snowy shoe,
The huntsman with his gun,
Walks all unsinking careless on
The summits of the heaps,
And overtakes, and shoots him down,
While struggling in the deeps.'

WE take our present leave of SMITH and his poem, with this parting advice: 'Don't for mercy's sake write any more such stuff as that of which your big book is made up — don't! You have not the first idea of poetry; nor is there a single line in the whole compass of your book that rises above the dead level of your *own* common-place, the commonest kind of common-place that we ever encountered. Take up the trade of a tinker or a cobbler; do *any* thing, in short, except stealing, for a living; but don't write another line of what you call 'poetry.' Now SMITH, DON'T you *do* it!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.'—We give the ensuing notice of a new enterprise by MR. DOGGETT, JR., proprietor of the well-known 'City Directory;' and need only add to its expositions the remark, that we have seen several of the illustrations, which for delicacy and clearness we have never seen surpassed. The head of FRANKLIN, the house where he was born, and the 'Old South Church,' Boston, in an especial manner will command general admiration. We have been permitted to examine some of the old copies of 'Poor RICHARD'S Almanac,' which MR. DOGGETT obtained at such cost and labor, and enjoyed their perusal not a little. So quaint is the style of the homely common-sense maxims and advice, and so curiously are these interwoven in the interstices, as it were, of the calendar-pages, that we are not at all surprised that the 'Almanac' should have acquired so great a popularity; and we have no doubt that in its republished form it will command a sale larger than it enjoyed on its first appearance before the American people. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'THE present is doubtless the only complete edition of the 'POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC' of DR. FRANKLIN now in existence. The collection is the result of nearly four years' research among the libraries of public institutions and private collections in the States of New-Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania; and several of the numbers were only procurable at great cost, and even some were purchased with the proviso that they were to be returned, should the publisher be successful in obtaining duplicates. A complete copy of the Almanac had been pronounced by our indefatigable historian, JARED SPARKS, as of doubtful existence, and the publisher is therefore most agreeably disappointed in being able to lay successively before the American public the entire numbers of this invaluable series, accompanied by an appropriate modern calendar, prepared under the direction of Professor PEIRCE, of Harvard University.

'The present number contains the editorial matter of FRANKLIN for the first three years, 1733, 1734 and 1735, and the commencement of an autobiography of the DOCTOR, which, with the editorials and advice of POOR RICHARD, will be continued from year to year, until both are completed. The execution, typographical and illustrative, it is believed will meet the cordial approbation of the public.

'Perhaps no work in any degree similar to 'POOR RICHARD'S Almanac' ever met with such universal popularity as that work. It was continued by FRANKLIN twenty-six years, from 1733 to 1758, inclusive, with a constantly enhanced circulation. It combined, in a most remarkable manner, entertainment and useful information. It was so generally read, that there was scarcely a neighborhood in the whole province whose inhabitants permitted themselves to be unsupplied with it: it was perused by the common people; and its terse and concentrated wisdom, its various learning and telling wit, obviated with such the necessity of having many other books. All the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar were filled with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means

of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; 'for,' said the author, 'it is more difficult for a man in want to act honestly, than it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.' 'These proverbs,' continues FRANKLIN, in his autobiography, 'which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the Almanac of 1758, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent; reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper, to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishoners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money, which was observable for several years after its publication.'

'Few compositions in any language have been so widely read as this summary prefixed to the Almanac of 1758. It was three times translated into the French before 1800, and in 1823 an edition in modern Greek appeared from the press of DIDOT at Paris.

'It would be a curious thing, were it possible, to trace the influence of the sound common sense, the homely wisdom, of the frugal maxims of POOR RICHARD upon the early inhabitants of these States. Running along down the carefully-scanned 'weather-columns' of the Almanac, and intermingling with '*Apogee*,' '*Expect much rain about these days*,' and the like, came unexpectedly upon the reader these lessons of wisdom, sinking directly into the mind or the heart, remaining there indelibly, and associated perhaps in the minds of thousands with the very days of the month along which they ran, and the especial seasons when the Almanac was consulted. Who can tell how many thousands have been brought to a keen sense and appreciation of the necessity of personal exertion in the little couplet:

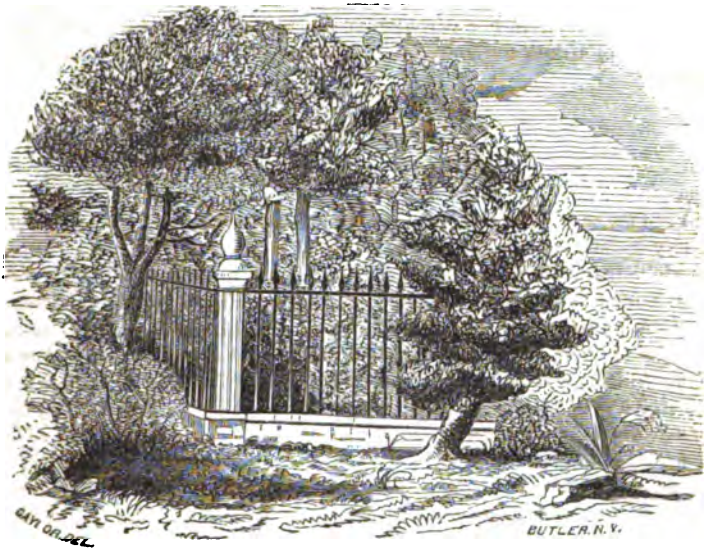
'He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

These maxims, too, have been the fruitful source of other collateral sayings, which have exercised a borrowed influence for good upon all readers. Thus the above couplet was no doubt the father of the saying 'When I say, *Go*, boys, and do a thing, half the time it is n't done; but when I go forward myself, and say, *Come*, boys, and do it, the thing is done at once.' No one understood the influence of terms with ideas to them better than Dr. FRANKLIN.

'It has been alleged that some of POOR RICHARD'S maxims have had a tendency to make the reader of them, supposing him to have followed them, penurious and close-fisted; that if *all* his readers followed his inculcations of saving pennies, for example, there would be no trade, and that the community would be resolved into a community of misers. But such objectors should remember that in the infancy of the country, when nearly every body was poor, getting and saving were cardinal virtues; and not a little influence, we may well suppose, was exerted, as FRANKLIN himself modestly hints, in making money more plenty in those times that tried not only the souls but the bodies of our ancestors. Many a poor man, thinking with RICHARD that 'An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow,' has felt how much more forcibly was the inculcation against 'risking the chances' conveyed, than by the equally common saying, that 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

'The great eagerness with which 'POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC' was sought for in its day — three or four large editions a-year being frequently demanded by the comparatively few readers of that period — and the fact that there is not a single copy of the work in any of our historical societies, the Cambridge Library, Boston Athenæum, and other the like institutions, have induced the publisher to bring the work before the public, so that its wisdom, its learning, its wit, its homely common sense, may again become familiar to the people whose better character they have contributed, not perhaps remotely, to form.'

We understand that in the republication no expense will be spared to have the types, paper, printing, engravings, etc., of the first order of excellence. We bespeak for the enterprise the favor of the American public. It will then 'be in evidence' that we do not wholly disregard the 'ancient land-marks' of virtue, temperance, and frugality.



THE GRAVE OF ROBIN HOOD. — We are indebted to an old and esteemed friend and correspondent, Hon. WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL, for the following interesting local account of the Priory of Kirklees, near Huddersfield, England, and one of its most distinguished attractions, the *Grave of Robin Hood.* The engraving which accompanies this is from a drawing by a young southerner, made at the request of Mr. CAMPBELL, expressly for the KNICKERBOCKER:

'AT the distance of about six miles from the town of Huddersfield, in the very centre of a densely-populated manufacturing district, is to be found all that remains of the Priory of Kirklees, famous as the burial place of the most renowned of the heroes of English Historical Romance, ROBIN HOOD; and truly, if sylvan seclusion and scenery of the most romantic beauty can give fitness to a tradition time-worn and honored, then is that which marks out Kirklees as the resting-place of the gentle ROBIN indeed an apt and happy one; for notwithstanding its proximity to those leviathan establishments in which is manufactured clothing for a world, it would seem as if the very genius of progress had paused in respect before the outlaw's grave, having forborne to brush away the dew-drops from the grass, or to disturb the sylvan solitude where the darkening elms and sombre yews wave their branches like funeral plumes over his tomb. This interesting relic occupies an elevated situation at the western extremity of a noble terrace, winding round the brow of a hill overlooking the beautiful vale of Calder, where the long and broad avenues of oak and elm still stretch away into solitudes so unbroken that were it not for the evident care taken to fence out man, the destroyer, one might be disposed to question whether human feet had trod those glades since the bereaved band returned with sad looks and solemn tread from depositing the body of their beloved leader in its lonely resting-place; and although

the shrill whistle of the locomotive does occasionally awaken the echoes of the valley, the iron monster preserves a respectful distance from the hallowed spot.

'The grave is guarded by an iron-railing, and although the stone which originally covered it was removed in consequence of portions having been broken and carried off as relics by visitors, the inscription upon it is copied on the present stone: it is as follows:

'Hear undernead dis laitl stain
Laz Robbud, Earl of Huntington;
Ner ardir yer az his sa geud,
An pipl Kauld im Robin Heud,
Sic Utlawz as hi an iz men
Vil England never si agen.'— *Obit 24 Kal. Decembris*, 1247.

'From the commanding height of the terrace is seen the silvery Calder sweeping in many majesty through umbrageous woods, pleasant meadows, and fair pastures, while in the extreme distance the horizon is bounded by the dark fissured sides of the hills of Blackstone Edge, stupendous walls of nature's rearing, to guard an amphitheatre of verdant beauty. Seen at sunrise from hence, those hills are crested by a coronal of golden rays; at noontide the day-god appears to be bathing in a sea of glory as his face is reflected in the waters of the Calder; while at eventide he appears to retreat behind the hills, through his palace of clouds, clothed in a mantle of rosy light. But who can describe the soft beauty of a moonlit scene from this eminence, as seen and felt in the balmy air of an English autumn evening, with the soft feeling of repose which it induces in the spectator, to catch glimpses of the distant landscape through the trees with their embrowned foliage; to mark the flashing lines of silver which ever and anon light up the quiet flowing river; to list to the voices of night as they sound in the rising breeze, sweeping through the avennes and joining in concert with the louder roar of the rushing weirs in the river below. These are indeed enjoyments full of rapturous feeling for the poetic mind.

'Leaving the grave by the path over the park, the traveller finds himself at the side of a bubbling brook which meanders complainingly through the grounds from west to east, and finally empties itself into the river Calder. Crowning the slope which descends somewhat abruptly to this stream, which still retains the name of 'Nun's Brook,' there is a fine avenue of beeches, which was no doubt intended to give shelter and shade to those sisters of the house who should seek in its long-drawn vista a place of meditation; and there is no question that the margin of the brook was frequently trod by them for a similarly holy purpose. There is a narrow bridge that crosses the stream, which gives access to what was once the gate-way of the Priory, although it now leads only to certain farm buildings and offices attached to the modern Hall, which was built in the reign of James the First out of the materials of the old Priory, and stands in the Park above.

'An engraving of the Priory ruins in Stukely's Itinerary shows that at that time a large gate-way, with corner turrets, of fine character was still standing; but this has disappeared, and nothing of the kind is now left standing except a low postern with its moulded stone jambs and door of oak studded with large headed nails.

'The lodge or gate-house is in excellent preservation, and is on several accounts one of the most interesting portions of the buildings. It is not of large dimensions, but the thickness of its walls, its windows of extremely narrow lights, divided by mullions, and two timber gables, one of them well carved, and both in excellent preservation, give unmistakeable evidence of its having formed an original portion of the Priory.

'It is in a chamber closet of this gate-house that tradition declares ROBIN HOOD to have expired. The chamber in which it is said the Outlaw drew his last breath is of small dimensions, and the window is still pointed out through which his trusty friend and follower LITTLEJOHN, at his master's request, shot an arrow, to mark by its fall the place of his grave; and verily it was no unnerved arm that drew the bow-string which could send an arrow that distance, for but few in *these* days could so shoot.

'No one can contemplate the situation of this ancient Priory, nestling in a sheltered hollow upon the margin of a fair brook, in whose clear waters its turrets were reflected, and surrounded by forest-clothed hills, without acknowledging the truth of the traditionary axiom which attributed to the clerical fathers of England an exquisite taste and fine appreciation of the beautiful in their choice of conventual sites.'

From our boyhood the career of ROBIN HOOD, and the deeds of his trusty LITTLEJOHN and his 'merry men,' have possessed for us a wonderful attraction, which was not a little heightened by the introduction by SCOTT of the account of the exploits of the outlaws in Sherwood Forest, in 'Ivanhoe,' one of the most delightful sylvan pictures ever painted by the hand of that great master.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.— Mayhap the following '*Scattered Leaves from the Journal of an Office-Seeker at Washington*,' which were picked up by a friend on Pennsylvania Avenue, will convey an useful lesson to some one of our readers:

'MONDAY.— Dressed in my sable suit, I walked up to the —— Department; found at least thirty promising and promised; old, middle-aged, and young men, walking, sitting, or standing in the hopeful expectation of beholding the countenance of the Secretary, and receiving their immediate appointments. Was told by the messenger that my chance for seeing that august personage was worse than uncertain; was advised to call again, and then I might, perhaps, stand a better chance. Left the Department somewhat wiser than I had entered it.

'MONDAY, P. M.— While walking leisurely homeward, I was accosted by a fellow-pedestrian, and invited to take a glass of wine with him. Accepted his polite offer, and stepped in with him at ——'s hotel. At the door he met several of his acquaintances, whom he included in his invitation. Went to the bar-room and took a glass of wine. Was asked to take another — declined; not so, however, the remaining invited guests. When all had finished, my new friend put his hand in his pocket for some money to settle the publican's account. After feeling in every corner, he pulled out his — long fingers, with the exclamation: 'By GEORGE! I have left my money in my other trowser's pocket!' And, addressing himself to each of his companions for a loan, he was told by them, individually and collectively, 'that they had nothing about their persons but large bills.' Bills 'to pay,' thought I; but what I said was 'nothing to nobody.' I found that *I* was in for it; and so, to bring the matter to a close, I pulled out a gold piece and paid for the whole. I did not quite relish this mode of '*treat*'-ment, and called them (*sotto voce*, of course,) knights of the golden *fleece*; and without re-treating, left them.

'MONDAY EVENING.— Dined: after which I retired to my room and examined the state of my finances. Found that *owing* to several bill-ious attacks, they had become very much reduced. Consoled myself with the hope of presently getting some nourishing pap from our dear and common uncle SAMUEL, at whose table many a weak fellow has been sumptuously fed.

'TUESDAY.— Made up my mind to move into a boarding-house. Went in quest of one. Found one at last, which I thought might suit for the present. Agreed to pay five dollars a week, and although an attic room, it was understood that it should not be at-'TICK.'

'TUESDAY NIGHT.— Supped and went to bed. Had a frightful dream. Methought that some scores of spirits were dancing around my bed, and playing a species of shuttlecock with their heads

which they carried in their hands. Their eyes were all fixed on me, with such an unnatural glare that cold perspiration oozed from every pore of my shivering body. In this amusement they had indulged for some time, when one of them approached my bed and held his head close to my face. I could see that there was an inscription on its brow; and curiosity getting the better of my fears, I looked at it more attentively, and read:

'*Fourteen hundred dollar clerk!*'

'No sooner had I gazed on these words than the spirit drew suddenly back, pitched his head into my face, and —— I awoke!

'It was some time before I recovered from the astonishment and terror into which this strange dream had thrown me; but when I began to reflect on its application, I thought that the whole was nothing but a spiritual intimation that I should obtain a fourteen hundred dollar clerkship.

'Nihil scriptum miraculi causâ.'

P. S. No clerkship yet: money almost gone.'

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who touches nothing that he does not ornament, was called upon by Ex-President Tyler, at the recent anniversary meeting of the Pittsfield (Mass.) 'Young Ladies' Institute,' to address the pupils, and after a few characteristically felicitous remarks, took from his pocket a scrap of paper, which he had 'kept artfully concealed upon his person,' and read a brief but admirable little poem, from which we take these charming lines:

'O, my sweet sisters! (let me steal the name
Nearest to love and most remote from blame,)
How brief an hour of fellowship ensures
The heart's best homage at a shrine like yours!
As o'er your band our kindling glances fall,
It seems a life-time that we 've known you all.

'Yes, in each face where youthful graces blend,
Our partial memory still revives a friend;
The forms once loved, the features once adored,
In her new picture Nature has restored;
Those golden ringlets, rippling as they flow,
We wreathed with blossoms many a year ago;
Seasons have wasted, but, remembered yet,
There gleams the lily through those braids of jet;
Cheeks that have faded, worn by slow decay,
Have caught new blushes from the morning's ray;
That simple riband, crossed upon the breast,
Wakes a poor heart that throbbed itself to rest;
Ay, thus she wore it; tell me not she died,
With that fair phantom floating at my side!
'T is as of old; why ask the vision's name?
All, to the white robe's folding, is the same;
And there, unconscious of a hundred snows,
On that soft bosom burns the self-same rose.
Ah, dear illusion! how thy magic power
Works with two charms: a maiden and a flower!

'Then blame me not if, lost in Memory's dream,
I cheat your hopes of some expansive theme;
When the pale star-light fills the evening dim,
A misty mantle folds our river's brim;
In those white wreaths how oft the wanderer sees
Half real shapes, the play-things of the breeze,
While every image in the darkening tide
Fades from its breast, unformed or undescried.

'Thus while I stand amid your starry train,
My gathering fancies turn to mist again;
O'er time's dark wave aërial shadows play,
But all the living landscape melts away!'

Apropos of Pittsfield, that pleasant village, upon which we looked down, with some good Hancock Shaker friends, one glorious June afternoon, from the top of one of the

blue mountains that environ her: they have been having a superb cattle-show and fair there, which would we had 'been there to see.' Dr. Holmes, now turned to a cultivator of rich paternal acres in the neighborhood, was there, and was placed upon the committee to report on ploughs and ploughing! He felt somewhat awkward under his new honors; but let him define his own position:

'The inhabitants of our cities who frequently visit the country during the fine season, would find themselves quite at a loss if an over-strained politeness should place them in this position. Imagine a trader or a professional man from the capital of the State unexpectedly called upon to act in rural matters. Plough-shares are to him shares that pay no dividends. A coulter, he supposes, has something to do with a horse. His notions of stock were obtained in Faneuil-Hall market, where the cattle look fumily enough, to be sure, compared with the living originals. He knows, it is true, that there is a difference in cattle, and would tell you that he prefers the sirloin breed to all others. His children are equally unenlightened. They know no more of the poultry-yard than what they have learned by having the chicken-pox and playing on a Turkey-carpet. Their small amount of knowledge of wool-growing is lam(b)entable. The history of one of these summer visitors shows that his rural education must be very imperfect. He no sooner establishes himself than he commences a series of experiments. He tries to drain a marsh, but only succeeds in draining his own pockets; he offers to pay for having a compost heap carted off, but is informed that it consists of corn and potatoes in an unfinished state. He sows abundantly, but reaps little or nothing, except with the implement he uses in shaving; a process which is frequently performed for him by other people, though he pays no barber's bill. He builds a wire fence and paints it green, so that nobody can see it; but he forgets to order a pair of spectacles a-piece for his cows, who, taking offence at something else, take his fence in addition, and make an invisible one of it, sure enough, in no time. And finally, having bought a machine to chop fodder, which chops off a good slice of his dividends and two or three children's fingers, he concludes that, instead of cutting feed, he will cut farming, and so sells out to one of your plain, practical farmers.'

A fine poetical tribute to the plough and the labors of the husbandman preceded the awards to the successful competitors. We have space but for a single beautiful apostrophe:

'O, gracious Mother! whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time!
We stain thy flowers — they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.'

'More of this cannot we now report.' . . . The reader's waist-bands may have 'suffered some' under the orthographical inflictions of 'Chawls Yellowplums.' What will he say to the following bona-fide extract from a letter received by a Hartford flour-merchant recently from a miller in the interior?

'The barls of flower ar a choiys artical — remit the proseeds to me amegiate on A rival.'

Query: who *is* that 'rival' on whom he wishes the 'proseeds' to be remitted 'amegiate?' . . . The bone of Whitfield's right arm, that eloquent arm, so often raised to enforce the burning thoughts of which it was the obedient minister, has recently been sent back from England to a clergyman in Newburyport, whence it was stolen many years since. Think of this for a moment, reader, as you look at your own right arm, while its 'bones are moistened with marrow.' Ah! 'we know what we are, but not that which we shall be!' . . . Very peculiar is the 'piled-up' style of far-western eloquence. Who was it, speaking from the stump not long since of Austria, and her treatment of the Hungarians, said: 'There 's Austria, with her head and ears erect like a geese! The cry of Freedom, rousing the coiled-up sassengers of Bologna, encompasses her with the links of liberty! The despot of Prussia turns Prussian-blue at his fate, and Austria gapes in dismay at the howl that tells of the approaching knife that is raised to wrench her apart at the hinges! Hungary has

snatched the burning brand of regeneration from the hands of timid posterity, and planted it deep in the bowels of the futur'! Let it grow!' . . . If we had been asked to make our 'solemn 'davy' that the following brief notice of an excellent work, written and 'entyped' more than three months ago, had appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, we should have answered, as poor POWER used to say, 'in the negative, that it *had*.' But until now it has n't, it would seem, albeit it was in type, and we had read and corrected a proof of the same: '*The American Angler's Guide*' is the title of a very superior work upon the themes whereof it authentically treats. It is from the pen, as we learn, of Mr. JOHN J. BROWN, of the 'Angler's Dépôt' in Fulton-street, a practical man, who 'knows whereof he *writes* and writes whereof he *knows*,' in all matters connected with successful angling. Numerous faithful illustrations give to the reader representations of all the principal fish in American waters, as well as of the different modes and means of 'wiling the finny prey.' The volume is admirably printed, upon good paper, and the whole is most creditable, alike to the author and the enterprising publishers, Messrs. H. LONG AND BROTHER. . . . YOUNG ladies, a piece of pleasant information for *you*, with our best regards: HALLOWELL, in his 'Vernacular Customs,' a recent English work, gives a way whereby '*To tell who is to be your Husband.*' The modus-operandi seems so very feasible that we hope some of our fair readers will give the experiment a trial:

'TAKE a St. THOMAS's onion, pare it, and lay it on a clean handkerchief under your pillow; put on a clean smock; and as you lie down, lay your arms abroad, and say these words:

'Good St. THOMAS do me right,
And bring me to my love this night,
That I may view him in the face,
And in my arms may him embrace.'

'Then, lying on your back with your arms abroad, go to sleep as soon as you can, and [illegible] your first sleep you shall dream of him who is to be your husband, and he will come and offer [illegible] you; do not hinder him, but catch him in your arms, and strive to hold him, for that is how I have tried, and it was proved true. Yet I have another pretty way for a maid to know her sweet-heart, which is as follows: Take a summer apple of the best fruit, stick pins close into the apple to the head, and as you stick them take notice which of them is the middlemost, and give it what name you fancy; put it into the left hand glove, and lay it under your pillow on Saturday night, after thou gettest into bed, then clap thy hands together and say these words:

'If thou be he that must have me
To be thy wedded bride,
Make no delay, but come away,
This night to my bed-side.'

And anon he that is to be thy husband will be made visible unto thee.'

A MORE stupid 'correction' could not conveniently be made than was accomplished in the revise-proof of the sheet containing the lines entitled '*The Blacksmith*,' in our last number. Our correspondent must hold *us* scatheless. We were almost as chagrined as himself at encountering too late the ridiculous 'correction.' The proof-reader, unable to find the 'written word' in the dictionary embodied in COMER's 'Treasury of Useful Knowledge,' concluded to assuage 'swage,' and clip the term at that. But hear our justly-aggrieved friend:

'MONSIEUR LOUIS GAY LORD: You make me ver seek! I av no stomak for eat my breakfast: I write un leetel poem of De Blacksmidt, and send him to you. Eh bien: dis morn I ope de 'KNICK-BOCK.,' an I say, 'Ah ha! he have print my leetle poem!' So I read him all over to find de typograf mistak', and I no find him. But I find mon ami, de EDITOR, he make de grand *faux pax*.

'I write dat de smith 'swage' de iron; but Monsieur CLARK he turn him to '*swage!* Dam! Dis you call de abbreviation for 'assuage,' eh? And so you make what de other poet call one 'ludicrous perversion of de author's meaning!'

'I look in Dr. JOHNSON big book, and I find, 'SWAGE: to soften: to mitigate:' and I look in

Webstare, and I find, 'Swage: to soften; to mitigate;' and all de blacksmit, and de machin' man, and de metal-worker, he know ver well what 'swage' mean; dat he is de word by himself; w'at you call in dis contree de entire swine; and he is no other word wid his head cut off.

'So I know I am not asleep, and de Editor have make de fury of himself. Same times he make me ver seek; more as no medicine but 'Tartus' can assuage.

'I say, when you put de as to swage, you make you as of yourself; and so I have you on de hip.

'I remain,

'De sour man wid de sweet name,

'J. Honeywell.'

These timely '*Lines to a Cluster of Autumn Flowers*' reach us from their author, Mr. J. Clement, editor of a well-supplied weekly sheet, the '*Western Literary Messenger*,' printed at Buffalo, in this state:

Lone children of the sylvan shade!
Born with the frost of autumn chill,
Your virgin blossoms soon must fade,
Your dirge be sung by yon sad rill.

Unseen by human eye, ye came;
Ye flourish, to the world unknown;
And, perishing, shall leave no name,
No blessing, which the world will own.

Yet, though unprized, unknown your worth,
And passing brief your hermit reign,
To Wisdom's hand you owe your birth,
Which never fashions aught in vain.

The fragrance that ye send abroad,
Like incense sweet of secret prayer,
Is scattered by an unseen God,
And blessings o'er the earth may bear.

A congenial friend and esteemed correspondent writes us: 'Are there any jokes like those perpetrated by little children? The other day a train of cars was starting. My friend's quick-eyed boy exclaimed: 'Pa, there goes a house!' Is there not a moral in it? Isaac Newton's daughter was last week teaching her little brother his Sunday lesson. The topic related to martyrdom. 'Charley, do you know what a martyr is?' 'No, Sis, but I know tomatoes!' . . . One thing we especially like to see — '*par la gauche*;' and that is, a man at a circus, amidst the resounding laughter of children, looking round upon his big acquaintances, to ascertain from their example whether it is not infrâ. dig. to be pleased, and smiling only by the card. Scourge us such traitors to nature!

'He was good, and he was bold,
And full of mirth as he could hold,'

could never have been written of such an ass. . . . '*Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing of the United States*' is very cordially received in England. The London 'News' weekly journal remarks: 'Sport has its heroes as well as science. Humboldt gave to the learned of the two continents much that was new of South American mountain and river, of volcano and primeval forest; and what the scientific Prussian has effected for the geographical and geological, the English sportsman has done for the piscatorial world. Mr. Herbert is the Humboldt of North-American fish and fishing.' . . . Laughed much at breakfast this morning, while reading the '*Tribune* daily journal, at an incident mentioned in a letter from the Council Bluffs, describing the kind of influence exerted on the red men in that region. The writer was going to see the missionary of that station, when he met two little Indian boys, with bow and arrows in hand: 'How de do? how de do?' said they: the traveller answered: 'How do you do?' 'To which thus then' the boys: 'How de do? how de do, *you dem rascal!*' They passed on quietly, being totally ignorant of the import of the limited vocabulary of English which they had acquired from the people who occasionally frequent their country! . . . There has come among us, reader, within the last three weeks, a right clever young poet, from the other side of the water, William P. Mulchinock

by name, one of the talented band who surrounded their much-loved chief, the gifted CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, in the columns of the '*Irish Nation*' newspaper. We have received from the hands of Mr. MULCHINOCK (a not-easily-to-be-pronounced name at first, but possessing an-at-length-to-be-overcome quality) several of his effusions, some grave, others humorous, but all evincing a high order of spirit and execution. The reader will encounter two or three of them in the present pages. In introducing the following, it may not be amiss to premise, that to be 'lorded' is to be 'inebriated,' 'boozy,' 'tight,' 'intoxicated,' 'swipes'd,' or whatsoever else may designate a man as 'drunk as a lord:'

The Lorded Harp.

NOT BY ANY MEANS BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LORD OF DUALTAGH.'

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK, OF DUBLIN.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

In my fortune's golden heyday,
In the spring-time of the year,
Loved I well a beauteous lady,
Who since acted very queer:
I was then *such* a 'good fellow!'
Lots of chinking gold I had;
Every evening I waxed mellow,
Every morning I waxed sad;
Every jovial red-faced swiper
Unto me his court would pay,
For they knew I'd pay the piper,
And the knowledge made them gay;
While my full purse they did handle,
With a magic new to me,
They would make one tallow candle
On my vision flare like three!

But one night they named a creature
Who was passing rich and young;
Praised her angel-cast of feature,
Praised the way she played and sung;
Praised her sweet lips—their position,
With the ivory between;
Talked of 'union in partition'—
What the Devil did they mean?
Oh! my heart with love was swelling,
And my hot cheek colored high,
As my wild mates named her dwelling,
With fierce winkings of the eye;
Where with pleasure they 'd resort all,
For *their* hearts too felt Love's flame,
But that mortal to her portal
After sunset never came.

'Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.'
Hark! that younker's carol gay:
'In a brimmer toast the lasses,
We have still some hours till day.
As the day-time is the right time
On our worldly cares to think,
So the night time is the bright time,
And the fittest time to drink!'
Vain the lute, the burdened chorus,
When the heart is sad within;
Vain the rosy wine before us,
Vain the merry festal din;
Vain the polka's bounding measure,
Vain the youthful poet's lay,
Vain the lamp-lit halls of pleasure,
When the heart is far away.

In Love's novel feeling spurning,
More of bumpers strong and sweet,
From my joyous co-mates turning,
Out I staggered to the street;
Where all 'round me, after drinking,
A most wond'rous change I found;
All things seemed unto my thinking
In a wild dance upleaping 'round.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

'T was the houses first began it,
Then the flag-ways, while on high
Every brightly-blazing planet
Ran and wriggled through the sky:
I was trying to count their number,
And I laughed with sudden glee,
As I reeled to earth, where slumber
Deep and sweet stole over me.
Felt I next a hand's rough shaking,
Heard I then a well-known voice:
'Rouse thee, JENKINS! for thy waking
Waits the maiden of thy choice.
Thou art in her mansion splendid:
See! she cometh like a bride,
By her handmaids *fair* attended;
Lo! she sitteth at thy side!'

Heard I then, with great heart-flutter,
A soft rustling, as of silk,
And a voice that low did mutter
Words like 'spooney' and like 'bilk.'
Up I gazed, and saw above me
Her bright face and witching eyne,
Whose mute eloquence said 'Love me,'
As they downward looked on mine.
Felt I then her taper finger
Touching mine with pressure light,
While she said: 'Love, why dost linger
From my happy feast to night?
See! thy merry mates before thee
To the loaded table move;
Drink this bumper, 't will restore thee,
If you drink to her you love.'

After slumber, slightly reeling,
Down I sat me at the board;
Gazed aloft from floor to ceiling,
Then on her whom I adored,
Over lobster, over widgeon,

She the rosy wine did quaff,
While whene'er she named me 'pigeon'
Loud my merry mates did laugh.
Waxed the fun all 'fast and furious,'
Called I loud for cards and dice:
Oh! 't was passing strange and curious
That they brought them in a trice!

I was diddled; so I quarrelled,
As I'd nothing more to lose;
Talked of pistols double-barrelled,
That I never meant to use;
Flung I then a huge decanter
At my peerless lady's head,
Who with quickness, straight, instanter,
To the bridewell had me led.

To the winds I flung religion
Ere I left, and wished bad luck
To the dame whose tongue lisped 'pigeon'
When its proper word was 'pluck.'
Cursed I them the rooks that fleece men
Under cover of the night,
While the hateful curs, policemen,
Near me muttered 'Served you right!'
Plucked completely, bare and needy,
Now I wander through the street,
In a thread-bare suit, and seedy,
Cut by all the friends I greet;
Save an UNCLE, tender creature!
Who from home goes seldom out,
But on suffering human nature
Rains down bounty from a '*spout!*'

Many a thoughtless, dissolute, debauched young heir to hereditary wealth, in this very metropolis, will the town-reader call to mind, of whose career and its result the foregoing lines are only too truthful an exponent. Ridiculous as is the picture, it conveys a sad and (rightly-pondered) a useful lesson. . . . THE subject of '*Intramural Interments*' is exciting great attention in London; and the proper authorities will soon resolve, it is stated, that no more interments shall be permitted to take place within the limits of the metropolis. Hundreds of able pens have pointed out the dreadful consequences to the public health of the over-crowded church-yards; church-yards so full, that whenever a new tenant is about to take his place in a city cemetery the sexton goes before with his iron auger, his grave-taster, and finds the farthest-removed top-man upon whose remains yet green in earth' he may deposite his mortal burthen. PUNCH, in an article which if not from the pen of CARLYLE is certainly in the best vein of DOUGLAS JERROLD, treats this momentous subject in a vein of the most pungent satire. We segregate a few passages:

'THE citizen, whose chamber-window opens upon a grave-yard, sleeping and waking, is a mark for his enemy, whose unconscious particles are fighting, millions strong, in the domestic atmosphere of the breathing man; killing him quietly, but surely — very surely. Every night the enemy's millions are attacking him under his tester, destroying the roses in his wife's cheeks, and making yellow the baby. Why should the dead be made mischievous? The thought of it must be the longest nail in a good man's coffin. Why, when man has turned his face to the wall; that wall, where eternal sky-light comes through upon him; why should he be made, in the clay, to turn again, and, without his will or knowledge, carry on an exterminating war against those he has left behind him? Our London church-yards, in the London clay removed from London chambers, breed clouds of poisonous things, devouring as locusts. We may not see them; we may not, by the aid of the best microscope, read their veined wings and count one by one their organs of destruction. The more the pity; otherwise we had never endured them. Their worst evil has been in their invisibility. They have carried mortality down the throats of men, and destroyed unseen. . . . Family graves are opened; the dead are to have kindred followers. Widow would rejoin husband, widower would rest with sometime wife. It is very touching; there is natural religion, pathos in the wish. And so while the London clay, layer upon layer; pile it up, until the noon-day sun, scorching the crust of earth, makes hot the very coffin-plate. The pompous dead man of Saturday last, needing full room for his full length, turns out, or crushes into abominable flatness, the withered fellow beneath him, who, to be sure, may have done his full work of mischief in the grave; having given off *his* contribution of poison; having duly paid *his* subscription to the fund, the floating fund, of miasma, that from rich London clay contaminates the London living. Can a man, ought a man, to die at peace, knowing that he has sternly willed to be so bestowed that the sun may breed in him a mortal pestilence to his neighbors? — that he may have, in a clayey sense, a speedy resurrection of himself in noxious vapors, taking mortal possession of the lungs of the living? It seems that, in a while, and London church-yards are to receive no further contributions of London clay. It gives one a glow to believe that churchmen are resolved upon this. A London church-yard will soon cease to intrude upon our daily life its ghastly impertinence. The Germans call a church-yard 'God's Field;' a beautiful name, suggestive of hopeful thoughts. So we should ever be taught to see it — to think it. God's Field, sown with human seed, at The Sound to burst and germinate, and take upon it immortal loveliness.'

We hope the example of London will not be lost upon the authorities of this vast metropolis. Many of our city church-yards are overflowing, giving serious cause of complaint, and endangering the public health in every near vicinity of such deposito-

ries of the dead. . . . THE statute of limitations in law has certain exceptions, among which is this, that the statute never applies to a claim or demand of the state, which in England is expressed by the maxim, '*Nullum tempus occurrit Regi*,' or among us republicans, '*Nullum tempus occurrit Respublicæ*.' When the news arrived in this country of the birth of VICTORIA'S first child, a discussion arose among some lawyers as to the proper time, etc., some one saying, 'Why, she has n't been married six months!' 'Pooh! pooh!' said one; 'you know, '*Nullum tempus occurrit Reginæ!*'' . . . AN esteemed friend furnishes us with the annexed translation of a beautiful passage from the Spanish of CALDERON:

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Of gods and men the pride,
Sweet VIRTUE! be my guide:
If thou be not our guiding-star,
Amid this life's incessant war,
For me there is no rest!'

'So 'they' have the assurance to complain, do they,' writes a correspondent, 'of your clerical items? You have not come up to the reality by 'upward of a good deal if not more.' A friend of mine not long since heard one say that SAMSON, with the jaw-bone of an ass, put a thousand men to the 'pint of the bagnet!'—and I myself heard the same reverend gentleman say that DAVID had URIAH marched up to the cannon's mouth, where he was instantly killed! Not long since an old and highly respectable Episcopal clergyman, in an extemporaneous exposition, became so far colloquial as to say very gravely: 'But, then, my friends, when you come to look for the HOLY SPIRIT you 'll find him among the missing!' Fact.' . . . THAT is not a bad story which is told of Lawyer G——, of Allentown, Pennsylvania. He was engaged in trying a patent-right claim for the owner of a new machine for packing flour, and wound up by an argument *ad hominem*: 'Now, gentlemen of the jury, I ask you whether the inventor of this invaluable article does not deserve some remuneration for so distinguished an addition to the aggregate of labor-saving machines? You, Mr. R——,' addressing an old German miller in the jury-box, 'are *acquainted* with the business, and I ask *you* whether the machine is not worth every cent charged for it?' The miller, thus appealed to, thought himself bound to answer, although he *should* 'speak in meetin'.' 'No,' said he, 'it ish n't wort a cent! I hat one of dem t'ings in my mill, and I would n't have it pack ag'in for a hunterd tollars!' G—— took a non-suit. . . . THAT was a curious burial-scene which took place lately in London. A man named GOTHARD, a green-grocer, living in a street called East Lane, died of cholera. The deceased had been remarkable for the attention and care bestowed upon a favorite donkey, purchased by him twenty-six years ago. Such was his affection for his 'Moak,' as he called him, that it was his practice on every Christmas day to give him the first cut of the plum-pudding, a treat which the animal seemed to enjoy, as he ate it with the greatest avidity, and washed it down with a pint of strong ale. Even on his death-bed GOTHARD did not forget his favorite, for in his will he directed that the donkey should follow him to his grave as chief mourner! This extraordinary request soon got wind in the neighborhood, and at the time appointed for the funeral some thousands of persons assembled in the church-yard. The authorities connected with the church determined that such an unseemly exhibition should not be allowed; the friends in consequence determined only to lead the donkey as far as the end of East Lane. During this portion of the mournful procession the animal walked at the head of fourteen couples of mourners, with crape tied round its ears! So great was the crowd about the church that the aid of the police was obliged

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, wail for one whose bitter wail
Is poured upon the gale,
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he nest where its crushed offspring lie!

ute are the tongues that sung for me,
In joyful harmony;
old are the lips whose welcome kiss
To me was heavenly bliss!

h! but for Him whose head was bowed
Mid Calvary's mocking crowd,
oon would I fly the painful day,
And follow in their way.

et mourned not He in voiceless gloom
O'er Lazarus in the tomb?
ushed not the flood from His dimmed eyes?
Heaved not His breast with sighs?

d mourned not the pure Virgin, when
Her Son, transfixed by men,
rithed in the throes of His dark agony?
Then blame not me!

'At midnight's hour of silence deep,
Sealed in their balmy sleep,
Oh, crushing grief! oh, scathing blow!
My loved ones were laid low.

'When wailing at the dead of night,
They cross my aching sight,
They come, and beckon me away,
And chide my long delay.

'At midnight hour, at morn, at eve,
My sight they do not leave;
Within, abroad, their looks of love
Around me move.

'But in their visits no affection's lost!
I love the pathways by their shadows cross'd
Soon, by the will of Heaven's King,
To their embrace I'll spring!

'Oh! pity her who never more will know
Contentment here below:
Who fed them at the fountain of her br
And hushed their infant rest!'

We give the annexed passage from a note to the Editor here
ve of what we should consider a 'palpable hit:' Lieuten
altar in the United States' frigate ——, in the year 184
of the ship who were invited to a large ball one evening
nty-four and a French corvette were also at the time in the
of the three vessels were included in the invitation, which
nost distinguished citizens of the place; and on that night
an beauties joined with the ladies of the officers attached
at the fort, to dazzle and delight their foreign guests. Among
ish ship was a man who, with little external appearance of
mplishments of mind, was as proud as Lucifer; 'pluming
from a long line of noble ancestry, although he was in
of a younger son.' This man's airs were intolerable. Dislik
him, he still persisted in annoying every one with whom
ite topic of heraldry and the peerage. At last he was introd
—, and after a few common-place remarks had passed bet
tion turned on the United States. 'I 'm told you have
try, Sir,' observed the Englishman, now on his favorite them
the man's character, for it had been specifically described
plied, 'we have ancestors, and some of us those of whom we
n to be very proud.' 'Indeed!' said his colloquist; 'but y

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O'er Lazarus in the tomb?
Rushed not the flood from His dimmed eyes?
Heaved not His breast with sighs?

'And mourned not the pure Virgin, when
Her Son, transfixed by men,
Writhed in the throes of His dark agony?
Then blame not me!

'At midnight's hour of silence deep,
Sealed in their balmy sleep,
Oh, crushing grief! oh, scathing blow!
My loved ones were laid low.

'When wailing at the dead of night,
They cross my aching sight,
They come, and beckon me away,
And chide my long delay.

'At midnight hour, at morn, at eve,
My sight they do not leave;
Within, abroad, their looks of love
Around me move.

'But in their visits no affection's lost!
I love the pathways by their shadows cross'd;
Soon, by the will of Heaven's King,
To their embrace I'll spring!

'Oh! pity her who never more will know
Contentment here below:
Who fed them at the fountain of her breast,
And hushed their infant rest!'

We give the annexed passage from a note to the Editor hereof, as strikingly illustrative of what we should consider a 'palpable hit:' Lieutenant S——, while at Gibraltar in the United States' frigate ——, in the year 184–, was one of the officers of the ship who were invited to a large ball one evening on shore. A British seventy-four and a French corvette were also at the time in the harbor, and the officers of the three vessels were included in the invitation, which was given by one of the most distinguished citizens of the place; and on that night French, Spanish and Italian beauties joined with the ladies of the officers attached to the regiments quartered at the fort, to dazzle and delight their foreign guests. Among the officers of the English ship was a man who, with little external appearance of a gentleman, and few accomplishments of mind, was as proud as Lucifer; 'pluming' himself on his descent from a long line of noble ancestry, although he was in fact but the 'younger son of a younger son.' This man's airs were intolerable. Disliked by every one who knew him, he still persisted in annoying every one with whom he conversed on his favorite topic of heraldry and the peerage. At last he was introduced to Lieutenant S——, and after a few common-place remarks had passed between them, the conversation turned on the United States. 'I 'm told you have no ancestry in your country, Sir,' observed the Englishman, now on his favorite theme. The Lieutenant knew the man's character, for it had been specifically described to him. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'we have ancestors, and some of us those of whom we think we have good reason to be very proud.' 'Indeed!' said his colloquist; 'but you have no heraldry;

no coats-of-arms, Sir.' 'Yes, we have coats-of-arms also, Sir,' was the reply. 'Ah! have ye indeed, Sir?' asked the Englishman; 'well, me good Sir, may I be so bold, Lieutenant S——, as to ask what your *own* family arms are, Sir?' 'Certainly,' coolly answered the Lieutenant; 'my coat-of-arms, Sir, is a shield; device, a lion's head, two pistols crossed underneath, two bowie-knives crossed at the top, with the motto, '*Semper Paratus!*'' The Englishman did not seem inclined to continue his conversation on *that* topic, but rather felt a desire to change the subject; and it has been said that in after years his researches in heraldry were confined to other countries than the United States.' We should like to see foreign impertinence as effectually rebuked more frequently . . . Looking over some old letters and manuscripts the other evening, in a ci-devant port-folio, erewhile 'in active life,' we came across a glossy lock of soft dark-brown hair. Ah! what a force of association there was in that single curl!

'O, golden time of Love's devotion,
When tenderest hopes and thrills have birth,
When hearts are drunk with blest emotion,
And heaven itself shines out on earth!'

The fair brow where the sister-ringlets of that bright tress clustered has long lain in the sepulchre; and as we recall the time when its dissevered brightness first greeted our ardent gaze, we 'well remember, too well remember' the scenes which made that distant period holy; the little love-notes, slily borne by a boy-confidant, and read at recitations in the morning, lying perdue in the leaves of unstudied books; the return noteletts, full of boyish affection; the watching at night of the light in her little apartment, gleaming across the wintry square; and then to sleep, to dream of —— Woes us! woes us! 'how old Tempus do fugit!' We are returning, like the 'Nervous Man' in the play, to our earliest boyhood: 'Miles G. Aspen, five years of age!' 'Pleasant but mournful' are these memories to the soul. . . . Doubts are thickening touching the theory of seeing from a distant planet the deeds of one's whole life while on earth, as set forth in '*The Stars and the Earth.*' A correspondent, for example, desires to know 'whether, under that arrangement, one can see by the progressive light what happened in *the dark* here below — the very time in which the worst deeds are always accomplished?' You've got us *there*, dear Sir: 'could n't *say*, indeed.' . . . The following touching lines have been handed to us by Mr. W. P. Mulchinock, elsewhere more particularly referred to in these pages. They were suggested, we may presume, by De Jean's beautiful '*Lay of the Dying Bard*,' although they refer especially to the illness, while in temporary confinement, during the recent troubles in Ireland, of Charles Gavan Duffy, the able editor of the Dublin '*Irish Nation*:'

Oh! the light that shone in mine eyes hath gone,
And the strength hath left each limb,
And I waste away with a slow decay
To the land of shadows dim —
To the land of shadows dim!
They tell me in vain 'gainst sickness and pain,
Through each weary day I strive;
But the heart *will* ope to the wildest hope
At the age of twenty-five:
Ah me!
I am now but twenty-five.

With a spear or brand in my youthful hand,
Without e'en a tear or sigh,
'Neath the trenchant blow of the hated foe
With patriot joy I 'd die —
With patriot joy I'd die!

But to die in gloom, in a shaded room,
Where the sun no ray can drive,
It is sad indeed, and the heart *must* bleed
To wither at twenty-five:
Ah me!
I am now but twenty-five.

'T is sad when the soul at a noble goal
Aims all its aspirings high,
A world-wide fame and a well-won name,
Then, then it is hard to die,
Ah! *then* it is hard to die!
And to leave behind bright gems of the mind
That may not an hour survive,
When the heart is chilled, and the harp is stilled
For ever at twenty-five:
Ah me!
I am now but twenty-five.

Of the breezes bland of a southern land
That lies far over the sea,
Let them boast at will, but the 'Green Land' still,
The Isle of the West for me —
The Isle of the West for me!
With the loved I prize to close my young eyes,
And the priest my soul to shrive,
On my native heath I will meet my death,
At the age of twenty-five,
Ah me!
At the age of twenty-five! W. P. M.

'Yon murky cloud is foul with rain' that here at Piermont we see rolling slowly over the hills that environ Sleepy-Hollow, on the other side of the river. Even while we watch it, it begins to shake its skirts, and to sift down upon the fading landscape its 'superflux of shower.' Looking at this, we cannot choose but think of a memorable excursion which the writer hereof once made with GEOFFREY CRAYON through the wizzard region of Sleepy-Hollow, a neighborhood which his own pen had made world-wide famous. The morning had been thunderous and showery; nor did it entirely brighten up until the removal of the first champagne-cork at the hospitable table of 'Sunnyside;' always a precursor, as the host remarked, of 'pleasant weather about this time.' After dinner, preceded by the ladies of the household and another guest in the family-carriage, Mr. CRAYON, in a light open wagon, 'tooled' the 'Old KNICK' over the high eastern hills that enclose the sheltered valley where in their day lived and flourished old BALTUS VAN TASSEL and his blooming daughter KATRINE. The sun came out between the pearl-colored opaque clouds; the birds began to sing in the trees; a bobolink was 'rising and sinking on a long flaunting weed' in an adjoining field; and every thing in nature was bright and smiling. Now it came to pass, howbeit, that when, beguiling the way with much rememberable converse, we came to the brow of the last hill that overlooks the turn of the road into the valley, one of the aforesaid opaque clouds, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which had been gradually 'gathering fatness,' suddenly darkened, and presently 'opened upon us;' also there were thunderings and lightnings; and trees, singly and in ranks, tossed their plumes of green, and battled with the storm. Moreover, the rain now descended amain; insomuch that Mr. CRAYON wheeled suddenly into an angle of a rail-fence that skirted an umbrageous grove, dismounted, clambered over, and took shelter under an adjacent tree, holding over his head meanwhile the cushioned wagon-seat, adown which, as from a spout, the rain poured from his back. 'Why don't you come under here, and be comfortably housed, as *I* am?' asked the Sleepy-Hollow historian, with amusing mock gravity; 'Whereto thus then' 'Old KNICK;' 'Dare n't do it, dear Sir; 'fraid of

the lightning, now playing about us; had a near relation once struck with the 'electric fluid' (the kind always mentioned by country newspapers as the most fatal) while standing under a tree; came near dying — but did n't.' 'Oh!' answered Mr. Crayon, 'that alters the case: *it runs in the family, eh?*' Well, well; the idea of lightning 'running in a family;' the odd appearance of the speaker, with his inverted leathern cushion on his head, under which he looked like a Roman beneath his tortoise-shell shield; the after excursion through the valley, with all that we saw and heard by the way; the appearance of a saturated guest about the hearth of 'Sunnyside' that night, clad in roomy habiliments of the host; all these recollections have arisen in about the space of a minute. 'Cur'ous' and very pleasant are the matters lodged in the thousand cells of memory! . . . It may sometimes prove 'hazidus' to introduce politics into the jury-box, as will be seen by the reader of the following incident. A certain lawyer in Pennsylvania, whose political course had been somewhat erratic, was addressing a jury not long since, and when about closing he noticed two whigs in the box. With a view to secure them, he took occasion to drag in the democratic party, over which he went rough-shod. When nearly through, he observed a democratic acquaintance in the jury, but thinking himself pretty sure of him, he said, looking at him: 'And now, Ned, aint you ashamed to belong to such a party?' 'Why,' said the juror, 'I am not *now*, but I was a year ago when *you* belonged to it!' E'yah! e'yah! . . . There is much oddness of *rhythm* in the '*Metrical Essay*' of 'W. P.,' but no very striking amount of *melody*. Did our correspondent ever read the fine translation from the Oriental, by Clarence Mangan, of the 'Wail and Warning of the Three Khalenders' — of the 'Arabian Nights,' as the reader will remember, when Mr. Peckniff termed 'the three blind Almanacs:'

'Here we meet, we three at length,
Amrah, Osman, Perizad,
Shorn of all our grace and strength,
Poor, and old, and very sad!
We have lived, but live no more,
Life has lost its gloss for us
Since the days we spent of yore
Boating down the Bosphorus.
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Old Time brought home no loss for us;
We felt full of health and heart
Upon the foamy Bosphorus!

'Friends we were, and would have shared
Purses, had we twenty full;
If we spent, or if we spared,
Still our funds were plentiful.
Save the hours we passed apart
Time brought home no loss for us;
We felt full of hope and heart
While we clove the Bosphorus.
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Oh! life has lost its gloss for us
Since the days we spent of yore
Upon the pleasant Bosphorus!

'Ah! for youth's delirious hours
Man pays well in after days,
When quenched hopes and palsied powers
Mock his love-and-laughter days.
Thorns and thistles on our path
Took the place of moss for us,
Till false Fortune's tempest-wrath
Drove us from the Bosphorus.
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
When thorns took place of moss for us,
Gone was all! — our hearts were graves
Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus!'

Here are very 'difficult rhymes,' look you, 'W. P.,' but they are 'musical as is APOLLO's lute,' while yours were only difficult writing, and would only constitute difficult reading. . . . IT has not been our good fortune for many years to encounter two finer American pictures than may now be seen at the studio of Mr. HENRY J. BRENT, landscape-painter, at Number 79, White-street, near Broadway. The first, '*The Sources of the Potomac*,' is a commission from Colonel CARROLL, an opulent gentleman of taste, who represents in direct line the distinguished name he inherits from the Declaration of Independence. The season is Indian summer, and nothing can exceed the sombre gorgeousness of the autumnal foliage. The young river brawling over the rocks, and broken into foam, passes between two scenes of rare beauty. On the left rises a bold rocky precipice, beneath which, to the river's bank, spreads a mass of verdure, which is nature itself, and nature, too, in its richest aspect. The lights and shadows are so deftly blended that the whole scene soon seems to 'grow to the dignity of reality.' A noble tree, rising from a grassy sun-flecked bank on the right, is backed by an elaborately-beautiful cluster of vari-colored foliage, which we think it is not saying too much to assert cannot be excelled by any American artist. The tone and keeping, the drawing, the aërial perspective, all are excellent; and the fortunate possessor may well be proud of his prize. The second picture is an entirely different scene. It depicts, in misty sublimity, '*Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond*,' in that peculiar atmosphere known only to the mountain and lake scenery of Scotland. The scene itself is noble, and its treatment is in strict keeping with the subject. It is in all respects a superb picture. It may not be amiss to remark here, that Mr. BRENT is entirely a professional artist, and not, as has been supposed, much to the detriment of his professional character, a mere amateur, one of those drones in the fields of art, who absorb the admiration of small circles, and interfere with the legitimate proceeds of regular professors. Mr. BRENT has been through the galleries of Europe; has examined critically all the works to be found therein; and has prepared himself, by requisite studies, for the successful exercise of his beautiful art; so that he is as well entitled as his brethren of the pencil to the profits and rewards of his assiduous labors. . . . GIVE a moment's thought, fond American mother! who sendest no exile-sons to a foreign land forever, to the following picture of a poor mother of Erin, who from an eminence on the Irish coast has been watching through the gray mist the rocking of the masts of the vessel which is to bear her only son to a distant shore. The sea-fog would soon clear away from the hill, she said, but the cloud would never lift that wrapped her heart; yet she thus rebukes the expression of her own fears in *his* presence:

'SURE, then, I 'm old and foolish! what 's this I 'm sayin' now?
Will I see my fair son leave me with the shadow on his brow?
Oh, no! we 'll bear up bravely, and make no stir nor moan;
There will be time for weepin' when my dear boy shall be gone.
I 've laid the old coat ready, dear; my pride this day has been
That on your poor apparel shall no rent nor stain be seen;
And let me tie that 'kerchief, too; it 's badly done, I fear,
But my old hands tremble sadly — *with the hurry*, DERMOT dear!

'And are you ready, darlin'? Turn round, and bid farewell
To the roof-tree of the cabin that has sheltered us so well;
Leave a blessing on the threshold, and on the old hearth-stone;
'T will be a comfort to my heart when I sit there alone:
And often at the twilight hour, when day and work are done,
I 'll dream the old time 's back again, when *you* were there, my son;
When you were there, a little thing that prattled at my knee,
Long ere the evil days had come to part my child and me!

'The dear arm still is round me, the dear hand guides me still;
'T is but a little step to go; see now, we 've gained the hill;
Is that the vessel, DERMOT dear? — the *mist* my eye-sight dims;
Oh, shame upon me, now! what means this trembling in my limbs?
My child! my child! oh, *let* me weep awhile upon your breast!
Would I were in my grave! for then my heart would be at rest:
But now the hour is come, and I must stand upon the shore
And see the treasure of my soul depart for evermore!

'I know, my child! I know it — the folly and the sin!
But oh! I think my heart would burst to keep this anguish in;
To think how in yon sleeping town such happy mothers be,
Who keep their *many* sons at home, while I — I had but thee!
But I have done; I murmur not; I kiss the chastening rod;
Upon this hill, as ABRAHAM did, I give my child to GOD;
But not like him to welcome back the precious thing once given:
I 'll see my fair son's face again — but *not on this side heaven!*'

What a living monument of grief was that poor mother, standing on that lonely hill, watching through her tears the vessel that bore the 'argosy of her heart' flitting into dimness over the watery waste of the Atlantic! And yet while we are penning these hurried sentences, similar scenes are beyond all doubt enacting in many a westward bay of the 'Green Isle of the Ocean.' . . . 'It is best to be off with the old, before you are on with the new,' is a time-honored adage, relating to 'attachments.' But the 'attachment' we are about speaking of is not a human but a 'divine' one; so that respectable old adage is 'of no consequence.' There is much talk, about this time, of the *Dolce Campana*, a pleasing and fascinating addition to the piano-forte, invented by Messrs. BOARDMAN AND GRAY of the good city of Albany. It is a simple mechanical contrivance, which, by pressing a pedal, acts upon the sounding-board of the instrument, and produces a sweet and most plaintive tone. Simple melodies played in this way gain a tenderness of expression and a depth of pathos truly remarkable. One listens to it with the same sensation with which he would drink in the wild and plaintive tones of the Æolian Harp. It is capable of many charming effects, by the simple management of the pedal. It is easily added to any instrument, and cannot injure it in any way, while its cost is but trifling. Musical professors all agree, that while it cannot be claimed as an improvement to the piano-forte, it is yet a clever and most pleasing addition to its power. Our readers can test its capacities at JOLLIE'S music-store, Number 300 Broadway. . . . HALF sad, as it sometimes is, is there any thing in the four divisions of the year like the distinct, the irresistible *sentiment* of Autumn? O glorious season! Walking down Hudson-street yesterday in the mellowest sunshine and the blandest, softest air; looking occasionally across the river, and thinking genially of our friends, the officiating officers of the 'EAIE' and the 'POWELL,' and envying them, going and coming daily through the smoky light, and past the dying woods, to and from Piermont; we came to Saint JOHN'S Park, and saw the many-colored leaves from the noble trees piled in rich profusion upon the fresh green grass, and shedding upon the mild south wind a sweet and pleasant odor; and graceful, happy children making merry in the midst of fort-like leafy heaps, turning every thing they saw or heard into joy and gladness:

'O SUMMER of existence, golden, glowing!
Can naught avail to curb thine onward motion?
In vain! — the river of our years is flowing,
And soon shall mingle with the eternal ocean!'

Yes; but in the mean time, how delightful, how intense is the enjoyment of the blessed boon of *mere existence* in this air and amidst scenes like these! The 'short years,' maternally-predicted, have not yet come upon us. A twelvemonth seems to us as long now as it ever did in the world; beside all which, we are living over, in our 'little

people,' the very hours, the very sports, affections, hopes and fears, of our earliest boyhood. —— SINCE we penned the foregoing, a 'change has come over the spirit of the scene.' It is night-fall; and along the thoroughfares without, howls and roars the warm autumnal wind; the trees which line the streets are pouring upon every blast their wealth of withered leaves, and writhing and twisting, as if resisting their destiny. The streets themselves run like rivers to the Hudson, and the clouds are 'swift wandering in the void above.' We like this 'rocking of the battlements!' — and have just come down from the house-top, where, in storm-coat and cap, we stood under the lee of a protecting chimney, and saw, in the opaque, struggling moonlight, over the weltering city, the dim-white sails, like frightened ghosts, flitting along the stormy Hudson. Lovely, in calm or storm, is magnificent Autumn! . . . OUR 'young friend' who writes us from Penn-Yan, Yates co[illegible], can hardly have been as 'constant a reader' of the KNICKERBOCKER as he [illegible]ve us believe; or he surely would have remarked on many occasions the expression of our unwillingness to receive as valid an excuse of '*hasty* composition.' Who desired you to be 'hasty?' Why did n't you *take* the 'time' which might have been necessary (if time would have enabled you to do it at all) to render your 'piece acceptable to the KNICKERBOCKER?' We say it not boastfully, yet we say it; you owed this to the *readers* of this Magazine; a class of whom any writer might well be proud; a class widely extended, moreover; for the KNICKERBOCKER is read in Canton, it is read in California, it is read in Oregon, in Nebraska, in farthest Missouri; it is read by the PRESIDENT of this great Republic, and his cabinet; it is read in Cuba; where the mountains rise about Rio Janeiro it is perused; at Constantinople it is read in the highest diplomatic circles of christian representatives; in the Eternal City, in Florence, and Paris, and London, is the KNICKERBOCKER seen and read monthly; and we have just received a subscription at St. Petersburgh, the capital of the czar. Think of your audience, 'young friend,' at home and abroad, and write no more 'hasty' compositions for the 'Old KNICK.' 'The edict is promulged. A prepared report.' . . . RECENTLY a notice, replete with glaring falsehoods, of HERBERT'S '*Fish and Fishing*,' crept into the '*National Intelligencer*' at Washington. Mr. HERBERT, in a letter to the EDITORS, exposes the true character of the notice, which they honorably concede, and make a generous and complete *amende* to Mr. HERBERT; significantly adding: 'As regards the 'gentleman' who wrote the paragraph, Mr. HERBERT must excuse us from any reference to *him*.' Was that 'gentleman' the veracious Mr. CHARLES LANMAN? Mr. HERBERT'S publishers shrewdly suspect, both from 'motive' and from 'circumstance,' that this pseudo 'artist-author' is 'the party.' . . . '*Paul Creyton's Epistles to Thomas*' await the writer's requisition. They are a little *too* 'familiar,' and quite too elaborately eked out into rhyme by the continued repetition of 'TOM;' a style not very attractive in itself, even were it sufficiently redeemed by the interest of the general matériel. . . . MISS CONGDON, an accomplished *artiste* and instructor in dancing, has opened her dancing-academy at Number 722 Broadway. All the fashionable quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, etc., she teaches with grace and skill. We commend her to a liberal patronage. Her terms are very reasonable. . . . 'A FRIEND of mine,' writes an Albany correspondent, 'a teacher, has a class under his care composed of children from one family, the popular family of SMITH. While inducting them a few days ago into the mysteries of grammar, JOHN, the eldest, a lad of nine or ten, was asked what part of speech a horse was. The answer was promptly given: '*A personal pronoun*.' The teacher, unable to maintain his gravity, replied: 'It may stand

in place of 'you,' but it certainly does not of 'me.' Please decline it.' JOHN, nowise daunted, commenced: 'Positive, *Horse;* comparative, *Horser;* superlative, *Horseet!*' Speaking of SMITH: a friend writes to us from California, who had just arrived at San Francisco, via Cape Horn, that the first man he saw on shore was JOHN SMITH, from whom he had parted in New-York last March! JOHN had taken the overland route. . . . THE lines which ensue are by CHARLES SWAIN, of London. They strike us as being very beautiful. Our friend DEMPSTER, whose recent concerts have been so much admired and so successful here, should wed them to his own sweet music, and make them a feature of his popular performances:

'MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls, but he still thinks of naught save playing,
And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu;
While he, still [redacted] his flowery store,
Deems not that [redacted] Morn! returns no more.

'Noon cometh; but the boy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time; he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm;
So Noon unnoticed seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

'Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures go:
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark — and he returns no more!'

'THERE 's a good book coming!' On the first of December next will appear from the press of BENTLEY in London and PUTNAM in New-York, '*Saint Leger, or the Threads of Life.*' This work is the completion of '*The Saint Leger Papers,*' and the dénouement will be given, 'when time and space shall serve,' in these pages. *There* will be a book worth reading! . . . 'MOTHER,' said a little girl at church, after attentively looking at the clergyman in the pulpit, who was preaching very loud, and gesticulating violently, 'mother, why do n't they let the man out of the box?' Doubtless that little girl was as glad to 'get out of the meeting' as was the rare frequenter of the sanctuary, who, when asked how he liked the sermon, replied: 'I did n't like it at all. It 's an infernal bore to sit and hear one man monopolize all the conversation!' . . . FROM the Philadelphia 'City Items' weekly journal we cheerfully copy the following correction:

'THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for October says that J. S. REDFIELD has just issued a new edition of SHELLEY's Poetical Works, '*the only complete edition published of this favorite author.*'

'Our friend CLARK has forgotten, or perhaps he does not know, that CRISSY and MARKLEY, Minor-street, Philadelphia, issued in 1847 the only strictly authentic and complete edition of SHELLEY's works ever published. It was edited by Mrs. SHELLEY, and is embellished with an admirable portrait of SHELLEY, from a picture in possession of his wife; and a beautiful view is given of the romantic spot where he was buried. The typography is faultless; the paper fine and white; and the book all that the friends and admirers of SHELLEY could wish.'

We have seen a copy of the work here spoken of, and can confirm the praise awarded by our contemporary. . . . WE have received from Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, and shall have the pleasure of noticing as they deserve in our next, two admirable volumes of biography, by JOHN P. KENNEDY, Esq., the '*Life of William Wirt, Attorney-General of the United States.*' The work is accompanied by a fine engraved portrait of its illustrious subject. . . . NUMEROUS articles, in prose and verse, from several of our most esteemed contributors, intended for the present number, are filed for insertion in our next. . . . NEW publications, books, serials, reviews, magazines, etc., sent us since our last, will receive attention in the December issue.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

FOR 1850.

SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

A new volume of this long-established and favorite monthly will be commenced on the first of January next. In issuing its Prospectus, the Editor does not deem it necessary to publish any long list of contributors or to indulge in any fulsome laudations of the Magazine. Its character is well known throughout the country. For nearly sixteen years it has occupied the first rank of excellence in periodical literature. The Editor is determined to maintain its standing, by filling it with articles from the best pens in the country. The contents will embrace

Reviews, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Novels, Tales, Travels, Essays, Poems, Critiques, and Papers on the Army, Navy, and other National Subjects.

The MESSENGER will also continue to present articles of a SCIENTIFIC character, such as during the past year have excited the most marked attention on both sides of the Atlantic. In the forthcoming volume the Original Novel of

"THE CHEVALIER MERLIN"

will be continued. This work was pronounced by the late EDGAR A. POE to be the finest effort of genius in course of publication in this country.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing that his acomplished European Correspondent will continue to furnish the Magazine with

MONTHLY LETTERS FROM PARIS,

comprising all the items of Foreign Intelligence, and critical remarks on all novelties in Science, Literature and Art. The reader will find this correspondence a faithful reflection of Life in the French Capital. The political sagacity of the writer has been commended in the highest terms by the "National Intelligencer."

Of the EDITORIAL and CRITICAL DEPARTMENT of the MESSENGER the Editor will only say, that it will embrace copious notes on current literature, and reviews of all new American or foreign works of general interest and value. His opinions will at least be always fearlessly and honestly avowed.

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JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Richmond, Virginia, October, 1849.

The Knickerbocker Magazine.

EDITED BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXIV. DECEMBER, 1849. No. 6.

THE LAST OF THE MONEY-DIGGERS.

BY HANS VAN SLOUGHTER, SCHOOL-MASTER.

'INDEED, I have heard many stranger stories than this of RIP VAN WINKLE in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt.'

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

PART FIRST.

IT may seem to you, much esteemed reader! to evince great temerity on my part so far to disregard the fashion of the times as to relate in good faith a story such as that which I am now about to tell; but truth is always venerable, and the memories of early days are the relics that amuse the evening of life, as high expectations and schemes of ambition awaken the joys of its morning. I therefore crave your patient attention while I shall rehearse these veritable details.

On the eastern side of the Hudson river, immediately below the Highlands, lies a small sequestered bay, locked in the embraces of surrounding hills and hidden from the view of the thousands who travel upon that noble thoroughfare. The history of that inland water is unwritten, nor is the place laid down upon the maps, nor named in the guide-books; and of course it is little known beyond its own neighborhood. But though unknown to fame, it is not destitute of deeply interesting local traditions. It is said to have been discovered by the famous Hendrick Hudson, who when first ascending the river, in search of the northwest passage, entered this bay, mistaking its mouth for the main channel; and afterward it became the winter quarters of another aquatic adventurer, who coming hither rather late in the season was blockaded by ice; for which cause the principal stream that here discharges its waters, as well as a neighboring village, has since been named Peek's Kill.

I would fain describe this quiet retreat from the splash of paddle-

wheels and the din of commerce in the words of the great Roman poets, but I cannot; for its entrance is not guarded by 'two craggy rocks,' but by two headlands, one of sand and the other of mingled earth and lumps of granite. Nor are there within 'seats of living stones,' though there are sometimes living things sitting upon stones; and if it is not 'the abode of the nymphs,' it has been their occasional resort, as I can myself testify. If the reader would have a correct notion of the topographical configuration of the place, let him imagine himself passing up the narrow entrance to the bay, and I will tell him what he would be able to see. Before him would lie a fine sheet of water, stretching out to the north and east, nearly a mile in extent, widening as it recedes, and indented at the extremity by a gently sloping woodland; all of which give to the bay a triangular, or rather *deltoid* figure. On both sides of the projecting woodland, considerable streams from the mountains are emptied. On all sides the land rises from the water's edge, sometimes by a gentler slope, and sometimes more precipitately, and the surrounding hills, being still clothed in their primeval forests, give to the whole scene an air of wildness not often equalled in an old settled region of country.

I have never heard that this place was ever visited by a poet. I presume it never has been, else its beauties would have been celebrated in immortal song, and would not now need the poor tribute of my pen to make them known, and the reader's imagination should then have glowed with the image that I vainly endeavor to exhibit to his understanding. A poet, I fully believe, would pronounce the place romantic. However that might be, I can only state plain matters of fact, and then each one can form his own conclusions. I have here seen old trees standing upon the verge of beetling cliffs, stretching their naked arms over the depths beneath them, like giants, 'to sentinel enchanted land.' When autumn's drenching rains have fallen, I have seen their weather-beaten trunks lighted up by phosphorescence, gleaming like spectral beacons upon the darkness of midnight. I have heard the hoarse cawing of crows, the cry of the fish-hawk, and the fierce scream of the eagle along these hill-sides, and I have seen the graceful skiff and the lazy canoe floating upon the placid waters, which seemed all unaware of the bustle of the busy world.

But whether the place is romantic or tame is nothing to my purpose, which is simply to relate the traditions of this quiet valley; and I give the pledge of an unimpeached chronicler to tell nothing as truth that I have not received from the most authentic sources. It will be readily believed that the simple aborigines regarded this place with a deep religious awe, and always muttered prayers to their Manitous as they passed by this way, although we have no direct evidence that such was the fact. But when the red men gave place to foreign adventurers, under the patroon Van Kortlandt, the passers-by became accustomed to hasten their gait mechanically, and unwittingly to gaze about them, as if apprehensive of some unseen danger. Presently all who considered unbelief in apparitions only a disguised form of Atheism, chose to pass that way by day-light, and

with company, rather than alone after nightfall. Why it was so, I do not pretend to determine; but at length the opinion became established among the people that the place was frequented by unearthly visitants.

Among the traditions that enjoy prescriptive credit among the people of this vicinity is the following:

While the province of New-York was in a state of anarchy, and a faction in the southern portion was waging war with the loyal and quiet people of Albany, the city of New-York became the rendezvous of numerous piratical adventurers, who infested all parts of the maritime world. At length, to suppress these bucaniers, a well-manned war-vessel was sent out under the command of the famous Captain Kidd, who himself became a chief among pirates. A pirate's difficulties are not terminated when he gains the shore with his ill-gotten treasures, and this was proved by those of that period. To find a safe deposite for their wealth was often no easy task; and this secluded spot is said to have been chosen for that purpose, and some contend that it was the favorite *place de cacher* of Kidd himself; a claim as well authenticated as those in favor of Coney Island, Montauk Point, Nantucket, and a dozen other places. The precise place of deposite was not certainly known, but the most general opinion fixed it somewhere on the tongue of land between the two creeks at the head of the bay, at low-water mark; but some said it was taken back to a considerable distance from the shore and there buried, and others that it was sunken in deep water, at several yards' distance from shore. But all agree in acknowledging that the treasure was committed to the custody of the Prince of Darkness, to be delivered up only when redeemed by an offering of the same kind with that by which it was committed to him. What that offering was we shall presently have occasion to notice.

It would be a tedious and thankless task to relate one-half of the many tales of strange doings by strange agents in this wonderful valley. There were torches borne by unseen hands along the surface of the water; voices were heard among inaccessible cliffs of the mountain, and groans would sometimes issue from the earth, when heavy footsteps fell upon it. These things occurred frequently, and attracted but little notice. True, even then, some were found to talk of will-with-a-wisp, of mountain echoes, and of sounds returned by subterranean caverns along projecting rocks. But it is useless to waste arguments upon determined skeptics. A still more fearful apparition was occasionally seen. At the approach of evening, when Anthony's Nose cast its lengthened shadow across the valley, and early darkness gathered upon the waters, a human figure, erect and stately, but without a head, would issue from the foot of the mountain, and walking upon the waters, advance with steady steps toward the upper part of the bay. This sight was seen by so many different individuals, and on so many occasions, that skepticism itself would have been shamed into silence, had not some one contrived to make it appear that a person walking upon the headland at the lower end of the bay, at that hour, would cast a shadow upon the water, which

the combined agencies of darkness and fear might very readily transform into a headless spectre. Thus the skeptics found new cause to doubt, as doubt they always will; but most people chose to believe the evidences of their own senses and the scarcely less indubitable evidence of unimpeachable testimony.

In process of time the dark forests that had covered the region round about yielded to the axe of the woodman. The Mohegans that had hunted among these hills and fished in these waters were replaced by sturdy burghers from the father land. At length the patroon, crowned with civic honors, came to dwell among his tenantry, and enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of a green old age; and fixing his mansion not far from the place I have been describing, which he presumed would be his last earthly resting place, with classical propriety he called the place *And-per-se*. The presence of such neighbors might have been expected to route the elfin band that had haunted this dell, as they are known to have a special dislike to extreme civilization. But in this case their local attachments were too strong to permit them to be readily moved: they still went abroad and were often seen.

Nothing is more reasonable than that those who believed these things should, with that genuine philosophy that commonly accompanies rational credence, inquire among themselves what they should signify; and finally it was agreed by a kind of tacit consent that the headless apparition was the ghost of the victim slain by the pirates, and buried, after an infernal consecration, with the money. His appearance without a head was thought to indicate the manner of his death; that he had been decapitated and then buried with the unholy treasure, that both should remain there together till redeemed by another offering of the same kind. The point toward which he directed his steps seemed to indicate the place where the treasure lay, whither the pensive ghost was then repairing to hold his nightly vigils about the unhonored remains of his earthly habitation. But who could have thought himself richer had he in this way discovered the precise locality of the hidden gold, since it could be obtained only at such a price? No one, thought the good people of And-per-se, and they acted agreeably to their sentiments. Few hesitated to believe that great treasures were there concealed, but no one ventured upon the fearful task of getting them. In this condition matters rested during many succeeding years.

In a land where change and improvement are convertible terms, nothing can be accounted to be finally settled. So the time at length came when this sequestered glen, which seemed designed by nature to be a retreat for the inmates of the forest, flood and marsh, was to be laid open to the idle gaze and careless tread of the traveller. The marshes that bordered the estuaries of the mountain's streams had from time immemorable borne their annual growth of cat-tails and bulrushes; had been the summer roosts of myriads of black-birds at night, and the orchestra of thousands of frogs by day. Often when straying that way at the approach of evening have I seen swarms of chirping birds settling among the reeds, while here and there, mounted upon whatever rose above the water's edge and presented an eli-

gible seat, the gallant bull-frogs sang serenades to their coy mates, who sat hard by, winking and nodding their green heads above the still waters. But the feathered songsters are flown; the chorus of the amphibious tribes is hushed; 'improvement' has come to the quiet vale of And-per-se. Unheeded were the wild pleasures of birds and frogs, or the beauties of water-lilies and marsh-marigolds, and as little regarded the fearful tales of headless ghosts guarding hidden treasures, consecrated to the Prince of Darkness, when it was ascertained that the most feasible route for a projected highway from the commercial emporium of the nation to the capital of the Empire State lay across these marshes and over the interjacent headland. Now cause-ways rose suddenly among the flags, the streams were spanned by bridges, and the fair rotundity of the fearful promontory was sadly marred by pick-axe, spade and plow-share, and soon this hitherto secluded dell was opened to the vagrant world. It might have been apprehended that these rude operations would interfere with the affairs of one whose possession was of such long-standing that, as the lawyers have it, 'the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' Had such a thing been possible, it might have been expected that the hidden treasure would have been unceremoniously dragged into daylight. But the work was finished, and no money discovered. Indeed, so confident was the old keeper of the safety of his stores, that he seems scarcely to have noticed the operations of the delving road-makers; or if he regarded them at all, it was only to grin contempt at their impotent labors.

In some one of the books of ancient wisdom with which I was once as familiar as with my own mother-tongue, is a saying that is about equivalent to the plain English, 'The cursed love of gold can impel the heart of man to any enormity.' Whoever was the author of that wise saying, he certainly knew something about human nature, and my story is an additional demonstration of its truth; for to gain this gold became now the study of many a plodding burgher; and that too in spite of — him who kept it. Among the wonderful inventions of the adepts in the 'black art' the *divining-rod* is not the least wonderful. Its power is scarcely inferior to those of the philosopher's stone; for though it could not *make* gold, it could *find* it ready made, and coined too. The willow rods were sometimes used, and their magic powers fully attested. But an instrument of another kind was employed with the most certain success. This instrument, and the manner of using it, were very simple, although it could be made only by those who were deeply versed in the mysteries of alchemy. It consisted principally of a rod poised like the needle of a compass, and so magnetized as to indicate the presence of the precious metals in its vicinity, and by its direction and dip pointing with great precision to the spot where they might be found.

To what extent the use of this instrument was attempted in this place, is not well determined, for men are not commonly in haste to proclaim their own discomfitures. It is, however, very certain that all such attempts failed of their purpose, although they may have afforded the old keeper a little pastime. Some adventures of this

kind have, however, come to light, of which I will relate one or two as specimens.

On one occasion a person having satisfied himself of the locality of the much-coveted treasure, went thither by night, (for nothing of the kind can be done by daylight,) and began to open the earth. He had not gone far in his work when he heard at a distance among the trees and brushwood that surrounded him something like the clanking of chains, with groanings and other dismal noises. These sounds grew more and more distinct, and seemed to be constantly coming nearer to him. Fire also flashed among the bushes, and a strong sulphurous odor identified the approaching visitant. As seen by the lurid light that shone around him, he seemed a monster of vast size and unnatural proportions, covered with long hair, with an immense head and broad horns, a long tail whisking among the leaves, and chains dragging at both heels. He approached the trembling depredator, and reaching out a long snout, gave him a puff of the fumes of brimstone that soon persuaded him that discretion was the better part of courage. A desperate unbeliever first revealed this matter, and declared that this frightful spectre was nothing else than a man wrapped in a bullock's hide, carrying a cup of burning coals upon which a little sulphur was occasionally thrown; and that he himself, knowing his neighbor's purpose, had played this practical joke upon him. The explanation satisfied some, but others suspected it was only a device to conceal a nefarious commerce with the Evil One.

Another thus related his own adventure and defeat: Having ascertained the place of deposit, which was at the roots of a large spreading oak, he proceeded, one beautiful moonlight evening, to secure it. He was soon engaged at his work, while all around was as quiet as a summer sunset, and was beginning to feel that success was certain, when chancing to look upward, he saw, sitting upon a great branch of the oak, directly over his head, a little imp, holding in his left hand a thread from which depended a millstone, and upon this thread he was filing away with all his might. The money-digger asked him no questions as to who he was, or by what authority he acted; but making all convenient haste to be off, he left him alone in his glory.

These repeated failures, without any compensating successes, finally led to an entire relinquishment of the enterprise; and so the matter seemed likely to end, and the whole to be remembered only as a tale of by-gone days. But though men might consent to such an arrangement, there were weighty reasons why it should not be agreeable to the old treasurer. Money, even in the hands of a demon, has only a current value, and if shut up in hopeless forgetfulness it is rendered worthless. It seemed a hard case if all the care of the guardian fiend, so long and assiduously continued, should go wholly unrequited; but such seemed likely to be the case, since none approached the keeper to make the necessary stipulations, and no sprite may speak unless first spoken to. But it is not to be presumed that Satan is less shrewd at a desperate trade than are his human representatives, pedlars and pawn-brokers, with whom it is a fixed rule, when the whole

price cannot be gotten to take the next best offer. Now the redemption price was not all that was lost by the failure to redeem the pirates' money. It is known to the devil that 'money is the root of all evil;' at least it is so said, and Scripture is quoted to prove it. But he also knew very well that as it was, this root was too deeply buried to vegetate and bear fruit. He was therefore solicitous that by some means it should be brought to light; and finally he came to the determination to remit the required ransom price. The headless sentinel was accordingly excused from farther duty. But then, when the terror of the apparition had ceased to be felt, doubters increased in numbers and assurance. The generation that had seen him was rapidly passing away, and but little was known either of the place or the existence of the hidden money. Moved by these considerations, the old keeper adopted an entirely new line of policy.

Whether he has but one method of communicating with us mortals, or having found one to work well, he has determined to 'let well enough alone,' I do not pretend to say; but this is certain, that in this case he adopted the same mode that served him so well,

'Lang syne in Eden's bonnie yard.'

In night-visions and dreams, some of the sons and daughters of her at whose ear he once crouched to whisper harm, were made to understand that great treasures were subject to their refusal. In these nocturnal communications all necessary information as to place and circumstances was given, to enable the adventurers to discover and exhume the prize. The mode of proceeding was somewhat in this wise: approach the designated place after the evening twilight, and with the edge of a spade mark out a circle around it with a radius of not over thirty feet. This circle will then be safe against all preternatural powers; but just beyond it a general revel of every frightful spectre may be expected; especially the headless sentinel, who will then appear on horseback. After the circle is described the digging may proceed, when perfect silence must be kept; for a single word would dissolve the charm and wholly defeat the design. When the money shall have been uncovered, and some extraneous metal introduced among it, the charm will dissolve of itself, and the prize thenceforth be beyond ghostly influences.

And now, patient reader, I have arrived thus far with my tale, and yet I have only given you the preliminaries. But don't be alarmed, for my story is like some modern cottages, where most of the house is before the door. I thought it advisable to give all the introductory matter before proceeding to the substance of the story; and as much of a tale is in the telling, I wished to take a fair start, so as to come up to it with a good degree of force. But I find I have done like the man who attempted to jump over a high hill, by starting a long way off and running as fast as he could till he came to its base, when he first set himself quietly down to rest, and then walked leisurely over. And now I presume you are tired, as well as myself; so we will first rest awhile and then proceed.

PART II.

After a ruddy day of early April, with its alternations of wind, rain and sunshine, the sun had gone down behind the lower ridge of the Highlands, and day had given place to a cloudless, damp and chilly evening. The moon, with half filled crescent, hung dim and hazy over the south-west, just above the light-house on Stony-Point, and the few stars that glimmered in the firmament seemed to blush at their own faintness. Then might be heard the shrill cry of the woodcock as he clave the evening air, while the yelling of little frogs, and the croaking of great ones made up a concert of varied discords. From the bosom of the Hudson came booming in sullen cadences the splashing sounds of the paddle-wheels of passing steam-boats, while ever and anon, when one had passed, the receding swell bore miniature tides to either bank, and caused the rustling waves to run races along the shores of Verplanck's Point, and beneath the shelving base of Donderberg.

At that hour the savans of Peekskill were collected at the bar-room of the village hotel at the head of Main-street, talking over the latest news and discussing the merits of the newly elected board of town-officers, and the probable influence of the late town-meeting upon the affairs of the nation. The way-side loafers and veteran grog-drinkers gathered at rum-dealing groceries and restaurants, whose bill of fare was tobacco, rum and red-herring, while the quiet and orderly portion of the town sought their domestic fire-sides to rest from the toils of the day among the endearments of home.

Then might have been seen, in more than one place in the streets of the village, little groups engaged in low but earnest conversation, like men who meditate some great enterprise. Presently one body moved stealthily up the street, till they came to the corner where the Highland turnpike bears away to the northward; turning up which, they take the direct route toward And-per-se, the little amphibious hamlet that lies just under the mountain above the upper bridge. The whole affair had an air of mystery about it, and certainly was not entirely above suspicion. The tales of former days were not wholly forgotten, nor were they so completely discredited as out-door talk would imply; and certain remarkable dreams, that had recently been talked of, seemed to indicate that though an unbelieving and matter-of-fact generation of men may despise those venerable tales about buried money, there was one who remembered them with unabated interest.

'This night-roaming company should be watched!' thought Cobus De Grau, who met them as he was returning from a fishing expedition along the creek; especially as one of them was armed with a fire-lock, to say nothing of the concealed weapons they might carry about their persons. They had gained the height of ground above the village, and were rapidly descending the gentle slope toward the lower bridge, when he met them, which they soon passed upon the causeway and turnpike bridge. Though not of a suspicious temper, Cobus's fears were excited by the unusual appearance of this group, and his imagination filled with strange fancies. He looked after them

with earnest interest, and even turned and followed them at a wary distance to observe their movements. When they came to the bridge still stranger scenes were witnessed. They halted and looked suspiciously around them, as if afraid of being discovered; but the gathering shades of the night, aided by his diminutive stature and sheeps'-gray doublet, effectually shielded Cobus from their notice. Then one of them was seen to bend downward and to pass slowly over the bridge, as if trailing some deadly matter in the path of the unsuspecting traveller. After this was done the bearer of the fire-lock glided down the declivity at the farther abutment, and seemed to pass under the bridge, while the rest passed onward, and quitting the highway, buried themselves in the woody upland that projects into the bay between the two creeks.

These movements called up the remembrance of former times in the excited mind of Cobus De Grau. 'This place,' thought he, 'has always had a bad name; and what will not people do for money, especially when the fear of GOD is not before their eyes?' The whole scheme burst upon his mind at once, as if by inspiration. The man who had gone down to the water's edge, armed with his murderous weapon, was doubtless treating with the Old Watcher, or perhaps he was waylaying some harmless traveller who should be offered a ransom for the accursed gold. And who could tell but that they who had gone into those tangled thickets had there some miserable captive, whom they were now about to drag forth and immolate, with hellish rites, to the guardian demon?

While these thoughts were agitating the breast of the worthy fisherman, like the pent-up fires of a volcano, a new cause of wonder and perplexity arrested his attention. Another company of night-rangers were coming up the road. Alarmed for his own safety, Cobus prostrated himself among some briars and loose stones near the road-fence, and was not observed. They came on rapidly, and were soon upon the fearful bridge bestrown with hidden death-dealing elements. 'Now heaven protect them!' he muttered, 'or they will all perish by this nefarious plot!' But his fears were not realized, for they passed quietly over, and following the road along the rippling shore, they were presently hidden by its windings and the intervening rising grounds.

This company presented a still more mysterious aspect than the other. Instead of weapons of death they carried the implements of grave-diggers, and among them were some well-known inhabitants of Peekskill. At their head was 'Squire Stoutenberg, walking with the stately gait of an elephant; and though the 'Squire would not work, and was little able to live without it, yet nobody thought him a bad-meaning man. At his side trudged the Dominie Van Der Huyden, who was well known to every man, woman and child in the village. He used to preach in the old Dutch church on the hill till nobody would go up to hear him any longer; he then taught the village-school, and more lately had served as assistant-clerk at the post-office, for which he asked no other compensation than the privilege of reading the papers first, and occasionally peeping into any sus-

pected letters, that he might be able to impart happiness by telling the news. But every body said the Dominie was a good man. He certainly could speak in Latin, and I have heard him use words that I suspected were Greek, for they were neither Dutch nor English; and in preparing himself for his sacred office, he had cultivated an acquaintance with the Hebrew. With such men for leaders, the whole company seemed to be quite above suspicion.

There were others of the company, who, although equally well-known, were not equally sure guaranties of the good intentions of the party. Among them Cobus recognised an old associate, both in idleness and labor, Staats Van Zuyle; a hard drinker, but still a very convenient member of the community, as he was always on hand to do small jobs, or to swell any gathering that might be made for some idle or mad adventure. There too was Bartus Lent, who every body said was not lazy, but 'disinclined to work.' He could not be induced for any consideration to subject himself to the drudgery of regular labor, but he would travel any distance, and submit to any amount of fatigue, if engaged in some outlandish undertaking. At the rear of the procession, carrying a spade and crow-bar, came black Harry; who, being somewhat club-footed, might have been mistaken by a stranger for another kind of personage; but Cobus knew him, and had no doubt as to his identity. The design of all this was quite beyond the fisherman's powers of conjecturing; but in spite of his firm confidence in the integrity of the leaders of the band, his mind inclined to dark and painful misgivings.

What they did after they had passed out of sight is of course unknown; but it was rumored that the usual incantations were tried without success. Probably the conjurations were not skilfully performed; or, more likely still, in repeating the mystic formula the dominie let fall some word of Hebrew, which the devil dreads as much as he does holy-water. However this may have been, it is pretty certain that they entirely failed in their attempts to raise the devil.

Not so, however, with the other company, who had gone up to the top of the hill, and were there lurking in silence while these were engaged at the water-side below them. But their silence did not continue long. First came a deep and dismal groan, as if from some sad captive confined in the bowels of the hill. This was repeated again and again, becoming at each repetition more wild and dismal; the voice seemed also to magnifyy itself into that of a multitude, while every dell and mountain-side echoed back the mournful cadences. To this succeeded thundering and crashing sounds along the hill-sides, with sudden flashes of fire, and all ending with a violent splashing in the water. These phenomena were frequently repeated, and each seemed more terrible than its predecessor; and at every plunge into the flood, a yell would arise from the hill-top, as if ten thousand elves were there holding their orgies.

At this point the 'Squire suggested that perhaps they were detected in their designs, and that some evil-minded persons had gone up to the top of the hill and were tumbling down rocks upon them; but

the Dominie was inclined to think there was something preternatural about the business; he suspected these thundering missives were nothing less than the demons themselves, done up into fardels, and coming to protect their stores. Things were now rapidly coming to a crisis; fight and flight were the only alternatives that remained to them; and who could fight with invisible enemies, that came tumbling from the mountain like avalanches, and were detected only by their terrible thunderings and the gleams of their own unsteady light? What was said in the council-of-war called on the occasion was never reported; but a flight was resolved upon, and at once executed.

These strange transactions had all been carefully noted by Cobus De Grau, who had come down to the margin of the marsh, and was there sitting upon a great stone, awaiting the issue of the matter in the most intense bewilderment. There was he sitting, deeply wrapped in thought, and listening intently to each successive rumbling and crashing sound from the mysterious bodies, if bodies they were, that had so disconcerted the minds of his friends, when he was suddenly aroused from his reveries by the rapid approach of the whole company, who came running pell-mell, as if the old keeper had been upon their heels. 'Squire Stoutenberg led the way, alike forgetful of the staid dignity of his character and the years that had passed since he had put his powers of flight to the test. Dominie Van Der Huyden was close behind, having abandoned all confidence in his incantations, and for the moment having no faith in Hebrew. Then came a promiscuous crowd, elbowing and jostling each other, as if assured that indeed the devil would 'take the hindmost.' Last of all came poor Harry, who was quite unable to hold way with his companions in their flight, though his powers of locomotion were far from contemptible. They soon gained the bridge, and were about to escape from the enchanted region, when they encountered a new obstacle. The tide had risen over the road and made the passage difficult and perilous; but the mole at the road-side was still above the water, affording a safe but narrow path to the high ground. All now seemed likely to end well, for most of the company had proceeded nearly over, and poor Harry was coming rapidly across the bridge, when oh, *horribile dictu!* — first a frightful blaze burst from the water near the farther abutment of the bridge, followed by a deafening peal of thunder that bellowed up and down the creek, and awakened a hundred echoes among the neighboring hills and more distant mountains; then fire was communicated to the bridge, which travelled with fearful rapidity from end to end, at first illuminating the whole region, and then leaving it in ten-fold greater darkness, filled with a dense smoke, and fumes of burning brimstone. At first it was presumed that Harry had been carried off by the explosion to satisfy the expectant keeper of the hidden gold; but he soon convinced them to the contrary. Forgetting at once his lameness and love of dry feet, he dashed onward through fire and smoke, measuring three yards at a bound, and splashing through the water like a high-pressure steamboat, till he gained the dry land and was beyond the reach of harm.

So remarkable an affair could not transpire without eliciting some

attention, especially as domestic news was always scarce in the village, and consequently in demand. But the mystery was never fully explained. 'Squire Stoutenberg would never permit himself to be questioned relative to the matter, and the Dominie, though one would as soon have expected a sieve would hold water as that he would keep a secret, was nevertheless wonderfully oracular on that subject; and even poor Harry would seem wondrous wise when quizzed about it, and would answer all questions on the subject by a knowing shake of the head, and an unusually large display of the white portions of his eyes.

On the other hand, a rumor obtained currency, to the effect that the first company was made up of some of the young men of the village, who had obtained some intimation of the designs of their neighbors, and had taken this method to play a practical joke upon them. These, it was said, had tumbled rocks down the hill upon the adventurers at the water-side, and by their groans and shrieks had frightened them into a frenzy that resulted in a headlong retreat. At the bridge a train of gun-powder had been laid, by firing which the alarm of one party and the amusement of the other were completed.

This rumor, though it afforded an ingenious and plausible explanation of the case, rested on no sufficient authority, and was not universally believed. There are yet a good many persons to be found who believe that there is more in the world than its philosophy has ever dreamed of, and who will believe whatever may be proved to them by sufficient evidence. So ended this renowned adventure of the Last of the Money-Diggers.

STANZAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIS, BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

It is spring; yet with all the soft sweetness it brings,
One kiss of my love were worth twenty such springs;
Had she breathed on that rose, had she filled the wine up,
I had joyed in the odor and welcomed the cup!

Take the wine, take the flowers; now their charms are forgot;
For what is the bower where the bulbul is not?
The cypress invites me with long floating hair,
But the bird of my languishing heart is not there!

How delightful to gaze on her ravishing lip,
Yet what were the pain if forbidden to sip!
For the flame of her dark eye would scorch up the heart,
If not soothed by the balm which her kisses impart.

What boots it for Hafiz, whose life is a breath,
To say for her sake he could welcome even death?
Since for one happy glance of her love-lighted eye
Even angels, who die not, with gladness would die!

THE MOURNING FOR BION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL D.

THE poet BION was born at Smyrna, on the banks of the Meles, a river which HOMER's residence or birth in Ionia had before ennobled. He wrote pastorals in the Doric dialect, lived in Sicily, and died by poison about the third century before CHRIST. The idyl of MOSCHUS, which laments his death, though rather ambitious in its style, is justly celebrated for its poetical imagery. It is also well fitted, by its tone of melancholy despair, to show us how much revelation has done for man in scattering the darkness which hung over the life to come. The present translator has closely followed the text given by TAUCHNITZ in the Leipsic edition, departing from it however so far as to make the poet spoken of in the ninety-first line of the Greek, ANACREON, and not SIMONIDES.

MOURN, mourn, ye leafy dells and Doric waters!
Ye rivers! weep for BION, loved and lost.
Be sad, ye plants! ye wide old forests! groan.
Breathe out your scents, O flowers! from drooping clusters.
Blush sorrowfully, ye roses! Bow thy head
In beauteous wo, thou starred anemoné!
Sweet hyacinth! make now thy letters speak,
And let those characters, so fraught with grief,
More thickly fall on every shining petal.
BION, the peerless melodist, is dead!

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Ye nightingales! complaining in dark leaves,
Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethusa,
The shepherd BION lives and sings no more:
Say that with *him* our mirth and music fled;
Say that with *him* the Doric song expired.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Ye swans of Strymon! mourn beside your waves.
Chant, with low voice, a melancholy strain;
A wild and liquid strain, like that which BION
Was wont to sing with lips that rivalled yours.
Go, tell the young and fair Œagrian virgins,
Tell all the nymphs by Bistonis' clear lake,
The ORPHEUS of the Dorian isle is dead.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
The darling of the herds no longer sings:
He sits no more beneath the broad lone oaks,
Weaving his verse, but, in the realms below,
Warbles for PLUTO some Lethean hymn.
Our hills are mute; the wandering heifer pines,
And spurns the pastures of the fresh cool glade.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
APOLLO wept himself thy speedy fate;
APOLLO wept thee, BION! Satyrs grieved,
And dark PRIAPUS made loud moan for thee.
PAN seeks thy lay with sighing; fountain Nymphs
Did sob for thee in every greenwood shade,
And all their flowing crystal turned to tears.

In the tall rocks Echo deplores thy silence,
And sports not with thy strain: at thy departure
The trees all shed their fruits, the flowers all withered,
The milk no longer streamed from the mild ewe,
The honey from the hive: in the waxed cell
It darkly perished. Who would gather sweets
In that black hour when thy rare sweetness fled?

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Never beside the murmuring ocean-beach
Did dolphins grieve so loudly; never yet
So loudly did the plaintive nightingale
Mourn on the cliffs; never in such deep sorrow
Screamed the shrill swallows on the desert mountains.
Not thus for sad Alcyone called Ceyx:
Not the swift ciris on the gleaming billows,
Nor that strange bird which flies round Memnon's tomb,
With dirges for Aurora's warrior son,
In fragrant valleys of the golden morn,
Ever sent up such piercing sounds of wo,
As when they mourned for Bion's early death.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
The nightingales and swallows which he charmed,
And taught to speak, sat gathered on the boughs,
Lamenting with each other: sorrowing birds
Of meaner tribes replied: nor ye forget,
In saddening tones, O doves! to mourn his fall.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Who now will draw glad sounds from thy mute pipe,
Thou thrice deplored? Who now will touch the reeds
That whisper still of thy sweet lips and breath,
And still give out faint murmurs of thy lay?
We yield that pipe to Pan, though Pan, perchance,
Will fear to press *thy* syrinx with his mouth,
Lest he be judged to strive in vain with thee.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Lorn Galatea weeps thy music hushed;
She that once came, entranced by those wild numbers,
And sat beside thee on the wave-worn shore:
Thou wast no piping Cyclops: him in haste
Fair Galatea fled, but smiled on thee,
Rising in beauty from the foaming deep;
And now, forgetful of her ocean-caves,
She sits in tears upon the lonely sands,
Or tends the flock which droops since thou art gone.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Shepherd! the Muses' gifts all fled with thee.
With thee the joys and hopes of youth departed,
And sorrowing Cupids weep around thy tomb.
Venus loves *thee* far more than that warm kiss
With which she kissed Adonis as he died.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Most musical of streams! this second pain,
This pain renewed, O Meles! must be thine.
Thy glorious Homer perished long ago,
That sweet mouth of Calliope; that son

Whom thou didst seek with floods that wailed aloud,
With grief for whom thou filledst all the sea.
They bid thee now bewail another child,
They see thee wasted with a new regret.
Both were most dear to fountains: THAT did quaff
The pure deep wave of sacred Hippocrené;
THIS dipped his cup in sparkling Arethusa;
THAT sang of HELEN TYNDAREUS' fair daughter,
Of MENELAUS ATREUS' valiant heir,
And that great chief whom seaborn THETIS bore:
THIS sang not wars and woes, but told of PAN,
And joined smooth reeds, and milked his gentle flock;
He tended herds, and sang the cares of herdsmen.
He taught Love's wiles, and cherished Love's quick fire
Deep in his heart, and pleased Love's matchless queen.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Thee, BION! all the noble cities mourn.
Ascra laments thee more than her own HESIOD:
Bœotia's woods long not for PINDAR so.
Not thus the pleasant Lesbos wailed ALCÆUS,
Nor Teos thus her lost ANACREON wept:
Paros in thee forgets ARCHILOCHUS,
And Mitylené still desires thy song
Above her SAPPHO's. Every shepherd poet,
Whose mouth the Muses fill with lofty strains,
Thinks with wet eyes of thee thus early gone.
Thee, stricken in thy prime, SICELIDES,
The light of Samos, weeps: thee LYCIDAS,
Whose laugh and jest made glad the bold Cydonians,
Recalls with tears: thee, where swift Hales roams,
By sacred Triopé, PHILETAS mourns:
Thee, by the sea-girt towers of Syracuse,
THEOCRITUS deplores. I too for thee
Wake the loud dirges of Ausonia's sorrow;
I, not a stranger to Bucolic song;
I, who received from thee that Doric verse,
Which thou didst teach, (a rich inheritance;)
I, whom thou honoredst above other men,
Leaving to them thy gold, to me thy lore.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Alas! alas! the mallows in the garden,
The low green parsley and the fresh crisp anise —
The frailest herbs, that wither, live again,
And spring with joy to greet a coming year;
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
Once dead, sleep, senseless in the dark cold earth,
A long, long dreary sleep, that brings no waking:
Thou too shalt slumber, voiceless in the dust;
And yet the Nymphs forbid not the dull frog
To croak for ever in one hoarse harsh strain,
At war alike with silence and with song.

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
Did poison kill thee, BION? did fell poison
Touch thy bland lips, nor lose its deadly force?
Who so depraved could mix that draught for *thee*?
Could hear thee speak, and then could see thee drink?
Who thus defied the magic of thy words?

Begin your wail, begin, Sicilian Muses!
JUSTICE FINDS ALL. Bowed down in sore distress,
I grieve for thy sad fate; but could I go,
As ORPHEUS went, to deep dark Tartarus,
As great ALCIDES, as ULYSSES went,
I too would enter PLUTO's dread domain,
To learn if there thou singest aught for PLUTO,
And hear thy lay. Do thou to PROSERPINE
Repeat some old Sicilian pastoral;
Remind her of her own Sicilian birth,
And how she gambolled, warbling Doric odes,
In flowery vales of Ætna. She will greet
The welcome music of thy Doric strain,
Nor leave thy tuneful labors unrepaid;
And as she once gave back EURYDICE,
Moved by the strings which weeping ORPHEUS swept,
She will relent, and send thee too, O BION!
Back to thy mountains. But, had I the power
To wake the speaking reeds, I fain would sing
In PLUTO's halls, to bid thee live once more.

Rambledom: in Four Chapters.

WITH SCENES, INCIDENTS AND RECOLLECTIONS BY THE WAY.

CHAPTER FIRST.

A TRIP TO THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

TWENTY years almost away from the place of my nativity; away, without intermediate visit, from the fields, woods and waters, which, haunting my memory intensely now, wear that freshness and glory which the eye, the heart, and the aspirations of childhood accord to nature; a freshness and glory which have no counterpart in the nature that surrounds the world-accustomed man, and which forever flow up in the pathway of retrospect, as the most beautiful memories of life. Ah! twenty years ago the earth was to me a paradise, the universe a palace of enchantment, whose star-fretted sky never wearied me with its glories, and whose brightness came glowing to my vision, a perpetual wonder and delight! Then I sat upon the slate-rock and coined moneys richer than the gold of Ind; I lifted my young soul on the wing of fancy, holding commerce with fabled lands, where the sun sets not; and I drew from thence argosies freighted with unreckonable fortune and careering ever to my harbors in the face of winds, and tempests, and shoals. Then I walked in the meadows, with the grass waving musically around me, and the daisies, and clover, and butter-cups smiled on me as they were brothers, twin with my innocency, my wonder, and my joy. Then, if I cast line in the brook, the smallest fish had infinite weight and significance, and wading in the shining waters I plucked the lilies with a vastness of delight

Then my outward world was bounded by the eye; the horizon held it like a hoop; and therein the sum of beauty and gladness was made perfect.

Oh! precious and blessed time of childhood! Oh! excellent and hallowed spot, one calls his 'nativity!' Barren to manhood in all but *recollections*, it was light, music and glory to the child. Never can the conscious soul otherwise behold it. Lands and seas, and time and change may intervene, but the birth-place, the home of childhood, shall never wane in the heaven of the heart. It is so to me; so to all men. Neither expatriation nor voluntary exile can dim it, nor make it less beautiful than it *was*. It is defended in the heart by impressions that mock the thickness of dungeon walls; that flit in upon the hardest soul of crime, like angels that would redeem even depravity itself.

It is not strange then that I should wish to look again upon a spot so dear; a spot divided from my vision by twenty years of absence; years big with adventures which have brought the earth's surface, save this one spot, to a level and common in all that can interest or charm. Well, to enjoy that look I must away to the heart of Vermont; to valleys where the Green Mountains cast their shadows on the brightest of rivers, and wave their green crests amid the clouds. The Isaac Newton bore me up the Hudson. A splendid steamer, an enchanted palace, the Alhambra of the fairest stream on this round earth. I speak with due deference to the glory of the Clyde, the Rhine, the Arno, the Danube, and even the mighty Amazon. Yes, the Hudson is unsurpassable as a river, and the Isaac Newton worthy to share honor with the illustrious name it bears. What to this was Cleopatra's galley, bearing the drunken Anthony? What the Bucentaur of the haughtiest Doge? Only so much molasses gingerbread compared with the daintiest cake at a monarch's wedding-feast. It was a voyage by night; the earth lay wrapped in shadow; the dark waters drank the images of stars and clouds, and over all, the heavens opened their glowing eyes, deep, piercing, and constant as eternity. Morning found me gazing on the gables and roofs of Albany, albeit as solemn-looking as the faces of Dutch burgomasters by Rembrandt, and as substantial too. Baggage unshipped, and ten minutes transplanted me by rail to Troy. And what a charming breakfast, (burying the memory of a ghostly supper,) I ate at Coleman's! Troy is the nearest approach to an exhalation of any city I know. It has sprung up, not grown. Its life is huge and impetuous, but unnatural, and its decay will come while its manhood should be in prime. Forced existence is not healthy, and I saw it in Troy from her position and her ambition. She can never compete with Albany, because nature, stronger than all art and device, is against her. Albany is destined to a long and growing life; Troy carries her ashes and urn (no allusion to her trade in stones) already in her bosom, ready for the burial to which she is early destined.

But the iron-horse champs his bit, and through his vapory nostrils the fire-sparkles speak his impatience of delay. We are off, and on the road to the Champlain. The earth whirls and spins like a top;

the hills and valleys dance polkas, and the villages, to the music of our steeds' clattering hoofs, reel and jig like drunken witches at a midsummer night dance. What glorious pictures are passed without being seen! What battle-fields, and corn-fields, and 'jumping off places' for true lovers, which I might, travelling behind a less frisky beast, jot down! Old Saratoga, the battle-ground, Bemis' Heights, Fort Edward and Fort Ann; all, all are lost in this mad rush over a path of iron, on which solitude, romance, nature, and common sense almost are sacrificed to Crockett's motto.

Ah! this path, trodden by its iron steeds never-tiring, yet tender on the bit as sucking colts, is the wonder, the revolutionizer of our times! It opens a way *through* the mountains, spans the valleys, leaps the rivers, and rushing on toward the world's end, batters down feudal castles, oppressions, castes, ignorances and frauds, which otherwise might gall the back of tyranny-saddled, and king, lord, and priest-bestridden humanity, since Adam, like an ass as he was, made league with the devil and took to dysentery diet for ages to come. Yes! steamboats were grand, and all honor to Fitch and Fulton, and to the man who, in anticipation of such things, caused himself to be buried on a steep slope of Lake Champlain shore, that he might ghostlily look out and see them when they came; but the rail-road is a grander thing. Over the Pontine marshes, thundering around the Vatican; across Saharian deserts; through Hartz forests; past Lapland cabins and Camanche wigwams; rousing the Hottentot and Patagonian from a bestial lethargy, the iron path, and iron steed, flaming of nostril and furious in speed, shall break the monotony of past eternity; its darkness and ugliness, and scatter a new life and light to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Who will say that oceans may not be tunnelled to give the iron fire-horse freer vent, that with loosened rein he may snort and plunge from hemisphere to hemisphere like lightning, or like thought. It were easier in our time, than for Nubians to build the first pyramids, or, the flatterer artist-genius to hew Athos into a statue. It is already talked of as a small *bore* to tunnel the Alps; the oceans will be a worthier task. And these heaven-fed wires, posted along these iron paths; these electric drawbacks upon flying crime, are the fit reins to guide the fire-steed, whose pawing will beat down Russian boundaries and despotisms, though Hungary lie defeated, betrayed and bloody in the dust, and Kossuth wanders a stricken prophet and hero, whose name can never die, hunted like a wild beast among the nations. Out of the way, Turk and bird's-nest-eating celestial! Clear the track, for the engine is coming that will tumble down your pagodas, and send your harems harum-scarum to some locker, deeper down than Davy Jones'! And fly, you tyrants, assassins, and thieves; you haters of light, law and liberty, for the telegraph is at your heels, goaded by the press, which will flay you on the block of justice and truth.

We are at Whitehall, ready for the Champlain boat. But I must turn back ten miles, to Fort Ann, for one moment. Here were spent ten years of my life, and that is no mean space of time to turn one's nose up at. At Fort Ann the muse first cracked its little shell in me,

and why not remember the place? There I passed that era in life when delight is made up of mischief and material fun. There I learned the arts of bad boys; the pulling up of horse-posts at midnight; the ducking of stone-drags in the canal; the plugging of beehives and melons on foreign soil; the dabbling in powder and politics until I got a shot which cured me of both; the smudging of overlong revival meetings; the writing of log-cabin songs — ask H. G.; — and from thence I sent my fancy abroad to find some larger field for my aspirations. It is a small village, but Battle-Hill is close by, and good blood was shed there in 'the time that tried men's souls.' It is a small village, but old — older than many great cities, and its graveyard, the truest sign of its past, lies over many acres.

In memory of the dead, if for none other, I will pause. Beings I have loved, and whose recollection is as lamps of unceasing light in my soul, lie there, under the flower-sprinkled grass. The visible of them is perished, but the invisible, which is *the* life, still breathes, and moves, and has a being. Sublimations from the outward and the gross; spirits that once invested matter with action. And beauty, that made hearts to throb and eyes to flash, say not in your high homes, the serene heavens, from whence you watch this lower world, that I am unfaithful to your earthly memories. Chide me not, man of the world, who seest graves but seldom, if I weep here a few sincere tears. They may chance to fall like dew upon some drooping flower and revive it above these ashes which are nothing, but for the recollection that they once were dwellings for an immortal tenantry, who are now called to the house of God 'eternal in the heavens.' Yes, I will pause and weep! for in the grave by the shore of the resounding sea my own mother sleeps. O! gentle, beautiful and blessed *spirit*, where art *thou?* In the heavens; let me not doubt it. Thou wert translated hence as a star, shining on the forehead of the night, and glowing on the brow of the morning. A star, pure and radiant as the being of whom thou wast and shall be, to all eternity. A star, hovering its glory on my day thought and in my night dream, filling my soul with faith and love and calmness and joy. In the grave did I say, O! my mother? The grave holds nothing of thee, but the fetter which bound thee to the sorrows and sufferings of earth. That broken, and thou wentest up and out, pervading the beautiful, which thou didst ever worship as thou couldst in the days of thy earth-life. From my soul, which seest thee with unveiled eyes, thou art not parted, but as of old, livest, a beauty and a joy forever. And I weep not for *thee*, for thou art blessed and happy in the heaven where thou awaitest me, nor would I call thee back to earth to wear again the bonds of affliction. O! that I may pass away as thou didst, like a sunset smile bathing the eastern clouds; like an odor exhaled in the light; like a harp-strain dying on a heart fainting under the joy of its melody; ay, like the sweet Christian thou wert, crying, 'I am blessed; I see the gates of heaven open; I trust in the living God, and the merciful and loving Christ is the rock of my faith!' In that hour thou taughtest me a lesson, mother, and a hope. Thou taughtest me the infinite source of strength to prevail against the 'dark valley and

shadow of death.' Thy translation was braver, and O! how nobler than the warrior's, for thou couldst look back upon a life white and blameless as the raiment of GOD. Thou taughtest me hope, for as thou didst with a pure soul, love the flowers, and the radiances of earth, how exceeding beautiful must be the heaven whose opening caught thee up, leaving no sigh for earth! I will seek the strength, and bind the hope on my heart, and with eyes turned whither thou art gone, thy light shall guide me, under GOD, in the voyage of life.

We are on board the Champlain steamer, gliding swift toward the 'nativity.' How familiar these shores of mountain and plain nod their recollection after an absence of twenty years! Historic rocks, and fragmentary forts, promontories and bays, flit by like the recovered images of a dream; images softened in the lapse of memory, but less golden than of old. There is Ticonderoga, where Allen, breaking drawing-room etiquette, made his day-break call upon the red-coats, bidding them surrender in the name of JEHOVAH and the Continental Congress. And the surprised red-coats had neither time to shift, nor make shift, for their sentries lay dead in that postern, which still remains, or were petrified into modern mummies. Allen has been called an infidel, but he did not act as one in choosing his authorities for appeal on that eventful day. And Jefferson and Franklin have been called infidels, but to such we owe the freedom of thought and speech, which is our proudest national heritage this day. And here is Burlington, from whence I take stage to Berlin, my 'nativity.'

Burlington is beautiful; but the reader has seen a beautiful village on some lake or river shore, with rumblings of unborn rail-roads, and all the improvements of the age, making toward it; let him or her measure Burlington thereby, for I cannot pause to say more than that it is the residence of a bishop, a poet, and of the progenitor of 'all the Howards,' and some of his progeny. But I must let out a yoke, which is a fact. H. G. was here lately, preaching political truths to the Green Mountain boys. Malicious 'demmys' did say he preached for hire, that he put money in his purse thereby, but I *know* that out of his purse came all his expenses, and never a cent went therein. This was PAID preaching, worthy the 'primitive' times; and I know more, which is the joke: that a Vermont washerwoman, in *extracting* 'free soil' from a batch of his shirts, *substracted* two of the shirts; and further this deponent saith not.

On board of the stage; and away we fly at a revolutionary pace. Vermont roads *are* roads, over which a man may drive fast, nor break wagon, nor the limbs of his beast. But I smell the spruce from the near mountains. Its odor of beloved gums fills my nostrils. It awakens the oldest of memories; for childhood, which chewed gum, was sensuous even as it was spiritual. It had a relish of 'sugar teeth' and a tenacity of palate. Its pulpy 'goombs,' ere the ivory was fairly set, delighted in spruce gum. This was the first quid it remembers to have chewed, and it was a quid of 'sweet (without the bitter) recollections.' Ah, and I see Camel's Rump, the 'high Olympus' of my dawning vision. It carries a high head even now, but I have seen Snowden, and Jura, and Camel's Rump must knock under a little.

And I see familiar waters, even the Onion river, and as if it were onion-tinctured, and dashing on me in vapory spray, I feel it drawing tears from my eyes. It appealeth to the liquidity within me, as it were they were twins. And I see familiar play grounds as the avenue shortens, until at last I stand on the central spot, the rock-castle of young delights. Away cousins and neighbors that were! I come not to see you, but to see the earth that has lived so long beautiful in my memory, in my heart. Faces, I remember not; they are vanished like traitors from an opened prison; but the earth remains even as it was. Home of my childhood, thou art beautiful, not as I see thee now, but as I saw thee *then*. I confess to thee that mine eyes and my soul are changed, not in essence, but in measure. I can no longer bound my universe with the horizon. The old hoop is broken. And how, home of my childhood, looking from the expanse of being where I now stand, are thy valleys narrowed and thy mountains cast down! How are thy rivers become as brooks, and thy great waters as mill-ponds! How is the church, in which I once listened with awe to lessons on

'Fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,'

or impaled vagrant flies with dexter pins, until the 'tiding-man' twigged me by the ear into his pew; how is that church fallen in stature on my eye! And the lilies and the daisies, and the butter-cups, wherewith, by holding them against a maiden's cheek, I divined her love, how are they dwindled in fulness and beauty! Ah! I see nothing pleasant, but all saddening here; for here was my heart's camp-ground; here I said, when other earth grew ugly, the beautiful still remains; here I will renew my soul with battalions of delight, warriors clad in the gold of memory. But the dear illusion is gone; would it were not; would I had not come hither! Why didst thou cheat me, fancy, with such indulgences? Why didst thou not tell me

'The beautiful is vanished and returns not,'

but as thou seest through a vista. Why didst thou not tell me that

'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,'

only as thou holdest it from its birth, in thy memory. Thou hast brought me hither with a wicked spell, to disenchant me; to teach me there is nothing at once beautiful and actual; that the will-o'-the-wisps, dancing by the water shore at night, were not genii, but fen-fires, exhalations from the loathsome and putrid; that skies are not near me as of old, holding their tapers to light me kindly on dark ways, but that they are afar off, with their coldly-shining stars, mocking the instinctive belief of childhood's believing heart. Graves! graves! you remain, wearing your marbles, thick-planted since I saw you as a child. Why is it that the expanding soul grasps more, and is filled with less beauty as it expands? Is this its doom, to long for more, and drink less forever? Is the spirit a Tantalus, seeing the fountain in vision, only that it may elude his lips? Then the race of the soul is a vast, an infinite, and fearful endeavor. Let us think not so. Each

day brings its beauty and its joy. The beautiful is enlarged, intensified, and carried forward toward eternity. We are filled with it as we pass, rightfully filled, or the child would never become the man. Remembering all that was beautiful to childhood, would I go back from maturer joy, and be again a child, for its enjoyments? I would not. Then all is right, and as the lamp wanes, let me rest and sleep, and perchance dream of that beauty, surrounding childhood, which with my open eyes I see not.

CHAPTER SECOND: HORICON.

FAIREST of lakes! brightest of waters! well did the red man prove his appreciation of beauty when he called thee HORICON—the Clear Water; for thou art clear and bright as a sanctified spirit; a gem of light set in many glories. Shame on the desecration which despoiled thee of that beautiful name; that called thee Lake George; that made thee the synonyme of a tyrant! For thou art free; free to ripple and roar and dash thy waves upon rock and isle, when thy playmate Eolus puffeth his cheeks. Divinest of waters! better to have called thee 'Saint Sacrament,' even with the blood of violence on thy pebbled and fringy shores. Divinest of beauties! that clasp-est in thine embrace the sunshine, the clouds and the mountains, and lavest like a faithful lover the lips of mountain slopes, which both fret and tremble at thy caresses! I have looked on thee in the sunshine and in the storm, in calm and in tempest, and thy beauty did but shift its form to increase its brightness; and I have looked into thy depths, and seen thy white sands many fathoms down, and felt my brain grow dizzy and my heart faint musing upon the mysteries locked in thy cold bosom; for thou art piercing cold, not alone when the ice-king hath garmented thee for his bridal, but even in the mid-summer, when the sky's burning arrows quiver in every wave ruffled from thy face by the softest of southern zephyrs; and I have bathed in thee refreshingly, as in a mountain spring, and cast treacherous lines in thee to pluck forth thy dainty liegemen, clad in their scale-armor; and I have listened to thy music, low and tender, or loud and boisterous, as of myriad harps and trumpets. And thou art beautiful, greatly beautiful, in thy length and breadth, in thine islands and meadow-shores and mountains, and in the calmness and isolation of thy dwelling. 'Fairest of lakes,' I said; Clarens is not so fair, nor Constance, nor Como, nor Grassmere, nor Lomond. Not so fair in water, in islands, in shores, in skies, nor in mountains. For thee, Horicon, I throw down the gauntlet of defiance!

Horicon is become a haunt of travel. Accessible at its head by rail, and over a charming plank-road from Saratoga, distant only thirty miles, and at its outlet, from Champlain, via the steamer from Whitehall or St. Johns, landing at Ticonderoga, two miles from the Horicon steamer's landing, it is, in modest speech, the most delightful summer resort for those who love beauty in nature, or the sports of hunting and fishing, in this or in any country. Thirty miles in length, by from three to five in width, flecked with islands, said to

number three hundred and sixty-five — a number I suspect that belongs rather to Winnipiseogee — surrounded by sloping shores dotted with meadows, grain-fields and cottages, and hemmed in on either side by lofty mountains, whose summits force the sun to a late rising, and cast majestic shadows in the calm waters, Horicon is a picture of extreme quiet or grand beauty, as the gauge of the weather chances to be. In sunshine, when the wind is asleep, it is as gentle as the heart of childhood, and as susceptible of impression, too, from the gauziest cloud or careering swallow. When the sky darkens and the storm is up, it rages like a lion, and roars to the mountains, until their echoes laugh, as when

> —— 'Jura answers from her misty shroud
> Back to the joyous Alps, which call on her aloud;'

and between these extremes come in modulation a thousand varieties of aspect, each beautiful and enchanting. The clearness and coldness of its waters are wonderful. It is easy to see the white sand bottom, of a calm day, at thirty or forty feet depth. The coldness arises from the lake's being principally supplied by springs and mountain brooks. Its fishing is the luxury of that art. It abounds in salmon, salmon-trout, lake-trout, bass in variety, pike, pickerel, perch, and many inferior kinds of fish, including rattle-snakes! The game on its shores (this does not include hens, geese and ducks, occasionally shot for mischief, in a tame state,) is equally plenty. Woodcock, snipe, partridge, rabbit, fox, deer and bear, are the easy spoil of the accustomed sportsman. There are 'coon, too, and wild-cats.

Two fine steamers now ply the lake, or will the coming summer; a new one, the 'John Jay,' Captain Larrabee — the 'old captain'— being just finished; making an up and down trip daily, and touching at all the points of interest to the sportsman and artist. Horicon is surrounded too by revolutionary reminiscences, more than any other spot of its size in the country. At the head (a remarkably square one) of the lake are the ruins of Forts George and William Henry, built early in the revolution, and at the outlet is Ticonderoga; a fine ruin, built by the French before the revolution. Not far from the head of the lake, in a gorge of the mountains, are the ruins of 'French Mills,' erected during the French and Indian war to facilitate the construction of boats to navigate the lake, which lay on a route connecting Champlain with Albany, better than the Fort Ann and Skeensborough road. Near mid-way of the lake is 'Sabbath-day Point,' so named from the British army's halting there over a Sabbath. Speaking of Ticonderoga, the visitor there will observe across the bay formed by the outlet of Horicon into Champlain, the mountain on which Burgoyne planted a battery and captured the fort thereby; a most daring and gallant deed. The Fort Ticonderoga, and all the lands thereabout, belong to Duncan C. Pell, Esq., of New-York, of whom I could narrate some most interesting and creditable facts; but this is not the time nor place. How many cannon-balls I have unearthed on the Champlain beach, dropped there during the gunboat and land attack upon the fort, while held by the French! What

memorials I have gathered, too, on the western side of the fort, where Abercrombie lost one of the finest armies that ever debouched on American soil! Every American has read the story of that battle; read of the pomp with which the sixteen hundred boats, bearing sixteen thousand men, set sail from the head of the Horicon, beating drums and waving banners, as though victory were already won; but they came not back victors; they found a grave in a soil that to this day shows their unburied bones. One may see at the head of the lake, right in front of the ruins of Fort William Henry, several of those gun-boats, or the skeletons of them rather, half buried in the shifting sand. And not far from the head of the lake is another spot of deep interest; it is called 'Bloody Pond,' and lies on the old road to Glens Falls. Here perished hundreds of the English and American soldiers who, surrendering to the French and Indians at the lake, under promise of protection, were set upon by the Indians, as soon as disarmed, and to escape massacre retreated as far as this pond, into which they threw themselves, and were drowned or shot. The lilies grow dark and rank there to this day, and some say that spirits walk abroad there at night moaning for vengeance on their murderers. Near this pond is a rock from which General Williams was shot by an Indian, while giving orders to his troop.

But the chief and exceeding glory of Horicon to the traveller I have not named. It is the hotel at the head of the lake; '*Sherrill's Lake House.*' The Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER needeth not information; he has *been there*, and knows; but, gentle or ferocious reader, dost *thou* know Sherrill's hotel? — Sherrill's 'Lake House,' in the village of Caldwell, in the vicinity of trout-brooks, at the head or the corner of the head of Horicon? — Sherrill's Lake House, sloping the prettiest locust-covered lawn to the edge of the waters, and overlooking a pomp of lake, valleys and mountains such as exists nowhere else between California and Japan? Ah! and has the reader walked those airy porticos and corridors; has he couched in those *ventilated* rooms, that are rooms; has he crossed his lower limbs under those tables groaning with fish and fowl, fruit and jelly, milk and honey; those tables, freighted at morning, noon and night, and seemingly forever, with all that is luscious and juicy and delicate, so abundant, well-selected, well-seasoned and clean; the rich Mocha and Java, the sparkling souchong and hyson, the pastry tremulous with fatness, the smoking biscuits and cream, the reeking honey-comb, the lordly trout, in boil, broil, roast and fry? But why do I recount? are they not all in the bill-of-fare, palate-conquering? Ah, LOUIS GAYLORD, is not Sherrill's house *a house?* Is not Sherrill too a host, his wife a hostess, and his fair, his only daughter, a hostessess? And from this point the glory of Horicon is ever to be discussed; this is the head and central point, from whence diverge all excursions, all thoughts, all ideas!

Ah, L. G. C.! it seems but yesterday I was there; and though the summer was gone, and the host was gone, and the hostessess too, and the rush of visitors also, still did I find only beauty and delight there. Nature remains when life and art are past; and so the lake

smiled to me, and the mountains echoed that wonderful echo, which seems to run the whole circle of the hills as a scale of music, even as when I first saw and heard them; and the trout tasted as fresh, and the breath of the breeze was as balmy. And I climbed the hills and sailed the waters and cast my lines in pleasant places. In the calm and quiet of that Paradise among the mountains I laid me upon the grass, like Endymion, and dreamed that I knew toil nor care nor sorrow more. The spirit of the time and place was enchantment; the felicity of forgetfulness; the absolution of the present from the past; the rise and expansion of the soul into serene and unimpassioned being. It was a lull of pain; an influx of pure joy. 'Why,' said I, 'shall I wander more? why be hunted by blind ambition and empty desire, as Actæon by his dogs, when the earth is so loving here, and the music of the waters so sweet, and the bending-down of the golden sky so gracious?' I could live by the side of Horicon, as with a familiar spirit, forever; could abandon unrest and vanity, and cut the balance of earth entirely. But enough. *We* are booked for Sherrill's another season, if luckily death nor misfortune should step between. Then we shall rejoice together exceedingly, and ride in the yacht 'Gaylord Clark,' and discuss Burns with Captain Larrabee, and the big bottle with Captain Gale, and the ten-pins with Lieutenant Welch, and the sum-total of all our duties, dignities and enjoyments with the commander-in-chief, Sherrill. Then *we* shall pass judgment upon *my* judgment, both as to the fact and romance of Horicon; and I wager a basket of the 'best brand' that I shall win.

For the rest, 'see next number.' No more at present from

The Rambler.

LINES: THE ROBBER.

BY DR. DICKSON, OF LONDON.

I came into the prison-house, and saw
A robber stretched upon a couch of straw;
Well-formed and tall, though wan and poorly dressed,
His face, methought, more good than ill expressed;
And, wrong or right, the thought arose within,
'Is this the son of circumstance or sin?'
He leaned his head upon his fettered hand,
And gazed at something near him on the sand:
A spider gray had spread her meshes there,
And trapped a fly in the deceitful snare;
Where, though it strove with efforts vain and long,
It only made captivity more strong.
The outlaw watched it with an anxious eye
Struggle and strain, and then in sadness die;
He saw the spider from her ambush crawl,
And seize the insect, emblem of his fall;
But ere she sucked the blood from heart and limb
The headsman's axe had done its worst on him!

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FROST.

BY LILY GRAHAM.

THERE is a glow like sunset on the tossing spray;
A glow that fades not with the ebbing light of day,
Nor when the morning dew is on the harvest sheaves;
There is a gleam of crimson where the branches sway,
As though a ruby had been prisoned 'mid the leaves,
Struggling in vain for freedom when the lithe bough heaves.

There is a glimmer deep within the wavy grass,
That lingers changeless, though the sunbeams come and pass;
A glimmer as of golden foot-prints hidden there,
Half shadowed by the sumach and the sassafras,
And thick'ning night by night beneath the frosty air,
Till every knoll is crossed by pathways broad and fair.

Who wanders here in the still hour of midnight dreams,
Sprinkling these giant footsteps each with golden gleams?
Whose touch hath colored every o'erhanging bough,
And stayed the impetuous rush of hill-side streams?
Whose hand with rainbow-leaves hath crowned the mountain's brow,
And chilled at eve the brook that flows so brightly now?

What ploughshare hath been out this radiant morn?
No sower's song, upon the sweet air clearly borne,
Doth tell what hope the frosted forest hath revealed,
Of laden wains and shining sheaves of ripened corn;
Yet are the green boughs furrowed like an April field,
And sown with brighter gold than ever harvests yield.

Have the fair dryads to their long-forsaken shades,
Untouched by ages past, with youth that never fades,
Returned once more, as in the sylvan days of old,
To haunt each stately oak amid these silent glades?
Is it in welcome every bough is veined with gold,
And banner-leaves float crimson over wood and wold?

Too long by Grecian fane their memory hath died,
Save in some dim tradition told at eventide,
Or poet's lay, revived from some old legend lost.
They are forgotten; and their pleasant haunts, beside
The curdling waters, and the pale leaves rudely tossed,
Shrink nightly at the muffled footsteps of the frost!

No trumpet hails thy coming from the fortress hills,
O silent wanderer by the wood and mountain rills!
Thou treadest noiselessly among the burnished sheaves;
And dwellers 'mid the fields their autumn radiance fills,
Can trace thy pathway only by the brightening leaves,
And the vines crimsoned underneath the homestead eaves.

Yet are thy footsteps trodden by a shadowy host,
Who borne in still October eves from northern coast,
On every bough thy conquering banner flings,
Where morn by morn new victories thou may'st boast,
Till the bright turf is stained as with the blood of kings,
And brooks rush crimson from their maple-shadowed springs.

Still art thou guiltless: not a widow's wail,
No orphan's anguished cries thy footsteps hail;
No blood-bought treasure crowns thy shadowy brow,
Type of that victory when crime and guilt shall fail,
And sorrow shall be done, and every knee shall bow,
And the last conqueror triumph as peacefully as thou.

THE ARGUMENTATIVE HUSBAND

AND THE HUSBAND WHO DENIED HIS WIFE NOTHING: OR 'A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.'

BY A. B. JOHNSON.*

Two young women, who lived in the same neighborhood and had been intimate acquaintances from their infancy, became married to a couple of young tradesmen, who were thriving and industrious. The young men were clerks in the same dry-goods shop in Broadway when they became first acquainted with their future wives and during a large portion of the courtship, hence no little intimacy was created between the young men and they strongly sympathized with each other in their respective matrimonial projects and both became well known to each other's intended.

As a preliminary to the marriages the young men had to acquire the means of a suitable support for their families, but as they possessed the confidence of their employer he assisted them with capital in the business to which they were educated and eventually one established himself in Philadelphia and the other in New-York, and as soon as they felt pecuniarily able they married their respective favorites.

The families being thus separated enjoyed but few opportunities of social intercourse with each other. Even when the requirements of business brought occasionally Mr. Jenkins from Philadelphia to New-York, he was usually in too much haste to lose much time in chatting with Mr. Jackson, though sometimes he would be accompanied to New-York by his wife, when the two ladies would delight themselves in interchanging domestic intelligence, in recurring to events of their early lives, and in mutual inquiries about acquaintances who had removed to distant regions. Nor were wanting topics

* Author of a 'Treatise on Language, or the Relation which Words bear to Things,' 'Religion in its Relation to the Present Life,' etc. etc.

of more piquant interest, such as the conduct of their respective husbands; and while Mrs. Jenkins rejoiced in a husband who never denied her any thing, Mrs. Jackson had to confess, that though her husband provided well for the family and was a very indulgent father, yet he would have his own way. As a glaring instance in this particular, she adduced his unwillingness to accommodate her with a new house, though every person knew he was prosperous in business and could better afford to build than many of his neighbors, who had made their families comfortable by a convenient residence up-town, where the air was pure for the children and good schools could be obtained for their literary improvement and at a cheaper rate than in the lower parts of the city. As Mrs. Jackson uttered these revelations with unwonted fervor and fluency, a less discriminating person than her old friend Mrs. Jenkins could have discovered that the subject was dear to her heart, and that Mrs. Jackson was in this particular an abused woman, who deserved the sympathy of her sex. Mrs. Jenkins accordingly entered into her friend's feelings with the warmth of an old acquaintance and with the esprit du corps of a wife, and insisted that she would not live with a man who should treat her in such a manner.

The subject of this conversation almost engrossed the thoughts of Mrs. Jenkins, and when she returned to Philadelphia she viewed her own house with the new impressions produced in her by the ambitious aspirations of her friend, and the house speedily lost nearly all its attractions. She and her husband had occupied it ever since their marriage, and as it was situated in the rear of the shop it was necessarily small and subject to many inconveniences. She could neither pass in nor out except through the shop, and this was peculiarly unpleasant to the female friends who occasionally visited her, to say nothing of the children, who were not permitted to play in the shop and were perpetually romping in her small parlor. The residence had been suitable enough to the condition of the parties when they commenced house-keeping; and its manifold inconveniences had developed themselves so gradually, in the gradual increase of the family, that Mrs. Jenkins had been insensible to them till her attention was called that way by her last visit to New-York. She was now surprised that she had lived contentedly in such a place so long and was resolved that she would live there no longer, especially as she knew that her husband could as well afford to build a new house as Mr. Jackson. Thus impressed, she kept revolving the topic in her thoughts till she acquired a sufficient confidence in the correctness of her conclusions to feel the necessity of their speedy realization. Thus fortified, the next step was to bring her husband to the same opinion with herself. She knew he was fond of property and took pleasure in its accumulation, but what was the increase of property to her if she was not to enjoy the use of it! They might as well be without property, and indeed better, because if any necessity existed for living in a log-cabin, she would submit with pleasure; but to live inconveniently without any necessity therefor was intolerably tantalizing.

Mrs. Jenkins accordingly lost no time in developing her plans by throwing out various intimations of the uncomfortableness of the house and of the delights of a residence detached from shops, where visitors might be received at a private door, and where the children could have room to play without forever destroying the parlor furniture and leaving no person in peace or so much as a single room where a person can be retired for a few moments. Nor were wanting numerous examples of acquaintances who had lately bought or built new houses, and nothing was more surprising than the statistical facts on this point which Mrs. Jenkins was able to collect, now that her attention was directed that way.

These new demonstrations were not lost on Mr. Jenkins, who knew enough of human nature to understand their drift, hence he was not taken unawares when, in the fulness of time, his wife declared all her wants and showed to him the deep hold which, unaccountably to him, the subject had taken on her feelings. We have already said that he never denied his wife any thing about which he found she was pertinacious, nor did he in the present case. He confessed that the present residence was inconvenient. He had long felt it himself, and would lose no time unnecessarily in performing all that his wife required after he should extricate himself from debt and get his business into a shape that would enable him to purchase a suitable building lot for such a house as his family ought to occupy. He did not want to build a contracted house nor in a bad location, but to combine some elegance with comfort, just as so good a house-keeper as his wife deserved after all her privations.

Mrs. Jenkins was delighted and lost no time in writing to her friend Mrs. Jackson her brilliant prospects, and as no account loses in the telling, the consummation of her wishes imbibed some rainbow tints from her imagination and, like a full moon, seemed far nearer than it was in sober reality. In the fervor of her feelings she lauded her husband not sparingly ; for though he had never denied her any thing, yet she was fain to confess, that to be accommodating in so large a matter was rather an unexpected token of his affection and kindness.

Mrs. Jackson read this epistle with less pleasure than she ought to have felt at the happiness of so old and good a friend, and her house from thenceforth became more insupportable than ever, till by pondering long on her discontent it gradually became mingled with all her thoughts and actions and exhibited itself prominently in all her intercourse with her husband. When he was affectionately disposed toward her, as he usually was when relieved at evenings from the cares of his shop, she would sigh deeply or shed tears and let him know otherwise that the want of a better house was a cruel obstruction to her happiness. When he was in an ill humor, as would sometimes happen from the perplexity of business, she would retort with complaints of the wretched house in which she was straitened and confined. In the winter she suffered martyrdom from the cold and in the summer she was suffocated by heat, and all from the age or misconstruction of the worthless old house. If the children became sick the house was the cause, by denying proper exercise or in admitting

dampness through the walls. If the family expenses increased, or the servants were unfaithful, the ill construction of the house would not admit of economy or provide security against petty depredations.

The project of his wife appeared to Mr. Jackson so manifestly improper, that he could not countenance it for a moment; but as he was a reasonable man himself, he hoped to convince her of the impropriety of her demands. He accordingly told her that he had risen, as she knew, from nothing, but though he had been prosperous, his business was still incumbered by a want of capital, which compelled him to make purchases on credit, instead of ranging the market and obtaining his supplies where they could be purchased most cheaply for money. Were he by building to abstract from his business any portion of his active capital, he would still farther embarrass himself, while his creditors, seeing his imprudence, would begin to suspect his ability to pay and refuse him their assistance.

In vain, however, poor Mr. Jackson argued with his wife and combatted her reasons with countervailing proofs; the result only evinced the truth of the proverb, that 'she who is convinced against her will, is of the same opinion still;' though his arguments were not sufficiently effectual to even nominally convince his wife; they only excited her ingenuity to the discovery of fresh reasons why the old tenement should be abandoned and a new one constructed in a better position for both enjoyment and economy. But what she deemed the most potent of all that could be said on the subject, was the practical fact that Walter Jenkins, of Philadelphia, who commenced business at the same time with Jackson and was admittedly less successful in money-making, was still able to give his wife a new house and every thing else; for he never denied his wife any thing.

This was indeed a potent argument and Jackson never knew how to combat it, except by saying that Jenkins was a fool; nor could poor Jackson invent any new reasons in opposition to his wife and she professed herself tired of the old ones. He had but to commence his opposition, when she forthwith stopped him and could anticipate all he had to say. It was, she affirmed, the same old argument that she had heard a hundred times before, and if he had any thing to say she wanted something new. Alas, poor Jackson! he was a patient and enduring man, but these perpetual bickerings effectually destroyed his domestic comfort, and as the last resort of a worsted disputant, he one day unfortunately became angry. He had so long smothered his feelings, that now when they obtained vent the explosion was prodigious. He accused his wife of being the torment of his existence and said that nothing would satisfy her but his destruction, which, however, he assured her should never occur; for rather than commit the folly she desired, he would throw himself into the river or blow up the house with all its contents.

The poor woman was sorely afflicted at the unusual spectacle of his rage. She bore it, however, as only women can bear such afflictions, in meekness and silent sorrow, that appealed to his feelings more eloquently than words; till on reflection he became so much distressed at his own violence, that he agreed, as the only proper

atonement in his power, to construct a house according to her wishes, let the consequences be what they might. He went at it in good earnest and the construction absorbed all his active capital, while suitable furniture for it, which soon became as indispensable as the house, ran him into debt. He struggled for two years with the embarrassment produced in his business by these abstractions from his resources, and procured additional credit to supply their place, but when he was most extended in this respect a pecuniary crisis pervaded the country, and New-York felt the full force of the existing pressure. The banks could no longer yield their accustomed accommodations, and in the struggle of each institution to save itself the ruin of private persons came to be disregarded. In turn every man who was in debt had to urge payment from his own debtors, and in the general scramble which ensued numerous merchants became bankrupt, till all confidence was lost and every person was afraid of his neighbor. Nothing could have come less opportunely to Jackson than this commercial revulsion. It was like the famine which arose as soon as the prodigal son of the scriptures had squandered his last penny. His spirits also were no longer sustained by a consciousness that he was prospering. He had for some time been more solicitous to sustain his credit than to make profits, and under the existing distrust he soon saw that his ultimate ruin was inevitable; and all his efforts were directed to avert, as long as possible, the sure catastrophe of public discredit. To this end, he was daily compelled to sacrifice to usurers and to purchase his supplies of merchandise at prices enhanced by the suspicions of keen sellers. Even his customers began to desert him, for his goods were known to have been purchased at a disadvantage and were at least imagined to be dearer than the goods of other dealers. His friends became alarmed lest they should become entangled in his fall and forsook him in a body, while his creditors began to assail him for payment or security.

In this bad emergency of his affairs, he often thought of his early friend Jenkins, and would have applied to him for assistance, especially as Philadelphia was less afflicted than New-York with the pecuniary pressure, but he knew that Jenkins never denied his wife any thing, and especially that he had acceded to her wishes in the building of a house, and as like causes will produce like effects he doubted not that Jenkins must be as badly situated as himself. But in this Mr. Jackson was mistaken. On the contrary Jenkins had foreseen the approaching commercial storm and had prudently furled his sails in season and was prepared to meet the worst, come when it might. He had recently heard of the adverse circumstances of his early friend, and while he was greatly grieved at his reverses, he resolved not to let his grief evaporate in silent sorrow, but to visit New-York and ascertain personally if his friend's affairs could be relieved. He arrived too late for the assistance that he was kindly prepared to give; for Jackson had pursued of late the down hill path so desperately and recklessly that he could not be extricated from his difficulties. Only one honest course remained, which was to squander no more property in vain efforts to procrastinate a fall that was inevita-

ble, but to meet the crisis at once and assign all his remaining effects to good trustees, for the equal benefit of all his creditors. To this course Jenkins advised with the assurance that if his friend could become relieved from his liabilities, he would assist him to establish himself anew, when with the experience thus dearly purchased he would doubtless regain in time his former standing.

Jackson complied with all the suggestions of his friend, but nothing could well exceed his astonishment at the pecuniary abilities of Jenkins — the man who never denied his wife any thing; while he had yielded to only one request and was ruined. But the mystery was soon solved. Jenkins admitted that he never denied his wife any thing. It was a way he had; reserving, however, to himself the execution of her projects at such a time only as should suit his convenience. That time had never yet come in the matter of the house, but they lived contentedly where they had always lived; his wife happy in the possession of a complying husband and the pleasant anticipations of future gratifications, and he satisfied in the possession of a hopeful wife, and in the full fruition of his present wishes. This revelation was not lost on Jackson, and when he ultimately obtained a release from his existing debts and commenced anew, under the auspices of his Philadelphia friend, he was never known to argue with his wife and especially never to become angry; and in process of time, by patient industry and resolute self-denial of all improvident expenditures, he became far richer than before, and his wife while chatting with her neighbors in a snug parlor in the rear of the shop, would often, like Mrs. Jenkins, self-complacently boast, that as for Mr. Jackson, she must say he was a man who never denied his wife any thing.

LINES FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Come let us quaff the morning bowl!
Already through her veil of roses
The dawn of day peeps out, and lo!
How sweet the tulip's lip uncloses.
That beautiful dark tulip down
Whose cheek the dew-drops slowly trickle:
Bring wine, my soul, and let me sip,
For life, like love is fleeting, fickle;
Behold upon her emerald throne,
The bulbul's queen, all glittering, glorious;
Fetch me the ruby wine! that rose
In Eden's bower would reign victorious.
Why talk of Eden? Eden's here!
Odors and wine — flagon and flowers;
And thou a houri sweeter far
Than all the maids of Eden's bowers.
But how? the banquet room is shut;
Snug in his castle snores the keeper;
The bolt still fast, the entrance barred,
Up, drowsy drone! up, lazy sleeper!
To sleep in such an hour as this
When Earth her varied joys discloses;
Like Hafiz, rather wisely seek
Life while it lasts, among the Roses!

STANZAS: EGERIA.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

In a soft, still summer twilight,
When the sunset's golden beam
Gleaned behind the cold gray mountain,
With a misty haze between;
When the stars were softly breaking
One by one upon the sky,
And the winds that whispered near me
Were as gentle as a sigh,
'Neath a mossed and gnarléd oak,
With its branches ivy-bound,
Where the mingled sweets of flowers
Threw a breathing perfume round,
There a lovely dream stole o'er me,
'T was Life's sweetest, last and best:
Bright EGERIA! lost EGERIA!
Thou hast left my lonely breast.

I have sought the spot full often
In the morning, in the noon,
In the chill and bleak December,
In the rosy light of June;
And when floods of silvery moonlight
O'er the valley slept serene,
While its pale and silent splendor
Mocked my spirit's restless dream.
Yet I linger as of old;
Still I seek the shadowed lake,
And the mountains stern and drear,
Where the Alpine glaciers break,
There I watch the storm-god rise;
But I wander on in vain:
Bright EGERIA! lost EGERIA!
Shall we never meet again?

Mid my deep and yearning sadness,
With enrapturing thought I dwell
On the scenes whose hues are melting
Into Memory's mystic spell;
But my gladness hath departed,
For I tremblingly pursue
The beloved yet changing phantom
That still fades before my view.
Aërial music floats around,
Aërial voices meet mine ear,
And my sighs are oft repeated
By soft echoes hovering near.
And from visions half ethereal,
Mad with hope I wildly start,
But thy footsteps, lost EGERIA!
Are the beatings of my heart.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH.

Oh, in that solemn hour, when voices faint
And forms familiar to the vision fade,
When woman's tears and orphan'd childhood's plaint
No more the soul's dulled consciousness invade;
When all unheeded is the voice of prayer
By the pale victim as he wrestles there;
'T is then we feel how deep the valley's shade
Which every mortal in his time must dare.

But if that time be summer's sultry day,
Shall the freed spirit feel its sunbeams warm?
Or think, if winter in that hour bear sway,
To shiver, struggling through the midnight storm?
Shall the soul linger through the realms of space,
The mighty secrets of their depths to trace?
Or think to look on nature's outward form
While hasting upward to its resting-place?

Can mental vision drink the solar ray
That clothes material things in light and shade?
Is there an avenue that can convey
The forms of nature to the spirit's aid?
Can music's voice be heard? can spirits hear
The soft vibrations of an atmosphere?
Or can the spirit's flight of thought be stayed
By measured progress in its high career?

If so it be that spirits freed may hold
Their wonted sympathy with outward forms,
How gladly would the trusting soul unfold
Its untried pinions o'er a world of storms;
Speed its swift flight to some fair orb whose blaze,
When in the flesh, absorbed its youthful gaze;
Where beauty in a new profusion swarms,
To wrap the soul in marvel and amaze.

For glorious scenes are in yon worlds that send
Their distant radiance to the eye of sense;
Landscapes that mortal sight hath never kenned,
And oceans of unthought magnificence,
Whose slightest wave, upon our planet hurled,
Would roll an ocean round a shoreless world,
If its huge volume were but torn from thence,
When by the softest of its breezes curled.

And there are realms of such majestic bound
That were the waters which earth's ocean's hoard
Borne to some mountain's burning gulf profound
And in one torrent down its crater poured,

Transformed to vapor would the water rise
And float, a cloud, along its sunny skies;
  Where majesty and beauty linked afford
A theme of gratitude to One all-wise.

And there are realms of quietude and peace,
  Where happy spirits unperturbed abide;
No mourner longing for her soul's release,
  No sinner shrinking from a life untried,
No widow bending with a grief untold
O'er the still forms of loved ones pale and cold;
  For pain nor woe are needed there to chide
The wayward wanderers from the SHEPHERD's fold.

To the poor wretch who deems that all in all
  Is centred in this little scene below,
The bright blue sky becomes a dungeon-wall,
  Beyond whose bound he never hopes to go;
Earth's circling seasons in his view appears
A whirlpool narrowing in the tide of years,
  Whose dark oblivious depths must quench the glow
Of human sympathies and hopes and fears.

But to the trustful soul the good man's rest
  Is not the torpor of a loveless frame,
But the high fellowship of spirits blest,
  Far from this earthly strife for wealth and fame.
Oh, where is that bright land? is 't sunk from view
In the calm ocean of the zenith's blue?
  Or do its portals glisten in the flame
That to the sunset lends its golden hue?

We may not know; our queries are in vain!
  That pathway, trodden for six thousand years,
Hath seen no pilgrim turning back again
  To mingle in life's stream his falling tears,
And tell the secret of what orb in space
Hath gathered home the ransomed of the race;
  But we shall know, for our departure nears,
And friends long parted shall again embrace.

But oh! the mystery of that stern hour,
  When to our reeling sense the earth shall quake,
The blackening sun resign his throne of power,
  And we this outer temple court forsake!
When from the inner shrine of nature's fane
The sky-spread curtain shall be rent in twain,
  And through the sundered veil upon us break
The bright reality that 'death is gain.'

The friends that flock around to weep farewell,
  The sad, sad thoughts, the sick and dizzy brain,
The walls that close around us like a cell,
  The cold limbs fettered by death's cruel chain,
The darkening room, the dying-out of feeling,
The bursting light, the chamber's parted ceiling,
  The spirit-world! — the new-born seraph's strain!
The ransomed sinner with the ransomed kneeling!

MOUNT SAVAGE RAMBLINGS.

NUMBER THREE.

MOUNT SAVAGE.

Or Savage Mountain, as it is called in the books, is, as I said before, not so much of a mountain after all, compared with some of the great Alleghany ridges. Still it is about twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is ascendable on horseback to the very top, on a tolerably good road, which is twice a-day traversed by mule teams to bring down loads of fire-clay from the summit. This road extends, I believe, quite over the mountain. and when you get on the other side you are in Pennsylvania. It is covered for the most part with a thick growth of all sorts of trees and shrubs, which look wilder at a distance than when you approach them. There is, in fact, nothing very *savage* about it; certainly nothing more so than the rest of the region for miles around. One who travels much in America sees so many such districts that it requires pretty tall hills, or very picturesque spots indeed, to rivet attention for any great length of time. Think of it! One may ride on a rail-road, the Erie for example, hundreds of miles through an almost uninhabited country; a country where, if you should chance to be dropped by the way, it would seem as if you would literally have

> 'Nothing to eat except bear's meat,
> And nothing to drink at all:'

as the fireman on the Erie Rail-Road sung when, for the first time, he went over it in a solitary locomotive. Think of the Adirondack wilderness in the State of New-York, which Headley describes as scarcely ever having been explored, although as large as the State of Connecticut! Or take a ride in the stage across the mountains over the National Road, (they are making a rail-road there now,) if you would realize the extent of wilderness in even the most civilized portion of the New World. Think how the iron-horse is gradually working its way to apparently the most inaccessible spots, and carrying with it the overflowing population of Europe, filling up the habitable places, and developing the hidden resources of earth, tunnelling the mountains and bridging the valleys and rivers, making the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I never ride on a rail without indulging in some of these poetical fancies; and they crowd upon me still more when standing on the Savage Mountain and looking over the dense foliage of the valley, so thick that it seems as if you could walk upon it. Here and there are cultivated spots, which, though of many acres extent, look like small affairs. The iron-village, with the store prominent above all, and near it the tall chimneys of 'the works,' occupy another little space, and off there above the trees the moving smoke denotes the approach of the locomotive. There is the out-crop

of an old iron mine on one side of the place where we stand; on the other side they are at work with pick-axe and spade getting out the bluish white clay. It is as hard as a stone, and you wonder how they ever came to think of grinding it up to make brick and pottery-ware.

The Pennsylvania side of the mountain is said to be much more savage and inaccessible. There are a few saw-mills there for cutting out the timber, and the people live in the most out of-the-way places, and in the most outlandish manner. Many of them know little of this world and less of the next, and live and die like the Dutchmen of New-Jersey, with a profound abhorrence of all new inventions for farming and all schools and other sources of taxation. They are content with pork and cabbage, potatoes and whiskey, and now and then a haunch of venison. They are shrewd at a bargain and think a man who gets money, no matter how, is a good fellow. Such is the character given me by a Gothamite who has been long sojourning there and perhaps judges too much by contrast with city life. Such people, however, are by no means uncommon in every state; and when he mentioned their indifference for churches, I could not help thinking of that strange people who live on the Isle of Shoals, not far from Hampton beach. Some zealous Christians built them a church, and sent over a clergyman to preach to them. A large congregation was gathered by the novelty of the thing; but when the services were over, the old man who kept the keys, and officiated as sexton, instead of thanking the minister for 'the word' thus given without money and without price, *demanded five dollars for the use of the church, and his (the sexton's) sacrifice in leaving his fishing to come there!* The minister gave them up as a hopeless set.

I am no great hand at climbing precipitous mountains simply for the sake of saying I have accomplished the feat, as many do who visit the White Hills in New-Hampshire. They tire and strain themselves almost to death in clinging to the saddle or footing it up steep rocky pathways, and become bespattered from head to foot with mud, simply for the sake of being able to say that they have stood on Mount Washington and looked upon nothing but clouds and mist. That one who has science and taste enough to note the different degrees of temperature and the nature of the formations should fancy it I can imagine, but I had no patience when I saw a company of boarding-school girls come down from the mountains nearly dead with an exertion to which they were so little accustomed.

But when one can go up without an unreasonable degree of trouble and peril, it is always well to climb to those points where you can overlook the country round and take in the whole at one view. No one can be said to have seen the Connecticut River who has not been to the top of Mount Holyoke. I don't mean to say that the view from Mount Savage is to be compared with that, but from no point can a better landscape of a wild country just opening to the miner be obtained with less trouble.

So much for Mount Savage, or rather for what occurred to me as I rode up and back one day before dinner, alongside of my friend's

eldest son, who expatiated on the scenery, the comparative speed of our nags, and the quantity of sugar he should secure by tapping the large maple-trees in the spring of the year.

There are two shafts in the side of the mountain, one for coal and the other for iron. If they go on working them they will one day come out on the other side, forming complete tunnels. Neither vein is as thick as that at Frostburg, but they make the passages about five feet square. In the iron tunnel they passed through a vein for some time without knowing it, such earthy shapes does the ore assume.

We returned through Rhododendron Alley, so named from the number of plants of that beautiful flower which line the sides. An English botanist has promised to give them a long paragraph in his forthcoming book.

In the evening we had a visit from our minister and the draughtsman of the company, who is the beau of Mount Savage and of all other places where he appears. He is a perfect 'Mother Carey's chicken;' his presence always portending a storm on female hearts.

We had 'Old Uncle Ned,' and divers other approved negro melodies, we had story-telling and flirtation, and other innocent amusements, until 'the clock tolled the hour of retiring,' and the parson and the draughtsman, who is one of his vestrymen, started down the hill with lamps in their hands and cigars in their mouths.

THE MINERS' SABBATH.

Now that the iron manufacture is suspended, nine-tenths of those who live in this region are, in one way or another, connected with the mines, and to them the Sabbath is indeed a day of rest. No squeaking of the brakes is heard on the tram-road, no puff of the locomotive on the wide track; the horses and mules are quietly standing in their stalls, licking up the last oat of their morning's allowance, clearing the racks of the less dainty dish of hay, or, having disposed of all, are poking their noses in every corner, and expressively looking round in expectation of having something else to do. And now the interior of every workman's house at the Savage village, at the Maryland mines and at Frostburg, presents a busy scene; such washing and scouring and rubbing and scrubbing with soap and hot water and hard hands to get off the week's accumulation of coal-dust and soot! And then the donning of clean shirts, white or check pantaloons, gay neck-kerchiefs, and cloth coats with metal buttons, or the more seasonable brown linen wrapper, all contribute to effect such a metamorphosis, that you will scarcely know men whom you have met and conversed with every day for a week past.

A large proportion saunter up Church-Hill, and on a half mile farther to the Roman Catholic church, a large brick edifice, with the priest's house adjoining, which is a very prominent object as you look from any of the neighboring hills. The Welshmen have their hall in the village, where they listen to prayer and preaching in that

strangely-sounding tongue. Now and then an itinerant Methodist holds forth to a pretty good congregation, in a house back of the blast furnace; and the 'English Church,' as they call the Episcopal, which I pointed out to you the other day from Bruce Hill, gathers every Sunday a respectable number, considering the state of the works. That 's the church we propose to attend, and the bell is now pealing forth a notice that it is time to go. This bell is a new thing, and was purchased by general subscription to do away with all excuses for tardiness in difference of time.

Talking of bells, it has always seemed to me that the churches of New-York are remarkably deficient in this respect. But few have bells, and, excepting the Trinity chimes, those they have are far from being of a size and tone to correspond with the cost and elegance of the respective edifices. Who that has visited Italy has not been delighted with the music which peals forth from the church-towers? They give you rather too much of it at Florence, where it is heard every hour almost and becomes wearisome. But where, as in this country, they are usually rung only on Sunday, one or two of these on the principal churches, one would think, could disturb no man's nerves, and must materially contribute to punctuality. But it is not to be wondered at that property-holders in the neighborhood object to the tinkling things which occupy most of the belfrys. In the country there is nothing more delightful than the sound of the church-going bell, reverberating amid valleys and rocks in the stillness of the day.

Well, mounting our horses we ride to the chapel; and will wait at the door until the ladies arrive in the buggy, which is very slowly drawn up a very bad and circuitous road. Most of the villagers are taking the short cut on foot, across lots and over the rocks which thickly stud the side of the hill. They pick their way from stone to stone, the masculines each leading one or more children (of which there are plenty) and the feminines carefully holding up their skirts to keep the briars and dirt away from the clean calico or muslin.

Robert is at the church door and is engaged in conversation with the two vestrymen and a group of villagers, on the style of the belfry, the tone of the bell, and the improvement which a coat of paint would make on the outside of the edifice; next they talk of the drought and the state of the crops, and the news about the cholera; and the last intelligence about the little girl who is so sick on Bruce-Hill. But here come the ladies, and we 'll go in with them.

The chapel is as plain inside as out, but it will hold many more than usually attend, and is very comfortable. It would look better if that tall pulpit were moved away; and the reading desk placed in the centre so as to serve both for prayers and preaching. Our minister makes it serve this purpose, being one of those who believe that what is good for prayer is good for preaching and that the sermon sounds just as well when delivered in one gown as another. He wears the surplice throughout. It is well enough for a clergyman to wear a gown of some kind, since it prevents remark on his dress, and

gives him a more dignified look. The same may be said of our judges. It does not look quite in keeping with the solemnity of a court-room to see its presiding officer dressed in some outlandish coat or flashy neckcloth. The judges of the Supreme Court of the United States wear black gowns. But the change of dress in the Episcopal and Roman services seems too much like the change of dresses in a theatre. However, 'chacun a son gout.'

That all-essential article to the proper delivery of the church-service, an organ, is wanting here, and there is no chanting. The two hymns are sung though, and when either of the leading singers are present, are very well sung. But sometimes they are absent, and then some one who has been used to follow tries to raise the tune. First he gets too high and then too low, and finally he pushes on with a perfect desperation, regardless of time, and with fifteen or twenty voices vainly striving to keep pace with his.

On one occasion they say that the clergyman, observing that this worthy had some trouble in catching the tune, and not being himself gifted with a voice, leaned over the desk and whistled a note loud enough to be heard at the seat of the singer, who instantly gave the right h-u-u-m.

We had a good sermon, first explaining the connection of the text and its meaning, and then the points to be considered, which were well reasoned out, and wound up with an exhortation partaking of the pathos and sentiment for which the sons of the 'Green Isle,' to which the minister belongs, are distinguished. It was but twenty-five minutes long, which with the long services of this church is long enough. They are already beginning to talk about the preacher for a larger church in some of the cities; but he is one of your modest, yet frank, plain-spoken men, who will not push himself into prominence.

How few there are in the pulpit who understand the distinction between a discourse and a sermon! And yet there is an obvious and important distinction between the two, which our theological schools should inculcate. The one is something to be read and printed, the other something to be spoken; for a thing which will read well will not always preach well, and vice versa. Much of course depends on the delivery, but he who writes as he would speak, will write very differently from him who writes for the press. He will present a few prominent points in bold relief which the hearer can readily treasure in his mind, instead of condensing every thing that can be said in one discourse, requiring a constant effort of attention on the part of the hearer to keep up the thread of the argument. For a study in the closet the last would be preferable.

The sermon is over and Leonardus goes round with the plate, on which we deposit, every man at least, a penny. The children are now relieved from the half dimes which they have been playing with and constantly dropping during sermon time.

Benediction being pronounced, there 's a general shaking of hands between pastor and people, and mutual enquiries after health among the ladies. A late-comer communicates a piece of information which

spreads a gloom on every countenance. The little girl is dead. The third child in a few weeks; what can it mean? Have we contagion among us? And the minds of all are occupied with mingled sensations of sympathy for the afflicted parents, and apprehensions lest the unknown fever should enter their own households.

The minister comes and dines with us, and then goes over to the Maryland mines for afternoon service.

In the afternoon some stroll to the woods, and perhaps find in GOD'S first temples those incentives to devotion which the voice of nature often incites, though it would be too high an estimate of poor human nature to suppose that the majority have their minds bent on sacred things, or do not rather seek amusement and exercise, so welcome to those who have been confined all the week and whose minds are now relaxed from worldly cares.

There is much visiting done too, and those who cannot, from lack of education or habits of reading, find enjoyment in books, seek social intercourse and interchange of the offices of friendship as a proper enough way of improving the day. Not a few are seen climbing the hill to visit the house of mourning.

At Bruce Hill you may see us in all parts of the house and on the piazza, mostly with books in our hands, though not all intent thereon. Some have a volume of 'Sunday reading;' sermons, a doctrinal treatise on the Bible, while the religious paper is passed from hand to hand, its secular side most read I fear. Sunday is generally a sleepy day, in consequence of the unusual stillness and the absence of active occupations, and now and then the best-intentioned find it hard work to keep their eyes open on this long summer afternoon.

Aside from its religious associations, it is a delightful day to a reflective mind, and, after napping it for a moment, one seems to enter anew into the charms of the day, especially where, as here, you are surrounded on every side by the fields, the mountains and the woods.

The death of Mrs. Madison is announced in all the papers, and in that connection I read over the account given in Ingersoll's Sketch of the Last War with Great Britain of the trials she underwent, and the heroism she manifested at the time of the capture of Washington. It is very interesting, being decidedly the best part of Mr. Ingersoll's book, and valuable for the many little incidents which are there preserved, though of the book, as a whole, I must say that it is one of the most carelessly written collection of scraps that ever went forth from any man of the author's reputation as a scholar and a statesman.

As the long twilight comes on we sit upon the porch and talk of this and kindred topics. Each has some reminiscence of the past to call up, and one cannot but feel that the reflections thus started in every mind are not without that calming and composing effect which comport with the day and form a rational enjoyment.

But the minister has returned from the mines, and our neighbor at the foot of the hill has come in, so we 'll go to tea, and afterward have some sacred music.

A FUNERAL.

In the country a funeral is fraught with much more solemnity than in the city, where the constant occurrence of such scenes makes one more or less familiar with them. They buried the little girl to-day, and there was a large attendance at the house, although it could only be approached by a very steep hill and over a very bad road, almost impassable for vehicles. None but those who have lost a friend can appreciate the gratification which relatives experience in the tribute of respect to the deceased and the family, which is manifested by a large attendance on such an occasion.

There were no services at the house; an omission that is unusual in the country, where some remarks and a prayer are usually made before starting for the place of interment. In this case the distance was so great to the grave-yard, that it was thought more advisable to defer all exercises until the procession reached the church.

The coffin, painted black, was placed in the hall, and after the last look had been taken at all that remained of a daughter and a sister, the lid was screwed down by some of the neighbors who officiated in place of an undertaker. A light spring-cart, the only vehicle which could be drawn up the hill, was made to serve as a hearse; into this the coffin was placed, protected from jar by several armfuls of newly-mown hay, and then the procession moved down the hill.

As the clergyman entered the gate, before us, repeating the words 'I am the resurrection and the life,' one could not but be impressed with the beauty of that funeral service, the effect of which was greatly heightened by a cloud which just then obscured the sun, comporting with the solemnity of the scene.

There are but few graves in the yard, and prominent were the two fresh mounds and the open pit around which we all arranged ourselves while the coffin was lowered to its last resting-place. They threw in some armfuls of hay to break the sound of the clods as the words 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes,' came from the minister's lips, and for a while, after the services were concluded, nothing could be heard but the sound of the shovels as the grave was filled up and rounded off at the top.

The mother, worn down by watching and grief, was not present; but the father and surviving daughter stood by, the latter bathed in tears, the former, a man past the prime of life, preserving a stoical composure, though, as one watched his expression while gazing on the three mounds, you could see that there was a struggle within, a feeling perhaps of that silent despair,

> —'The most corroding form of grief,
> For tears to the mourner bring some sad relief.'

Perhaps he checked the outbreak of his feelings, as did David of old, by the reflection that it could do no good: 'I shall go to him, but he cannot come to me.'

In truth the last month had been to him one scene of sorrow;

grief had exhausted itself, and he could no longer find comfort in giving vent to his emotions. A deep sigh escaped him as he turned to leave the spot, and those who accompanied him too well understood his feelings to attempt the vain task of consolation.

Though the loss of a child cannot, in view of its comparative innocence and its prospects in the future life, but carry with it the idea that our loss is its gain, yet none but those who have been parents can realize the pang which is produced when one whom we have had constantly before our eyes, watched and played with, and formed high hopes concerning, is thus suddenly snatched away. It is like plucking out the heart-strings.

Truthfully has some one remarked: 'We never value the sunbeam so much as in the dark of a moonless night; we never value a friend's advice until he is beyond our reach; we never prize the husband's love or the mother's care until the grave is closed over them; and when we seek them there, the grass that we weep over is green, the mallow and the dock have covered the cross or the head-stone, and the red earth-worms we disturb bring us no tidings.'

POLITICS.

As the day for the annual state election approaches we begin to hear the note of preparation. Cumberland is of course the centre of influence for the county, and we are constantly receiving the two county papers, freighted with wholesale endorsements of this and denunciations of that candidate, seasoned with much editorial facetiousness. The practice of stump-speaking does not prevail here as generally as in some of the western states, but occasionally a couple of candidates ride round in a buggy, and stop at every town to stump against each other. It has one good effect; there is no affectation of modesty or pretence that they 'have not sought the nomination,' such as we hear from candidates at the North, but every man is obliged to come out and show himself, and if need be, 'sound his own trumpet,' in a straightforward way. On the other hand, the best 'stumpers' are not always the best qualified for the business of the state, and generally the most sensible and able men are those who are not gifted with that peculiar style of oratory which charms the populace, or are unwilling to go through such an ordeal.

One of the most amusing things about an election is the class of men who always seem to emerge from their hiding-places at such a time, ready to do all kinds of work, to canvass districts, fold tickets, write resolutions and get up meetings. They are always well stocked with the statistics of former elections and generally ready to make a bet when they've any money. They are always sure of success when they talk in public, but when conversing among themselves are particular in pointing out the weak spots in their own ranks. To them an election is a perfect bon-bon in the way of excitement, and no sooner is one over than they are making their calculations for the next. Of course in such a place as Cumberland they abound. A

man came into the hotel there the other day and announced the nomination of a certain person for a prominent position. 'Well,' said a person present, 'I thought that man was a-trying to get something, because he came into an eating-house the other night and shook hands with a chap and asked him to drink. Thinks I, 'Old feller, you are going to want a vote for something, for if you was n't, that chap could n't touch you with a forty-foot pole!' '

'Well, he 's nominated,' said a third; 'but when it comes to the 'lection I reckon he 'll hear another kind of music.'

Of course the suspended works at Mount Savage make the tariff no unimportant topic to talk about, and we have had one of the ablest lawyers up here to discourse on the subject, in the rolling-mill, which is a grand place for a mass-meeting. After the speech was over a party was assembled in the store, comparing notes, and one old 'codger' thus expatiated, keeping time to his words with the heels of his boots thumping against the side of the counter on which he was seated: 'Well, I should like to see the works a-going, that 's the fact; and I think the Dimmicrats has not quite elevated notions enough about the iron business; but I 've always voted for the Dimmicratic ticket, and I do n't 'zactly like to go ag'in' it.'

'Well, now, that 's jest my case,' said a long, lank fellow, with his hands in his pockets; 'but I 've come to the conclusion that 'self-preservation is the law of natur';' and if the tariff supports me and the Dimmicratic party do n't support the tariff, I hain't bound to support the party. How are you going to vote, Pat?'

'For the Dimmicrats, to be shure. Do ye think I 'd be afther giving up my principles for the sake of the tariff? It 's free-trade that I goes in for. Indade, and it 's my opinion that when they lave off a-killin' and murtherin' each other in Europe, and make their railroads instead, then they 'll be a-kaping their iron at home, and there 'll be plenty of work.'

'But will they ever leave off fighting?'

'Sure they can't fight forever.'

Those who are in the habit of dwelling on the evils of party politics do not stop to reflect that they are necessary evils; parties must and will always exist, and every man must vote with one or the other if he would have his vote tell.

They elect the legislature here but once in two years, which they find is quite often enough. Their sessions are limited also, as in New-York. It is very much the fashion in every state to ridicule the legislators and other public officers, and to denounce them as being generally inferior to those of other communities; but the fact is, the states are much more on an equality in these respects than one would suppose. The small states seem to have the advantage, if there is any.

But enough about politics, which I only mention to show that we have a little of every thing to make variety during our stay, the account of which I will end here, having already made such a hodge-podge in the preceding pages that I almost wonder 'Old Knick.' has printed it.

OUR DEPARTURE.

Six weeks had we sojourned in this latitude; had seen every person and every thing; and when, at the end of that time, it became apparent that we must go, we had formed so many pleasant associations, that it seemed like leaving home instead of going home. We had become accustomed to the quiet of our mountain retirement, and rather dreaded a return to the bustle and tumult of the city. The parting visits were made to the residents on the neighboring hills, and 'If you should come to New-York,' we said, 'we shall be glad to see you;' and they promised to do so. But a great city seems to be a bar to sociability, such are the distances and the multitude of acquaintances one finds there; and the most we can expect will be a passing call. They promised too to keep us posted up about divers little love affairs which seemed to be briskly going on, but which I have not dwelt upon here, because they make love at Mount Savage as they do every where else. The minister and the architect, his gay young vestryman, have come in for a share of the gossip, and I should not be surprised if before another summer they should each have picked up a help-mate.

It was six o'clock in the morning; hands had been shaken and kisses imprinted, abundance of love and kind messages delivered to our charge to carry to friends; uncle, aunt, cousins and domestics came out to see us off, and as the cars moved away, the stalwart form and honest countenance of Robert was the last to be seen as he waved his hat to bid us good-by. The foundry, the brick-yard, the store, Bruce-Hill, gradually disappeared, and soon we saw the last of MOUNT SAVAGE.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A GRAVE AT THE MOUTH OF THE GUAZOCOALCOS.

THEY 'VE chosen for their comrade dead
A wild and lonely place;
Green boughs are bending over head
In interlocked embrace;
And as averse to break the link
That bound him to the wave,
They paused upon the ocean's brink
To hollow out his grave.

A simple tablet, rudely writ,
Unfolds in humble phrase
What time was life's brief taper lit,
What time expired its rays;
But while such frail and vague records
With careless glance we scan,
We learn, condensed in fewest words,
The history of man.

January, 1848.

GOTHAM.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILOLEXIAN AND PHITHOLOGIAN SOCIETIES OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE. OCTOBER 1, 1849.

'As several of my friends wish to have copies of the enclosed poem, I send it to you with the hope that you may be able to find room for it in your valuable Magazine.' NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

I STRIKE the harp for good old
Gotham; let the numbers roll,
And follow with her flying barks
That speed from pole to pole.
Let the light winds gladly waft them
On swift pinions far away,
To where Hudson's forest fountains
Rise sparkling up to day.
Let Champlain's shining bosom
Thrill trembling with delight.
Not such tremor as she felt in
MACDONOUGH'S bloody fight,
When the shot tore through the timbers
And men in fragments flew,
Staining her silver waters with
Red battle's bloody hue;
And naught, ah! naught consoled her
Save that at the battle's close
Alone! alone! o'er smoke and foam
The starry banner rose:

But such tremor as thrills maiden's breasts
That blushing bend to hear
The praises warm of far loved ones
Fall sweetly on the ear.
Let the spirit of the Mohawk, as
He lies in limestone cave,
Lulled to rest by tumbling foam
And softly splashing wave,
Lift his head to list her praises
To whom he tribute owes
Till drowsily he sinks again
To his much-loved repose.
Nay, let every wave and billow
In lake or stream or sea,
Leap higher yet to hear her name,
Fair city of the free.
And let every puffing varlet of
ÆOLUS' blustering band
Speed swift in joy her praise to bear
O'er sea and solid land.

Behold our good old Gotham, where
On wave-girt isle she lies,
Beside her broad and noble bay,
Beneath her smiling skies:
Lo! a forest is around her,
But leafless are the trees:
They are the masts of gallant barks
That stem the briny seas.
Their gay flags glitter in the sun;
Rich cargoes forth they pour
Into her ever-teeming lap,
With vast wealth running o'er;
And taking of her riches in
Exchange for what they bring
Spread their white sails, and quick are off
Like swallows on the wing.
Nor lacks she other messengers
That wait her beck and nod,
On land and sea her slaves that be,
And need not spur or rod.

See! see! her gallant steamers gay!
How gloriously they ride
Athwart the billows white with foam,
And stem the boiling tide!
With plunging paddles forth they dart
Her lightest 'hests to do,
And fling afar each silver star
That crests the billows blue.
Not swifter Neptune's haughty steeds
Pawed down the foaming brine,
When, as good old HOMER tells us
In the tale of Troy divine,
From Eubœa's isle they bore him;
From his home 'neath Ægræ fair,
And snorting, shook the foam-beads from
Their manes of golden hair;
While the ocean-monsters round them
In unwieldy gambols turned,
And many a fin and splashing tail
The dark blue ocean churned.

But lo! 't is night and such a night
From Erebus ascends;
When earth around is palled in gloom,
And gloom from heaven depends.
'T is a night for hell-fraught errands, and
For fiends to work their will;
When every thing on foot or wing
In trustful sleep lies still.
What is that light that onward comes
Along the narrow track!
There 's fire above and fire below
And all between is black.

Like the deadly desert blast it rushes,
That spares nor man nor steed.
Hark! hark! to that unearthly shriek
This is a fiend indeed.
But no! for as it nearer comes
I mark the train of cars,
And I know the locomotive
By its shower of fiery stars.

How swift the black steed rushes on!
Hark to his steaming nostrils' snort!
And see the lengthening heavy train
He whirls along in sport.
Not half so swift in Roman Circ
World-chosen coursers flew;
Or in Byzantium's Hippodrome
For faction green or blue;
Not swifter flew the Volscian maid
O'er tips of waving grain;
Or the Arcadian Atalante,
Renowned for lovers slain:
Nay, scarce more swift Jove's messenger
Sped over land and sea,
With wings on head and wings on foot,
As swift as swift might be,
Than doth this 'swart minion of the mine,'
Our Gotham's messenger,
With snort and scream and angry gleam,
Obedient still to her.

Nor is our Gotham lonely, for
Her lovely daughters round,
Lie just beyond the sparkling waves
Of river and of sound;
And ceaseless ferry-boats are plying
With messages of love,
That quick return replying
Like palm-bearing Noah's dove.
Some nestling in the greenwood are,
And some beside the wave,
Have made their home where the rippling
Their feet may gently lave. [foam
And year by year the green bough yields,
And cottages arise;
As yields the zone of a slender girl
That blooms beneath our eyes.
And fairest of them all, fair Brooklyn,
With bright-eyed maidens fair,
Reposes on her haughty heights
Upheld in purer air.

And ever from on every side
Fresh wealth is pouring in;
And ever, ever up there comes
A murmur and a din.
The quaint song of the stevedore,
The rattling of the cart;
The quick demand, the quick reply,
That mark the busy mart:
While box and barrel fly about
As they were hurled from slings;
And cotton bales go jumping round
Like clumsy living things.
For thirty stout republics from
The east and south and west,
Send ever to our Gotham in
Abundance of their best.
For her, in Maine's far forest glades
The woodman's axe is ringing.
For her, on Texas' sunny plain
The sugar cane is springing.

For her, far on the prairie,
The little cloudlet's seen
That sends the deadly rifle ball
The bison's ribs between.
Fleet is his hoof, but fleeter far
That little piece of lead,
That through ragged hole takes fearful toll
As he lies on grassy bed.
While o'er him the stout hunter stands
Watching life's ebbing play,
And thinking of the choice repast
Shall close a toilsome day.
The bison's robe the hunter takes
And dresses it with care
To cover up the little feet
Of Gotham's maidens fair.
When o'er the white and glittering snow
In wind-swift sleds they glide
On a clear cold night when the stars shine
And the beaux sit close beside. [bright,

Nor lack they spoils of grizzly bear
Won at the risk of life;
Torn from that monster of the wild,
That fears nor ball nor knife.
Whose paw strikes down the buffalo,
Whose track seen in the sand
Brings even the boldest hunter for
A moment to a stand.
Whose girth is like the fatted ox,
And whose fell claws alone
Could tear the heart out of a steed
And scrape him to the bone.
But what will not human daring in
Pursuit of wealth or fame,
Or even to slake adventurous thirst
Unknown to bosoms tame:
The hunter follows up the track
Till he has found the lair;
Then studies all the signs to know
But one is lurking there.

From tallow of the timid deer
And from the sapling's bark,
He featly makes a forest light
To aid him in the dark.
Then, when the black and sleepful night
Replaces garish day,
With flint and steel and rifle true,
Alone he takes his way.

The rugged cave he enters with
A step as firm and true
As that of merry mountain maid
That brusheth morning dew.
Though darkness is around him,
Though death is on the track,
And though at times a phantom dread
Looms from the darkness black,
He 's reached the place he marked before
When daylight there shone dim;
He wipes his flint; he strikes a light;
And waits the monster grim.

Oh, God above have pity now,
Bold hunter, on thy need:
Swerve but a hair and better 't were
Thou'dst met the felon's meed.
But no! his eye is calm as the
High-hearted at the block;
He holds his rifle steadily
As he were made of rock.
He bends his head to listen to
The low and sullen growl.
He comes! the monster comes that 's wont
Unchecked at will to prowl.
He eyes the light; he lifts his paw,
Now hunter, is the time,
For on that little instant hangs
The monster's life or thine.
Quick draw with steady hand a bead
Between his shining eyes.
A flash! a crack! and in the dark,
He writhes and slowly dies.

But other spoils the rich west sends,
Won by the peaceful plough,
Or dug from out our mother's veins,
Blue lead, or like the brow
Of Indian maid, dark-bright the
Copper pure. O'er the broad lakes
They come; whose pale green wave 'neath
Many a keel and paddle breaks.
How changed all this from times of bold
La Salle or his Marquette,
Who on the eastern shore of Michigan
Lies sleeping yet.
Then all was solitude; the bark
Canoe alone was seen
Where now a white-winged fleet
And constant paddling steamers gleam.
From far Chicago on they come,
Two thousand miles away,
Sloop, schooner, brig, their sails all spread
That bright flash back the day.

Their keels careering cleave the wave;
No narrow flood they stem,
But a hundred miles from shore to shore
Is spread that noble gem.
Hail! to the great lakes of the north!
Broad brooches on Earth's breast,
Wherein the glorious golden sun
Reflected seems more blest.
From high heaven he gazes on them
As Narcissus gazed of old.
His own warm smile he there may trace
His locks of burnished gold:
And on their many barks he smiles
As if to wish them joy
Of the golden grain and the riches all
Their 'woven wings' employ.
And they with answering fondness flash
His sunset glories back,
Adding fresh brightness to gay clouds
That glow around his track.

Onward they sweep the white-wing'd fleet
Past the mouth of broad Green Bay,
Where on the wild rice the wild fowl feeds,
And both are the Indian's prey.
By the 'Sleeping Bear' they onward glide,
And the floating 'turtle' see
From whose high back,(may it never lack)
Floats the starry banner free.
By the headland they pass where the troops
To the deadly game of ball, [went out
Where the knife and the tomahawk drank
For death was the lot of all. [their blood,
On Huron's broad bosom they 're sailing
On their right is Thunder Bay, [new.
And on their left, far over the wave,
Thunder mutters the clearest day.
For there dwells the Thunder Bird whose
flashing eye,
Sends the lightning that quivers in air;
The flap of whose wings is the thunder
Like a demon trumpet's blare. [that rings

They pass by the mouth of the Saginaw
Where the storm waves highest swell;
And they speed by the base of the old white
Where the wild storm spirits dwell. [rock
They breast the waves of lovely St. Clair;
They glide by the mouth of the Thames,
Where Tecumseh sleeps, that spirit bold
That would wrap the world in flames.
By fair Detroit they pass where the squaw
Saved many a soldier bold,
And Pontiac was left to howl in his rage
Like a baffled wolf by the fold.
They sail o'er the spot where Perry fought
On a warm September day;
Where the eagle tore the lion bold,
As he roamed in search of prey.
Over Erie's broad bosom on, on they sweep
To the port of Buffalo,
Where their hollow barks all safely moor,
And fold their wings of snow.

Then on Clinton's narrow river glide,
Full-freighted barges slow

The wealth of the west in their holds com-
Toward Gotham on they go: [prest
On the silver tide they slowly glide,
Like life in a peaceful vale,
Where no turmoil rude from the outer
Or carking cares assail. [world
The Hudson at length their freight receives;
Oh! broad and noble river!
Would I could sing, thy praise to ring,
Where'er gay breezes quiver:
For thou art beautiful: thy banks
The home of legends old;
Thy forest fountains cool and pure;
Thy loveliness untold.
Thy white sails gaily fleck thee, as
They o'er thy bosom glide;
From every cove and nook they shoot,
That grace thy verdant side.

Sloop, schooner, steamer, on they sweep
O'er thy broad and noble tide,
Till with paddle's splash and the 'yo heave
Thy green hills echo wide: [oh!'
By the blue Kaatskills, on they sweep,
And through bending Crum Elbow,
Past isle and islet on they speed,
Where loveliest landscapes glow:
Till they come to where the bold High-
Are set to guard the strand, [lands
Like wandering Paladins that meet
Afar a giant band. [them pass,
But they crush not the barks that between
Tho' with baffling winds they vex them,
And with crooked channel and gust and
Continually perplex them. [squall,
But at length they got round Anthony's
And pass by Thunder Hill [Nose,
Into Haverstraw Bay, where the bright
waves play,
And with wind their white sails fill.

Through Haverstraw Bay and the Tapaan
They sweep onward in their pride; [Sea
Till beneath the Palisades' lofty brows
The rich barks in safety glide.
'T is then from afar our Gotham they see,
With her heaven-pointing spires;
And as nearer they come, they hear the
Of her industrious choirs; [hum
Till at length they are moored beside the
That bring cargoes over the sea; [barks
And both before Gotham pour their wealth
Like pages on bended knee.
While on the broad bay their sails display
The barks that are borne afar,
To ride in their pride o'er the sounding tide,
Wherever earth's riches are.
To gather up wealth on every side
And every danger dare,
Like a gallant knight that breasts the fight
For a lock of his lady's hair.

Come let us rove with a gallant bark
Over the dark blue sea,
And follow afar her guiding-star
Nor care what her course may be:
She spreads her sails to woo the breeze,
And she draws from the river's mouth;
She leaves the winds of the chilly north
For the soft and sunny south.
'Whither away, ye sun-burnt men?
Do ye ride o'er the rolling sea?'
But I need not ask, for your sharp whale-
And your try-works tell who ye be. [boats
There 's the tough old tar, and the boat-
steerer bold,
That reck not what danger they dare;
There are land-lubbers green as ever were
seen,
And the hay-seed yet sticks in their hair.
But their harpoons are bright, and their
lances all right,
And the ship under easy sail; [spread,
While at the mast head over ocean out-
Gaze the look-outs already to hail.

And where is he, the Leviathan,
Whom these bold hunters seek?
He 's away afar where the icebergs are
And the ice-cliffs cold and steep.
O'er that cold bleak waste he roams at will,
Nor fears the roaring crash,
When hoary mountains that nodding float
With opposing currents dash.
They 'd crush the ribs of the stoutest ship
That ever crossed the deep,
Nor leave one whole spar to float afar,
Her memory to keep.
But Leviathan laughs at their monstrous
And scorneth all their power; [mass
With a stroke of his tail he flies by in the
Nor heeds the tempest's lower. [gale,
O'er the storm-roused billows he sweeps in
Man's peril is sport to him; [his might;
And fearful he seems, like dire form from
our dreams,
Thus seen when the day-light is dim.

When the sun-shines bright on the icebergs
white,
And with rainbows tints their sides,
While tower and dome nod o'er the foam,
With the ever-restless tides;
When the sea-birds, with untiring wing,
Skim over the broken foam,
And the wave is stirred by old Proteus' herd,
As they sport in their ocean-home;
Then his mighty form Leviathan rears,
Upheaving from the deep,
And sluggishly rolls his shining sides,
As the waves against them leap.
And the jet of his spout is seen mid the rout
And the stroke of his flukes is heard,

Like the sounding thunder appalling with
The hearts of the human herd: [wonder
Or with mighty spring his huge form doth
Above the boisterous brine, [he fling
And the waves rebound at his fall with a
Like the roar of exploding mine. [sound

But see! the black threshers and sword-fish huge
Are gathering their bands for attack;
The blue wave they cleave, and a white wake-line leave,
As they follow upon his track.
Two threshers have seized on his fins as he
And their sounding blows resound, [lies,
As a battering ball 'gainst a leaguered wall
Leaps fierce with a crashing bound.
The sword-fish is rushing in mad career
To tear the flesh from his back,
And the sharks swim near to gather good
From attackers or attack. [cheer
But with roll and with roar, like storm surf on the shore,
Leviathan shakes him free;
With one blow of his tail he sends them
Far splashing over the sea, [like hail
Then turning, he plunges far down in the
Where unknown monsters dwell; [deep,
And rising far-off, where at foes he may
Slowly rolls with the heaving swell. [scoff,

But the whale ship is nearing him, and the look-out
Gazes keen o'er the waters wide;
On a sudden he sees, 'neath the spray-tossing breeze,
A white jet rise o'er the tide;
'The-e-re she blo-o-ws!' 'Whereaway?'
'Broad on the starboard bow:
There she breaches!' 'T is a sperm whale.'
'Tumble up, you lubbers now!
Lash and carry; rise and chime,
Jump! jump! waisters and all;
In with your tubs; stand by to let
The davit-tackles fall.'
The waist boat 's in the water now,
And the larboard boat comes next;
The starboard-boat is last of all,
And her officer is vexed;
Now they ship their oars and they take the
Their slogan's in every throat; [stroke,
With flashing eye, they one and all cry,
'Dead whale or a stove boat!'

'Now pull with a will! now lay yourselves
Bend, bend, your sinewy backs; [out,
Pull now, though you never should pull
Pull, pull, till every thing cracks! [again.
We're nearing him now; lay on your
'T is a hundred-barrel whale; [strength
Pull, chummies, pull! that whale is ours!
We must not, must not, fail!'

Now we 're close by his fin, and the bow oar is in;
Pull, steady there; pull without noise;
See the boat-steerer stand, the harpoon in
And held upon even poise. [his hand,
'He has darted; we 're fast; now stern all's the cry!
Back, back, if you love your lives!'
With wide dash of spray, 'neath his fluke's sounding play,
Dark flashing Leviathan dives.
'Now heed well your line, nor let it entwine
Leg or arm in its desperate knot,
Or your bodies will flee swift into the sea,
There under the blue wave to rot.
Look sharp there! The gunwale is smoking hot,
Where the line passes out at the bow:
The line slacks! He is rising! quick, haul it in quick,
And another harpoon give him now!
Well thrown! Now he has it! Nay, heed not the spray;
Bail her out, bail her out as we go;
Right onward he 's dashing, the waves afar splashing,
Foam flying like frightened snow.'

Would'st know of Leviathan's monstrous
Go read in the printed page, [strength?
Of a stout and gallant whale-ship
That he shattered in his rage.
She moved o'er the sea. He came up from the deep,
Spouting and lashing the wave;
Then full 'gainst her bow he came down like the bolt
Of the thunder when wild tempests rave.
And such was the shock, as when on a firm rock
Strikes a ship that is under full sail:
The startled crew fly to their pumps! All
But nothing alas! can avail. [they try,
For the blue wave far lashing, his jaws fiercely gnashing,
In the madness of fury and wrath
He comes on them again, o'er the wide watery plain,
To sweep them at once from his path.
He struck, and the gallant ship went down,
And her crew are left to float;
Two boats full to death, and one to life,
But with famine-parchéd throat.

Behind such a steed o'er the briny mead
We cleave the combing wave,
Not more reckless the ride of Phaëton in his pride,
When Apollo the reins to him gave.
He rode o'er the blue above, and we,
We ride o'er the blue below.

A wild, wild ride o'er the sounding tide,
In a wake as white as snow.
But see! he stops! pull in the lines,
Let me prick him with a lance
Till he spout the red blood to crimson the flood,
And end this reckless dance.
Beware his flukes! Well thrust! see! see!
The red blood gushing out!
How he lashes the wave! how he gnashes his jaws,
And throws his huge form about!
'Ho! there; the starboard boat! too near the whale you float;
Back, back, if you love your lives!
Oh, God! his jaws crush them! On, on with a rush, men,
To save him, if any survives!'

The larboard boat has them; all are saved.
Now lance the whale again;
But spade his flukes, lest perchance he dash
Boat and all far over the main.
Well done; he's in his flurry now;
See! see! the red spray fly!
In a gory ocean we float, and soon
Leviathan must die.
See! see! he's turning — all is o'er.
He rolls with both fins out;
Hurrah! hurrah! the game is ours,
Now put your boat about.'
And soon, full soon, his carcass floating,
Feeds many a greedy shark;
And the rich sperm-oil is stored away
In the hold of the goodly bark.
Then homeward! homeward! is the cry.
Strain, strain, ye brown old spars;
And you, ye white sails, spread your wings
For the land of the stripes and stars!'

And well the good ship rides the wave,
And well she carries sail;
And as she makes her destined port,
She's met by many a hail.
For many a bark toward Gotham o'er
The moist paths of ocean steers,
And hails with joy the first faint line
Of that bright land she nears.
Some carry merchandise alone,
And some are full of men;
The exile and the emigrant,
To people hill and glen.
From Erin and from Italy,
From Germany they throng;
They fly in crowds from tyranny,
From 'old victorious wrong.'
And here and there, amid the crowd,
The exiled patriot 's seen
That hath suffered in fair freedom's cause
With sad yet noble mien.

Oh! when you meet the exile sad,
Let kindly accents flow.
You may not know their choking grief,
As through your streets they go:
For some have long in prison been,
Life's best years wasting there;
And some have seen their dearest friends
Fall in a tyrant's snare.
The sweet home of their childhood they
May never see again,
Unless God in his goodness break
The subtle tyrant's chain;
And here in a far foreign land
They life anew begin,
While despair is tugging at their hearts,
And all is dark within!
Stretch forth the hand to aid them then,
Bind up the bruised reed,
And they will bless our Gotham
As a patriot's home indeed.

Oh! Erin; oh! sad Erin fair!
Green island of my sires!
Ah! not for thee full strains and bold
Are rung from freedom's choirs.
Thy heart is neath the oppressor's heel,
His bayonet at thy throat,
And sadly low and mournful comes
Thy tear-compelling note.
Thy children round thee die in heaps
Before death brutal made,
By years on years of tyranny
Degraded, robbed, betrayed.
And when thou strikest for freedom
With an arm by bonds benumbed,
How laughs he at thy impotence
When again thou hast succumbed!
But when ye both shall trembling stand
Before the bar of God,
How shall he soothe the worn out slave,
How crush who on him trod!

Italia! oh! Italia! We
Weep bitter tears for thee,
For thy shattered hopes, thy children slain,
So worthy to be free!
We thought to see Rome's eagle fly
On high beside our own;
We thought to see thy ancient wrongs
Forever all o'erthrown:
For we cannot but remember what
Our Alma Mater taught
Of the old republicans of Rome,
And how their virtue wrought;
But though Rome's eagle caged, and the priests
Full fain would drink his gore,
While the Gallic bird with burnished wings
Struts proud before the door,
The golden sun of liberty
Shall yet shine o'er the world,
And the tyrant thrones that crush thy bones
To Tartarus be hurled!

The people true of France, their gay
Bird to an eagle change,

For ay on high, in freedom's sky,
With Rome's eagle bold to range.
And ay we mourn for Venice bold,
Fair city of the free,
That well has held the last strong-hold
Of glorious Liberty!
Though pinched by famine, girt by foe;
Though one by one they fell,
The patriot states of other lands
That had battled long and well,
Still held thy sons their leaguered wall
Against o'erwhelming foes,
And many a sally taught them well
How strong are freemen's blows.
When every spark of hope went out,
And ashes cold were left,
Then, only then, thou sad laid'st down
The sword thy foes had cleft.

Oh! oft our Gotham 's fondly called
The Venice of the West,
For she an island city is,
And the waves beat 'gainst her breast.
And if in the dim ages that
Come slowly rolling on,
A tyrant host should e'er besiege,
And her sons grow worn and wan,
May she think of thee, and gallantly
Still bear her in the strife;
Still struggle on 'gainst tyrant wrong,
While heaves her breast with life.
Gop's blessing on thee, Gotham! for
The good that thou hast done;
Oh! may'st thou be the happiest land
That smiles beneath the sun!
For thou oft didst aid the exile,
And hast cheered the broken heart,
And in every work of charity
Borne faithfully thy part.

Nor rude wealth only hast thou sought,
But hast cherished knowledge fair;
For Old Columbia from green nook
Still pours her treasures rare.
Skilful painters, cunning sculptors,
Are among thy noblest sons;
Men that shall honored be as long
As thy broad river runs.
And when thy war-ships rode the wave,
Fame's trumpet was not still,
For even yet the glowing page
Makes all our bosoms thrill.
But I may not sing thy praises more,
Though many my heart knows,
For the hours fly swift, and the setting stars
Persuade to soft repose.
Here then I stay my slender song,
And with filial reverence meet,
One of thy humblest sons I lay
My offering at thy feet.

THE RETURN.

She has gone to her slumber,
The wanderer from home,
As a bird seeks it shelter
When even has come.
As a ship tossed by tempest
Across the wide sea,
Then gaineth the haven,
Ah! happy is she.

There was dust on the wing
Of the bird as it flew;
The ship had half foundered
When stormy winds blew;
There was blight on her name,
And the proud stood aside:
One refuge was left her,
Ah! happy she died.

It was long since she left it,
That home once so fair,
Since the hand of her mother
Had smoothed down her hair.
It was long since her sisters
Had mentioned her name;
What had they, the guiltless,
To do with her shame?

But her shadow still lingered;
The gloom on the hearth
Her grief still remembered
'Mid all their light mirth.
In the prayer by the fire-side
For her was no prayer;
It was breathed in the silence
Of night and despair.

Now, now she is coming!
Once more she is come;
Beneath the old elm trees
There standeth her home;
They turn from the door-way,
She asks but a grave;
Too late was her coming
To bless or to save!

A. R.

AN ADVENTURE IN YUCATAN.

'Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!'

HAMLET.

CHAPTER FIRST.

We landed, my travelling-companion and I, at the dirty little port of Sisal, and after following a half naked fellow driving two bullocks attached to a truck-cart loaded with raw-hides about half a mile, at last found ourselves in the 'Meson de San Ignacio.' It was a dirty hovel, built of the unburnt brick or 'adobes' of that country, and used for every purpose pertaining to the occupation of 'mine host' in that half-civilized land. It had but one room, long, narrow and without light, except from the door, and in one corner was built a little fire, where a short fat woman in white chemise and red flannel petticoat was making tortillas, while we were shown to the other end and told to make ourselves at home on a long bench covered with sheep-skins. The 'Major-Domo' tumbled two of the raw-hides down at our feet, and with many 'carrachos' tramped the wrinkles out to make them lie flat, and then piled the rest of them in the middle of the room. Coffee, tortillas and dried mutton furnished our repast, and soon afterward we wrapped our 'serapes' around us and betook ourselves to the sheep skins, having previously made arrangements for seats in the 'diligencia' for Merida on the following day.

About day-break we were roused by a tremendous lumbering at the door, and after a volley of quaint Spanish curses, addressed to several mules, each of which he addressed by the name of some saint, a little parchment-faced fellow with jingling spurs, a broad sombrero, a thick blanket and a heavy whip, made his appearance, calling for his breakfast.

By this time O'Farrol, my companion, was dressed and out to inspect our conveyance.

'Como se llama esta, Señor?' he asked of the major-domo in Spanish which, as he said, was 'reasonable, considering.'

'La diligencia, Señor,' replied the host, touching his sombrero.

'Is that the Spanish for 'cart?'' said Jerry, turning to me.

'In this case, certainly,' I replied; 'though not usually, I believe.'

Farther comments were prevented by an imposing summons from our host, and in ten minutes we had disposed of a reasonable quantity of the goat's-flesh and tortillas, washed it down with some strong coffee, and returned to the street, where by this time were assembled several Señores, with their blankets covering half their faces and their sombreros the other half, gravely inspecting what Jerry irreverently insinuated should be called a cart.

'Tres reales, Señor,' said the don to my question for his bill, and he received the money with a lofty bow, which no doubt was meant to impress upon us the height from which he condescended to accommodate us at all.

'Cheap enough,' said I, handing him the money.

'And dear enough too,' said Jerry, jumping into the 'cart,' and making it groan piteously.

''Ista! Mulas! Santa Maria! Santa Catharina! Santa Ursula!' etc., screamed the little courier; the crowd of Señores gravely raised their hats, the major-domo bowed like a hidalgo, and we were off. I looked back and saw the crowd close eagerly round 'mine host,' to inquire about the strangers; and the noble keeper of the 'Meson' drew himself proudly up to give an account of his 'illustrious guests.' A turn in the road hid them from view, and we were trotting merrily upon the road to Merida.

Our journey to the capital afforded no incident worthy of narration, unless indeed two 'break-downs' and Antonio's dexterity in patching up be deemed so, and about half an hour after sunset we drove into the deserted streets of 'the city.' All our friend Antonio's ''Istas,' 'Mulas' and 'Santas,' were not sufficient to raise a trot, and in a 'most musical, most melancholy' walk, we creaked through the wide oak door of the 'Meson Santiago,' or 'St. James Hotel.' Mother Pepa, whose latitude and longitude differed but little in degree, stood in the paved court, and with many abortive courtesies received the guests, who in this country are always 'illustrious.' Jerry took her hand and saluted her fat cheek, telling her he was 'devilish glad to see her,' and I followed the cordial pair into the best room, where a table was already set with red beans, goat's-flesh, tortillas and coffee. Jerry stopped at the door and held a short colloquy with the 'Madre,' while I listened to the music, which—the 'diligencia' and the 'carrachos' being stilled at last—I was enabled to hear from an upper room on the other side of the court.

'Why, Jerry,' said I, as he entered, sending the old abbess off in a quick waddle, 'you seem to know where you are.'

'Know where I am? certainly I do!' he exclaimed; 'I 've been here before; spent two months here once. And, by-the-by, we 're just in town! Do n't you hear the music?'

'Yes, but I 'd know we were in town without that,' I answered.

'Not so deep in town, though,' he rejoined; 'for there is a 'fandango' up there, my boy! See,' he continued, slapping me on the back, 'see what a thing it is to travel in good company; we have the entrée already!'

'Good!' I exclaimed, entering into the spirit of the thing; for pleasure was what we were after.

'Or,' said Jerry, 'as they say here, 'Mucho bueno.' Speak Spanish, my boy, or you will never get along here; for d—— the word do any of these people know of English.'

'Well, well, do n't swear, Jerry! I 'll rub up my Spanish.'

'Yes, and be a little more Irish and a little less nice,' he rejoined; 'that 's quite as necessary as Spanish.'

Jerry was an Irishman himself by blood, as his name indicates; so my readers will excuse him. At any rate, I did, for in less than half an hour his energetic, though somewhat equivocal Spanish had given us the entrée into the room where was assembled the élite of the city of Merida.

'Here, Tom,' said he, dragging me across the room, 'come this way, my boy, and let me introduce you.'

They were dancing some 'cross between a cotillion and a reel,' as Jerry said; and as we made our way round the figure, we passed a group standing in one of the windows, which were all embayed and grated with iron, but contained no glass. A young man with a profusion of gold coins on the outside seam of his slashed pantaloons and a very heavy ring on his forefinger stepped out, and was extremely glad to see Jerry, shaking him by the hand and seeming inclined even to embrace him. Jerry was glad to see him also, and introduced me with a good deal of *empressement*. 'Don Benito de la Torre,' he called him, and treated him with far more respect than I thought his sinister look warranted.

'Onde esta Carlota?' Jerry asked, and a slight frown contracted the Don's face; but Jerry hurried on, inquiring for his father Don Francisco and his mother Donna Julia in his rapid Irish way, hardly giving him time to answer.

'Thank you many times,' said Benito; 'they are all well.'

Jerry went on inquiring farther, but his questions were all answered coldly, though politely. It seemed to me that the subject was unpleasant, and I pulled Jerry's arm. We passed on.

'The mannerless churl!' Jerry exclaimed, 'not to invite us to his father's house; the finest place and the prettiest girl in Merida! I have no patience with him!'

We stopped before a refreshment-table, behind which sat an old fat woman, serving the guests with wines, liquors, nuts, cakes, cigaritas or coffee, as suited their various tastes, and receiving the reales which each paid for his entertainment. This was the only 'ball-bill' to pay. Each cavalier, after dancing, took his partner to the table if she desired refreshment, drank something himself or took a cigarita, and paid his money. 'Those who danced paid the bill,' including music too, I suppose, for those who did not dance had nothing to pay unless they chose. We took a glass of the wine of the country — a white wine, made from a small yellow grape — and were leaving the table, when Jerry turned suddenly to the right, having been tapped by a fan.

'By Jove! Tom, here she is now!' he exclaimed, and seized the small thin white hand of a very beautiful girl who had called his attention. She smiled very sweetly, and her large black eyes seemed to smile even more than her small white teeth. O'Farrol lowered his voice and moderated the boisterousness of his manner, for like all Irishmen, he was constitutionally a gentleman.

'When did you come to Merida again?' she asked in those sweet liquid tones which only a Southern beauty is mistress of.

'Only to-night; not an hour ago,' said O'Farrol. 'But we are going to stay as long as you will let us.'

'We!' she exclaimed, looking steadily at me. 'We!'

'My young friend and travelling companion, Tom Conover,' said Jerry, dragging me nearer; 'La Señora Carlota de la Torre, the prettiest girl in Merida,' he added in a whisper, which of course she heard, as he intended. She gave me her hand in the most artless manner possible. I took it and pressed it warmly.

'I hope his visit to our city will be pleasant,' said she.

'If I meet you often it certainly will,' said I, boldly; at least I thought it boldly, for then but eighteen summers had rolled over my head.

'Oh! that you shall do certainly,' said she; and in five minutes more we had joined the waltzers, and were whirling around the long room in the graceful gyrations of that giddy dance.

This lasted a long time, until I was dizzy, and then we went to a window. Opening the grating, we found ourselves upon a balcony without, where the moon was shining down calm and still, and the city lay beneath us as quiet as the 'City of the Dead.' We walked away from the window till the hum and bustle of the *fandango* were hardly audible; and the liquid notes of a flageolet came up the quiet street from an orange-grove, through which was visible a little stream, shining in the moonlight among the dark green foliage like a silver thread. We listened a long time, and talked in subdued tones, like two romantic children as we were. And she showed me her uncle's residence, dimly visible in the moonlight across the tops of the low, flat-roofed houses. The gardens around it were full of trees, whose tropical foliage looked like a deep shade upon an exquisite picture. She told me she lived with her uncle, and invited me to come there often, and of course I promised to do so; and then dimly conscious perhaps that she was 'getting along' very fast, she apologized by saying that I was a friend of Señor O'Farrol, and therefore her friend. But when I questioned her about her acquaintance with him she only said she had known him the year before, and proposed to return to the dancing-room. Return we did, and danced another figure, *la tarantula* and *la cachucha*, and then she essayed to teach me the *bolero*, and laughed sweetly when I failed in the steps. At last I noticed Benito scowling at her in reproach, and became suddenly conscious that I had been with her nearly four hours.

'Come, Tom,' said O'Farrol, 'we must go. You have had a good time, I hope, with Carlota?'

We both blushed, neither knew why; but Jerry and Benito both suspected why, for while the former pulled at me, the latter came abruptly up to Carlota and drew her arm within his. She turned her head and gazed at me as we left with a long sweet inviting look, as if she regretted to be parted, and wished to meet again, as I believe she did, and am certain I did.

'You're young and green,' said Jerry, when we reached our room. 'The first thing you know that fellow will be hiring some one to assassinate you, as he served me last year, the puppy! Carlota is his

cousin, and lives with his father. Her parents are dead, and she was affianced in infancy, according to the custom of the country. So you see she is just as good as Benito's wife.'

'Better, I think,' said I. But Jerry turned over and was asleep before I could ask him more. I followed his example, and of course dreamed of a light fairy form with white teeth and black eyes.

CHAPTER SECOND.

'The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made.' GOLDSMITH

'Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.' TWELFTH NIGHT.

It depends somewhat upon the question of the roughness or smoothness of the road over which we have travelled, whether retrospection be a pleasant process. But if we have been both soundly jolted over stones and through ruts, and drawn pleasantly along over smooth roads and through fresh green meadows, I hold the true philosophy to be to dwell only on the latter passages; and if we recur to the former at all, let it be only to heighten by contrast the pleasure of the recollections upon which we pause. This, I say, is the true philosophy, if we could only command our thoughts. But how vainly do we seek to banish the forms of regret which flit forever round us! How delusive the hope that we shall escape the phantoms of evil days by calling up the brighter shades of memory! Good and evil in this world are never found separate; they are necessary, we may fairly conclude, each to the existence of the other.

But moralizing will not hasten my story.

We were employed on the following day until after noon in settling ourselves in our new quarters, and making arrangements for a month's sojourn. After dinner I sallied forth into the town, and as might have been expected, took my way first down the street upon which Carlota lived. It was the hour of the *siesta*, a luxury in which all indulge in this indolent climate, and the streets were entirely deserted. Silence reigned unquestioned, and one might have supposed that not a living thing was to be found in all this desert. I could hear the echo of my footsteps against the walls as I passed, and involuntarily I endeavored to walk more lightly.

The streets were like enormous ditches, bordered on each side by walls of sun-dried brick, and almost filled up. They sloped from each side to the centre, and side-walks were never dreamed of by that simple people. Here and there a little path ran along the uneven ground under the walls, to avoid the pools of water in the rainy season. These I followed from habit more than necessity, for the street was dry and clean. But walking in the middle of a street never *did* look right — to me. I was not certain of the place Carlota had pointed out (a place looks so differently by day to what it does at night;) but I paused and walked more slowly when I supposed I had come to it. A high wall ran along the street for a long distance, and over it were visible the tops of orange and fig trees. A narrow door (how I

longed to stop and look through its crevices!) pierced it about the middle, and near the corner was a smaller door, which had no crevices. I passed on and looked down the cross-street, upon which stood a large stone house. This I was sure was *the* house, and I was about to turn down, when the little door opened and a boy ran out beckoning me to follow him in. I did so without a moment's hesitation, and he locked the door stealthily and took out the key.

'This way, Señor,' said he, and started at a quick pace down one of the shell walks which traversed the garden in every direction. He hurried me so fast, (and I was so agitated,) that I had hardly time to notice the beauties of one of the most charming retreats I ever beheld. The grounds were not extensive, containing perhaps not more than three acres; but within that small space were crowded charms which would have beautified ten times the extent. The orange, with its bright rich foliage and smooth symmetrical branches; the fig, with its deep velvet green and crooked, though graceful limbs; the lemon, the China tree, the plantain, the catalpa; every beautiful, majestic or rich production of the tropics; fruits never seen in our northern latitudes, and flowers not dreamed of there, were thrown into this retreat with the profusion and elegance of nature. No mathematical figures and straight lines, no stiff arrangement was there; the trees stood as they might have been planted by the winds, and their profusion of rich colors and delicious fruits fell upon the eye with a drowsy luxuriance, making one wish to lie down and be at rest. Scattered along the paths and upon the borders of the canals which wandered among them were thousands of roses, magnolias, acacias and other Southern flowers and shrubs; while from among them here and there sprang grape-vines, entwining their tendrils among the branches of palms, China trees and plantains, and giving them the appearance of being loaded with white, yellow and purple grapes. The little shell-paths wound hesitating among all, and led now under a glorious orange, now by a bed of roses, anon beneath the enormous leaves of the plantain, or along the flowering edge of a murmuring rivulet! Now I had to stoop to pass the foliage of a catalpa, then to put aside the festoons of grapes, and finally to push my way among the matted vines of creeping flowers!

Over all this scene of enchantment hung a veil of repose, and the air was as still as we see it on a summer day in the country. The silence was broken only by the humming of bees and the murmuring of the streamlets as they laved the vines which hung in the ripples, swinging lazily up and down. When I placed my foot upon a flat stone, which led across one of these, I heard the echo come back from the wall, and the boy held up his finger to enjoin caution.

I followed him in silence almost to the end of the garden, when crossing a stream and turning suddenly to the left, he pointed me to a rustic summer house, and turned back. It was such an arbor as Spenser describes in the 'Fairie Queene:'

> 'And in the thickest covert of that shade
> There was a pleasaunt arbour, not by art,
> But of the trees' owne inclination made.'

Two large plantain trees stood only a few feet apart, and their foliage mingled overhead; two orange trees grew at corresponding corners, thus forming a square. Around the four sides grew large grape-vines and creepers of many kinds, trained to the branches overhead; and within the foliage was so entwined as to form a matted roof of evergreen, festooned by flowers and grapes and oranges in every stage of growth. Two vines were so bent as to form an opening, and a mass of matted vines hung swinging over it for a shutter.

I drew this aside, and found myself in the presence of Carlota.

She sat half reclining in a hammock of silk cord, swung across from tree to tree, and was dressed in the usual afternoon costume of the country; a loose flowing robe of white muslin, not confined at the waist, but left loose alternately to hide and disclose the sweeping contour of her form. Her hair was arranged in heavy Madonna plaits, only confined at the end and falling loosely over her spotless neck. She wore small red morocco slippers; but when I entered one of them had fallen off and was lying on the ground; the foot from which it had fallen hanging coquettishly over the cord of the hammock, and, alas! covered by no stocking! She had large swimming black eyes, a small pouting mouth, red lips, and a clear, though somewhat brunette complexion.

'*Buenos tardi, Señor,*' she said, at the same time throwing a fold of her robe over her blue-veined foot, not, however, until it was plain that she wished me to see it first.

'*Sentarse, Señor,*' she continued, drawing up her feet and pointing to the end of the hammock, where I was not long in seating myself.

Reaching over the side of the hammock, she took up a small *maquey* basket filled with oranges, figs and grapes, and presented it to me with one of those smiles which only a Southern coquette knows how to use. I took an orange, and we began to talk.

'How long will you be in Merida?' she asked.

'As long as I can enjoy myself,' I replied, 'and that promises a long visit.'

She turned those large eyes upon me searchingly and asked:

'Is there any thing in Merida to interest you?'

'Oh! much!' I exclaimed; 'more, much more than I had imagined.'

'Until when?' she inquired quickly, still gazing at me.

'Until last night,' I replied, returning the look with interest.

'At the fandango?' she pursued.

'Yes; and on the balcony, in the moonlight,' I answered.

She turned the conversation almost abruptly, but in such a manner as to let me see that it cost her an effort. We talked for an hour of indifferent things, she always turning away from personal topics as soon as we had approached them nearly enough to feel that we were upon uncertain ground. I was too near her, her glances and tones were too ardent, for this to last long. I was young, impulsive, giddy-headed and full-hearted. I threw my arm round her waist, and poured out, I fear, a very incoherent medley of English, French and Spanish. She hid her face, blushing and trembling; but, as I pro-

ceeded, she timidly raised her eyes and listened quietly, making no effort to escape my arm. Indeed, I could see plainly enough that she was pleased. I knew that in a minute I should press my lips to hers unresisted. I was just about to do so, when a noise behind me, like the jumping of a heavy man from the top of the wall, made me start and spring to the ground. Before I could reach the door, however, the vines were jerked aside and O'Farrol strode hastily in!

'Tom, my boy!' he exclaimed, without noticing Carlota, 'you must come away from here, quick! I have n't even time to tell you why till we get into the street. Come!' he continued, dragging me almost off my feet, 'this way over the wall! Quick!'

Scarcely knowing what I was about, I leaped down into the street. Jerry followed, and seizing my arm he hurried me away down a small narrow street, and by a circuitous route to the Meson.

'You are young and imprudent!' he exclaimed, almost breathless, as we at last slackened our pace. 'I would n't have you killed for all old De la Torre's wealth.'

'Killed!' said I. 'What do you mean?'

'Mean! Why, I mean if you had staid there fifteen minutes longer you would have been a dead man! I saw the skulking rascal Benito talking to the same cut-throat he hired last year to shoot at me. I managed to listen, and you can guess what I heard from what I did. You must be more careful; you are young and green.'

He was right; I *was* green.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of heaven that stains the soul
Of man with more infernal hue than damned
Assassination?' CIBBER.

Time rolled on very pleasantly. The scenes were all new, and I was at precisely the age when our enjoyment is keenest. Jerry was pursuing his own schemes of pleasure in his wild way, and I was left almost alone to find what enjoyment I might. Several times I had met Carlota in the garden; but the knowledge that Benito watched us closely made our interviews short and stolen. She had told me all her history; how she had been affianced by her parents to her cousin when both were children; how time had revealed to her the dark and un-loveable traits of his character; how with many tears she had made up her mind to the sacrifice; how love for the memory of her dead parents had induced her to do so. But she said she had now determined that no power should force her to it. She did not, and could not love him. I pressed her timidly to say whether she loved another, but either she was unwilling to speak, or we were always interrupted, and I forced to make a precipitate retreat.

Things were in this state on the evening before Christmas. I still lingered on without more plainly declaring what I felt, (you see by this time that I was deeply in love,) and she was unwilling to forestall my declaration. On that night I went to the Church of the Incarnacion to hear mass at midnight. Like all churches in that country it was

large and entirely void of seats. Dimly lighted by the altar-candles, (the only lights in the house,) the audience kneeling or sitting promiscuously on the pavement, many opportunities and temptations were presented to attend to other things beside the services. The fair Señoras with their mantillas drawn over their heads and across their mouths, alternately sat and knelt, repeating the responses and replying with their eyes to the cavaliers, whose devotions were at least not directed to the altar.

With a light Spanish mantle thrown over my shoulders, I stood among the kneeling throng, I confess, not over-devout. A crowd of women came rustling in. As they passed me I felt my mantle slightly pulled, and on turning saw the bright eyes of Carlota bent on me for a moment and then withdrawn.

'*Acqui, Madre,*' she whispered to her aunt, whom she called mother, and they both knelt very near me. I stepped lightly around them and seated myself on a kind of dais which ran along the side of the church, very near to Carlota. I had not been there more than five minutes, when she looked up with one of those long, furtive looks, which are so charming from a dark, liquid eye. It was dusky where we were, but there was sufficient light for me to see a small note, pinned to the corner of her mantilla, and to that she directed me by a glance. Changing her posture, she threw the mantilla close to me; covering it with my cloak, I unpinned the note, and after a moment left the church. My lodgings were only a few steps off; so hurrying over I opened the note. It ran thus:

'My mother, father and Benito will be in the procession to-morrow at three P. M. I shall have a headache, so that I cannot go; but will be at home. Santiago will bring you the key — Carlota.'

I went back, caught her eye resting inquiringly on me, and slightly nodding as a token that I would be there, retired from the place.

When I got back to my lodgings, I searched for the note, for the purpose of destroying it, or reading it again, perhaps, but it was no where to be found. I hastened back to the church, supposing I might have dropped it there; but I could see nothing of it. Benito was standing near where I had sat; but he did not move, only glancing at me and withdrawing his gaze. He seldom noticed me now; indeed, never, except by one of those sinister looks which promise no good feeling. It was but a few months before the day fixed for his marriage with Carlota; and he watched his prize with a jealousy truly Spanish.

The note was not to be found.

On the following day, Christmas, the procession was formed at the Church of the Incarnacion, and moved for the Cathedral at three o'clock. About the same time the *peon* boy entered the 'Meson' and handed me a small key, to which was attached a strip of paper with these words: 'Enter by the door on St. Martin's-street.'

I went down immediately on the marching of the procession. The streets were entirely deserted, so that I had no trouble in entering unobserved. The little postern on Saint Martin-street, opened directly in the rear of the summer-house, into which I was not long in going.

In precisely the costume I have before described, she sat swinging in the hammock; beauty, grace and vivacity combined.

'*Ah! amigo mio?*' she cried playfully as I entered. 'You have kept me waiting too long!' I stepped forward and seating myself at her feet, took her extended hand and kissed it.

'The hour you named is not yet past,' said I.

'Well, well,' she replied, running her hand through my hair. 'You are here now at all events: I will not complain, since you have come.'

'Did you wish to see me very much indeed?' said I.

'Can you ask?' And she gave me a look which said more plainly than any words could, that she wanted to see me alone of all the world. What could I do? I took her hand in one of mine, and placing the other round her waist, drew her gently to me.

'Do you love me, then?' I whispered.

She gazed in my face a moment, and then throwing her arm over my shoulder, abandoned herself to my caresses.

The crack of a rifle resounded through the garden, and with a wild scream she sprang from my arms and fell to the ground! I jumped from the hammock, and drawing a pistol, rushed out upon the walk. Another crack resounded among the trees, and a ball whistled by close to my head. Immediately afterward I heard footsteps hurrying away. I pursued, but as I came in sight of the gate on the *Calle Real*, it was closed and locked from the outside. I climbed to the top of the wall, but no one was visible on the street. The procession and high mass had assembled almost all the inhabitants of the city, as far as the eye could reach not a human being was visible.

I returned to the arbor, and found Santiago and a *peon* woman lifting Carloto upon a bench. The ball intended for me had entered her temple and she was dead! Her face was turned upward, and the blood was slowly dripping from the wound to the ground. Young, innocent, passionate and beautiful, her warm affections had led her to a premature and violent end!

'You had better not stay,' said Santiago, as I stood gazing upon the ruin before me. 'My master will be home soon, and you must not let him find you here. Juanna and I will tell him.'

He was right; I could do no good by staying, and might do harm. Telling the boy to say to his master that I would call upon him on the following day and explain my connection with her death. I looked for the last time upon the lifeless form and slowly left the place.

The remainder of my story is soon told. Her uncle never knew by whose hand she had died; but the disappearance of his son led him to suspect Benito. The latter left the city immediately after the procession. He was observed to talk a moment with a Mexican, and then disappearing down a street near by, he was seen no more. Yet his own hand had not done the deed, for he was in the procession at the time and throughout the mass. The explanation I suppose to lie in the fact, that he had got information in some way of the appointment; probably by finding the note which I had dropped; and having hired two assassins, purposely showed himself in the procession, in order to escape the suspicion of having murdered me, for whom

the shot was intended. All efforts to arrest him were unsuccessful, probably, because they were discouraged by his friends.

We stayed in the city long enough to witness the magnificent funeral service of the Catholic Church, with what feelings, I will not stop to say. I called to see her uncle, but I am now not surprised that he refused to see me. On the following day, we went to Sisal. Here I took shipping for La Habana, and have not been in Merida since.

Jacksonville, Ill., Oct., 1849.

THE LEGEND OF THE NUN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY MRS. M. M. HEWITT.

'Enfans! c'est des bœufs qui passent—
Cachez vos rouge tabliers!'

I.

Listen, young and bright-eyed maidens,
While I tell you how a nun,
Sworn to live the bride of Heaven,
Loved, alas! and was undone.
Fair Padilla del Torrijos
Was of birth and lineage high—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

II.

Many a daughter of Grenada,
Many a fair Sevillian maid,
Yields her eager heart a captive
To some wooer's serenade;
But to song beneath her lattice
Padilla ne'er deigned reply—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

III.

Not the plaint of sighing minstrel
Could the maid with love inspire,
Never eye of Spanish novice
Burned with purer, holier fire.
In a convent of Toledo
She renounced each earthly tie—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

IV.

'For,' she said, 'the world forgetting
In my peaceful convent cell,
Praying ever for the sinful,
I the bride of CHRIST will dwell.
When the angels are our bucklers
Hell's dark powers we may defy—'
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

V.

Scarcely was the maiden cloistered,
Praying early, fasting late,
When a robber from the mountain
Came, a pilgrim, to the gate.
Hid beneath his sacred mantle
You his armor might espy—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

VI.

His a visage fierce and lowering,
And his large and tawny hand
Harder seemed than glove of iron;
Yet the nun loved the brigand
With a wild, unholy passion!
Loved this man of mystery—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

VII.

Oft in vesture of a palmer
He would nigh the convent win;
Oft, arrayed like a knight-templar,
Came this fearful man of sin,
With the cross wrought on his corslet,
Lance and pennon fluttering high—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

VIII.

And the nun, her vows forgetting,
Listening to the tempter's wile,
Gave the bandit sent by SATAN
Entrance to the chapel aisle;
At the hour when 'neath the tapers
Phantom shapes seem hovering nigh—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

IX.

'T is a wild and fearful legend
That the holy fathers tell,
How accursed PADILLA yielded,
Maid to love and saint to hell!
Myriads of croaking ravens
Fled along the darkened sky—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

x.

Fiercely flashed the arrowy lightning
Then along the vaulted aisle,
And the bolt to its foundations
Crashing rent the sacred pile;
Curses loud and fiendish laughter
Through the nave resounded high—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

xi.

Far adown the winding valley,
Where the sportive lambkins leap,
Where at hot and glowing noontide
In the shadows pant the sheep,
There the fallen convent-towers
All o'ergrown with ivy lie—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

xii.

When the night to shapes fantastic
Turns the crumbling Gothic pile,
Slow a nun with glimmering cresset
Glides along the ruined aisle,
And a tall shape clothed in armor
Follows onward, ever nigh—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

xii.

Thus throughout the darkened cloisters
Noiselessly the phantoms pace;
And anon, with loud bewailing,
Strive they vainly to embrace;
While the sound of fiendish laughter,
Shouting, mocking, makes reply—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

xiv.

The traveller, as he swiftly passes,
Affrighted at the hellish din,
While his brow he trembling crosses,
Asks who suffers here for sin;
Then fiery serpents interlacing,
Trace two burning names on high—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

xv.

And the abbot Ildefonso,
Who is with the saints in heaven,
Ordered that each lady abbess
(May our errors be forgiven!)
In her convent for a warning
Should recount this history—
Children, hide your scarlet aprons!
Hark! the bulls are coming by!

The Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '98; THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK; THE FOURTH OF JULY; LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. I. DECEMBER 1, 1849. No. 6.

THE '*Bunkumville Chronicle*' is out in full blast. The late hour at which we are goin' to press will preclude us from noticing this cotemperary publication during the present issoo. We have already alluded to his NO PRINCIPLE policy, and have shown it by clear logic to be an unfit sheet to be received into the domicills of this community. It may do for rappers, it may do for waste-paper, it may do to rap cheese in; but, as an *organ*, it is stamped with the seeds of its own ruin. The press is a mighty engine, and when it ranges itself on the side of virtue and morality we won't put it below the steam-engine for the good it does; but when it comes out and says 'Gentlemen, we have NO PRINCIPLES IN PARTICULAR,' thereby thinkin' to curry favor with people of all sorts of principles, we lose no time in getting our foot in it. That there is not room in Bunkum for two newspapers we have our serious misgivings. Why? Because there is not two sets of principles. Of this we have become convinced by a long residence in the town. Even if there was, the 'Chronicle' could not profit by it, because he does not legitimately fall under either set. It is a melancholy fact, vouched for by his own statement, that he has got no principles whatever.

WE have received the '*Crab-Meadow Gazette*,' published in far-west, with a request to exchange, to which we are compelled reluctantly to answer, 'Dear Sir, yours truly, but we think we will hardly be able to do it.' Friend, there would be no objek in our exchanging, and a total loss on our side. You got no intelligence there except what we send you, and it don't hardly seem to be worth while to send it all the way back ag'in two thousand mild, it don't really. Now and then you get up a tolerabul good bear story; in that case be so good as to clip it out with scissors and send it to us, and we will publish it and credit the 'Crab-Meadow Gazette;' we will, upon honor. But as to exchangin', we can ah-not do it, dear friend. Bunkum is situate at the very heart and gizzard of intelligence and the fine arts, but Crab-Meadow is off the railroad routes; therefore we *do* think the request was a little prematoor, dear friend. Our exchange list is already provided for, but subscriptions for Flag-Staff will be received. Corn, hay, oats, grits, etc., taken in exchange.

OUR old friend PETER D. WEASEL is affronted at us because we put his little pig in the pound. Last night at the concert he would not speak to us. To-day in the street we met him. Said we: 'Your most. It looks like rain, don't it?' and he turned aside his head. This mornin' our wife met his wife at SMITH AND JENKINS's buyin' muslin de lanes; but she was so cool and altogether acted so strange, that Mrs. WAGSTAFF said that it would be about the last time that she would attempt to speak to her or hold any intercourse with her. And who was she that she should attempt to take airs upon herself? who indeed, but the wife of WEASEL the saddler? And in fact Mrs. WAGSTAFF said a good deal about it which we have now forgot. This mornin' the said WEASEL comes into our office and stops the FLAG-STAFF, which he had a right to do. He will now have to borrow; but those who file their papers will be fools to lend. We therefore hope his next-door neighbor will put a stopper on that proceedin' to onc't. Now we are fully willing to place this whole matter before the public, and 'nothin' extenuate, nor set down aught in malis.' About a year ago, unasked, unsought-for, we were made pound-master. The law at that time in the Revised Statutes, Vol. III, Sec. 15, p. 199, (as at present,) was directed to the CUSTODIANS of all SHOATS, pigs, sows, hogs, cows and

other animalculæ at large, directing them to keep them within doors, under penalty of one dollar for running at large for each and every offence. We, as executrix officer, determined to see this statue put in force, imprison whose pig whatsoever it would, without executive clemency and without favor. On Wednesday, the fifteenth of September, Mr. WEASEL'S pig ran smack against us and knocked us head over heels. In October he did the identical thing again, as we were not thinkin', being at the time thinkin' over an article for FLAG-STAFF. This was *too much*. We are a man of humor, and most of the time of a good humor; but on Wednesday last, when we see this little pig on the coroner of Main and Terraxicum streets — a most scurvy, cousumptif, blear-eyed, one-eared, no-tailed, bald-headed, sore-backed, weaklin' little critter of a grunter — says we: 'My little man, we'll pocket you to onc't.' So we said to English WILLIAM, wood-sawyer, at that time sawin' a load of oak wood for Widow BLARCOM, 'WILLIAM, whose little pig is that?' To which he replied, it was Mr. WEASEL'S pig, he believed it was. Said we, without the least hesitation, 'Catch him for us, and we will gin you six-pens, cash down; we will, upon honor.' With this he put down his wood-saw and after him, and a time he had of it. Last he cotched him around the waist, and we directed him to embag him without any regard to his expostulatory cries, which he did. He puts him into a flour-bag, swings him over his shoulders, and off he gose. (This, be it observe, in full sight of the whole community.) Mr. THOMAS and we laughed our sides nearly sore out of our offis-winder; for such a squealin' and excessif alarm, as if his little throat was to be that instant stabbed, we suspect was pooty near never heard. At any rate, WILLIAM took the bag and dumped it upside down right into the pound. This, fellow citizens, is our whole agency into the matter; an action which was prompted solely by the public good. More than this, if it loses us a subscriber a time, WE WILL DO IT AGAIN! AS WE ARE A SWORN OFFICER WE WILL DISREGARD SELF!!! CIRKELATE!!!

WE have had the dyspepsy since our last issoo went to press, but by means of leavin off smokin, entirely cured.

THE OTHER NIGHT, our wife, Mrs. WAGSTAFF, asked us to go to the theatre. We told her we thought it was rather opposed to our principals if not to our interest, as it cost money; but she would not take no for an answer. And as Mrs. WAGSTAFF has been gittin' somewhat disaffected to us of late, (such we believe is the melancholy fact,) we at last consented to take her if she would not tell Mrs. JONES. We did not want Mrs. JONES to know it, for Mrs. JONES we knew would tell it to MEHITABEL LONG, and so it would cirkelate all over the kedn'try, and from one eend of the United'n States'n to the other, 'WAGSTAFF has been to the theayter! WAGSTAFF has been to the theayter!' You know what a mounting is made out of a mole-hill. But let that pass. Mrs. WAGSTAFF was not willing to let the occasion go by, as it might in all probability be the last she would have to see 'The Rascal of Hackensack,' in which MCHINE appears in his great part of CUT-THROAT TOM, as after that night it must be withdrawed to make room for other novelties. So, as we said jis now, we consented. We took tea in the basement, say abeout six o'clock, our wife pooty nigh dressed to death with all sorts of flowerets, ribbons, furbelows and gigamarees; we as plain as a pipe-staff; and neither one on us could n't eat none, all the time a-thinkin' of the scedens and drop-curting and 'Rascal of Hackensack.' Bimeby we started, when our wife, seein' us put on a pair of woollen mittings, she deliberately tears them off, goes to the bureau, and brings a pair of white gloves, which, although we blowed in 'em steady for three minnits like a blacksmith's forge, they would n't go on, our hands is so big. We suspek we have got the biggest hand and foot in all Bunkum. Arrived at the door of the theayter, we bowed mildly to the door-keeper and passed on. He intercepted us rudely by the collar. 'Ticket,' said he. We smiled. 'Our wife,' said we; 'Mrs. WAGSTAFF.' 'Tickets,' said he. 'Member of the press,' we replied mildly; 'the Bunkum Flag-Staff.' 'Cannot help it,' he said; '*free-list suspended during the Rascal of Hackensack.*' 'Then the Rascal may be hanged!' said we, thunderstruck to the heart by this most outragens treatment. 'Sir,' said we, 'should you persist, we will most assuredly ——' 'Room! room!' said he; and a crowd pressed in which shoved us pretty near back into the street. Mrs. WAGSTAFF began to take on. We vowed we would go home. She in-

formed us that she would never go home again if we did not go to the play that night to see the 'Rascal of Hackensack.' This we thought was paying a leetle too much for a ticket, so we returned unwillingly and asked the door-keeper what would be the exact amount of the swindle. 'Half dollar,' said he. 'We will stand it,' said we, though it ought to be a State Prison offence to ask it from an editor, and passed in, adding to our pecuniary losses by the purchase of an orange for our wife to suck and a quart of roasted pea-nuts to have something to maxticate onto. Notwithstanding this little injustice, we trust we have got sublimity of character enough to rise above it, and we had furnished ourselves with a copy of 'The Rascal,' (SMITH AND SMITHSON, Bunkum, 1849,) for two reasons: the fust was to do full justice to the play, and the second was to see whether the actors put in any thing which war n't there, and the third was to see if they made up any double ontonders; for double ontonders are the disgrace and ruin of the theayter, and the vulgar fellows who inwent them ought to have blushes planted on their own noses by the screams of pit-sittin', peanut-eatin' apprentis-boys, instead of the cheeks of delicate women, like our wife, MRS. WAGSTAFF. However, the play begun with a very good piece of musick played by the overture, and what with scedens and characters and paintin's, shoved off extremely well; but when MCHINE appeared in the character of CUT-THROAT TOM, smeared with blood from end to end, and brandishing a red butcher's-knife in his hand, he was greeted with a storm of approbation enthusiastic to a degree. Even we shed tears. He acknowledged the reception by lettin' his whole hed fall onto his breast as if his neck-bone had been clipt with a hatchet, at the same time squeedging and pressing the buck-handle end of the butcher's-knife up against his heart with a conwulsive spazzum, as if he was a-jammin' it into his ribs. This was itself actin', although so near natur' that whether it *was* actin' or whether it *was* natur' the deponen' say'th not. Howsoever, we guess, when we come to strike the balance, the *actin'* has it. In statue MCHINE is said to be a little above the haith of BOOTH. His legs are strait, his woice good, and his shirt-collar a little turned over. In action he is grand and impressive, with a style profusely variegated, now thunder, now rainbow, now lightnin', and occasionally torpedo. He *can* swell with a magniloquence which seems to burst his heart to breaking; and on these occasions his audiens is carried along as on the heave of a tide at the full moon. Then he seems to know his power and to keep a portion in reserve to swing out at one mighty outburst. But more anon.

WE dono *when* we have seen an audience so worked as in that magnificent *scena* in the third act of the RASCAL, when JOHN OF HACKENSACK is seen coming over the hill-top with a sheep on his shoulder, the new risen moon over his left-hand, the Dunbarren Valley drisslin' with rain in front; when just in front of the butcher's shop the whole sceden, by the mere sound of a whistle, (people of the Far-West we are not humbuggin' you, but statin' the plain fax,) by the mere sound of a whistle, changes, and the Rascal, emergin' from the wood, his eyes blood-shot with rascality, his neck streaked with a gash, rushes up to him, (*alarum from without,*) seizes him by the throat, (at that very time not recovered from the quinsey,) and holding him at arm's length with a demoniac gesture:

Ras. How now!
J. of H. Art the County Clerk!
Ras. Thou hast guessed wrongly.
J. of H. Ha! I am undone!
Ras. By the lone fires of the blood-round moon
Uprising o'er the track of Avenue D,
When all of mortal souls had gone to bed,
Slow, stealthy stealing like a snake in the grass,
With that low-bleating woolly provender
[*The Rascal scowls at him furiously.*]
Upheaved upon the shoulders of the thief,
I saw thee, JOHN OF HACKENSACK, come forth.
'T was but a thought — a flash — a sudden act,
I rushed behind a liberty-pole, I did,
Till I should have thee safe within this grasp.
[*He throttles him.*] [thus
I have thee now! Ha! thinkest thou fondly
To come it o'er me! thou base, paltry wretch,
Whose only thiefdom is a bleating lamb,
Whose cry is thus! [*imitates.*]
Now for thy punishment! [*shakes him.*]
J. of H. Spare! spare! Oh! murder! murder!
Ras. I tell thee, fawning miscreant, hold your jaw,
Or by this cleaver, I will split your head!
I will! I will! The fiends seize me!
My brain is on fire! Ha! ha! ha!
[*Laughs demoniacally.*]

That was a beautiful, and, as we are informed, a *new* point, made by MCHINE in the speech confronting the goblin:

'Down at the bottom of the Patterson Falls
There is a gulf indeed!'

Which he rendered thus:

Down at the bottom of the Pattersen,
(FALLS! *there* is a gulf *indeed!*)

In this manner apostrophising the Falls themselves, instead of addressing it as a mere common-place remark to the crowd. This we think is ingenious and a decided improvement. So in the last act when BULLFINCH (JOHNSING) calls on the shade of his great-grandmother to witness that he had n't done it:

'Tell me, ye powers, where is the slightest proof
This hand has done it? On the fourth of June,
I' the town of Hackensack, old Granny, etc.

Which MCHINE rendered with a sarcastic emphasis on *tell me!* Other passages might be pointed out were not our issoo jis goen to press, not only entirely novel, but which seemed to take the critics all aback. But we do think that the closing sceden, or *finallee*, where the butcher-shop is thrown open, with all the cleavers, knife and sassage-cutters displayed to full view, and a leg of mutton and three half beeves hung up; when the train of rowdies and Philadelphia bullies gushed out of the alleys, with their demoniack shrieks and cries of ki-i, and a stream of blinding blue light, followed by a sulphurous stench, poured in; that the whole history of theatricals could not exceed it for effect. Even old play-goers said that they had never witnessed a more gorgeous sceden upon the stage. The 'Rascal,' we believe, was written about two years ago by a brother of JOHN R. NUBBINS, and first performed fifty nights at the Agawam Theater by the stock actors of the same. Afterward it had a run of many nights in Poughkeepsie, where the author was called before the curting and presented with a plated tin-cup inscribed as follows:

PRESENTED
TO THE
INGENIOUS PETER PIPER NUBBINS
BY THE AGAWAM TROOP OF COMEDIANS,
Out of Respect for his Genius.
1 *Dec.* 1847. Gaylar, Delt.

The chief character of the play is a compound mixture of the demoniack and the villian. But the consummate art of the author is shown in the drawin' of that fine hair line where the demoniack ends and the villian begins. The cut-throat's pretended drunkenness is a masterpiece of skill: so is that delectable subterfuge of JEMIMA's tripping over a hickory chip. But we ax pardon of our non-theater goin' community for dwellin' so long on this topik, which will be disagreable to our Baptist friends we are *afeered*, and to our Methodist friends we *know*. We think an immense deal of harm has been did by frownin' down on all sorts of amusements except lecturs, and checkers, and jackstraws. There 's no use-t. Human natur' *will* have 'em. For envy and malice, and evil speakin', and discontent, and broodin' over your wrongs, and yawnin' dulness and a mere wegetable state of life, and tired to death o' your trade, can't have no place while you 're lookin' onto amusements. Readin' a book won't do. We want to haw! haw! right eout. That 's what we want. You must strain all your muscles if you want your hull man to be in a state of convalescence. And what 's your risible muscles made for, we would ax? and what 's goin' to become of them if you do n't put the strain onto them too? It 's all stuff and nonsense to say that there 's so much bad about 'em. That 's because good people turn their back onto 'em, and gin 'em over to the wicked, instead of actin' natural and healthy, as they had ought. All the bad p'ints in the Rascal of Hackensack arise out of this very fact. Mr. NUBBINS has only written it for the more scaly part of community, while the better class are pickin' their neighber's reputation to pieces to-hum, and that, like enough, jist arter they come out of prayer-meetin'. But there 's bad people goes to these places. That 's a fac. But you see more bad ones in the street every time you walk there, and come nearer to 'em too. Fathers, we would say, subscribers of Flag-Staff, give your boys good principles and then tell 'em to clear out and take their chance, and not make 'em chip off their hand with a hatchet to save 'em from stealin'. Don't take the Bunkumville Chronicle, or let 'em read it. That goes for *no principles*. But more anon. As we had some roasted potatoes for supper at home, Mrs. WAGSTAFF and I went away after witnessing the represention of half a dozen pieces. By this move we sacrificed the last farce on the bill, which was called THUNDER AND MARS.

THE MCGOOSELEY GUARDS, Captain SKINNET, passed our offis yisterday on a target-excursion. This fine corpse, in their new red shirts, looked quite soldiersome.

Case of Remorse.—The most remarkable specimen of this kind within our experiens, which has been somewhat large, has occurred lately. William R. V. G. X—— having defrauded all his creditors, absquatulated suddenly to Alabammy. He left the premises entirely unbeknown to them, and while they were inspecting their ledyards to see what he owed them, casting up the debit and the credit side of the ackëount, he was safely swimmin' his horse-t over the creek at Wetumpky. The next day he sot up a segar-store in that town. But remorse would n't let him rest while he was twistin' up his tobacky. He stood it a good while like a sodger, but at last he was obliged to cry out oh! oh! and tumblin' down onto his cot, he cried like a child. He writes us word that he stood every think like a man; stood the debt he owed to Mr. Arkelarus for bread; stood Mr. Pepperell's bill for groceries; stood the pangs of conscience because he owed black Timmins for hirin' his little pony; but when he came to think that he had read the Flag-Staff and come off without settlin', his heart was bust. He rolled onto the floor a time or two, then goin' in to his office, gin up. He enclosed us the money, which we have received this day, and hereby acknowledge. Our advice to you, dear friend, is keep your hands from pickin' and stealin', take the Flag-Staff, but to keep yourself from temptashing, pay in adwance. Can you do any thing for us in Wetumpky? Certingly. Cirkelate! cirkelate!!

The long agony is over. John B. McGoosley has been elected alderman over our friend and towusman John R. Nubbins. That foul play has been brought to bear, and the sacred right of the ballot trampled under foot, there can be no manner of question. None in the least. Sick woters have been carried to the polls, and when they got there, had to be helped to stretch out their hand to the ballot-box, because they was dead some minutes before. We know to our own certing knowledge of two dead men who put in a wote each, and one grabbed it so tight that they could hardly unclench it. The other was challenged for being under age, which he treated with silent contempt, and had such a look that the man was freightened, and let him put it in. Our friend McGoosley has been here again, and now, in addition to his other threats, threatens to hoss-whip us if we do not make the fullest retraction. Certainly we will. Our objek was to do justice, not to hurt his feelings. If we have not done justice, most undoubtedly we withdraw all we said, and we wish the incumbent much happiness in his new office. We should consider ourselves the veriest coward, (which we think our friends will bear witness that we *are not*,) if we had not courage to make the amplest apology to those who have been injured by us. No; we may so far forget ourselves as to fight a duel, but we trust we shall always have magnanimity to withdraw a charge (as the gunners say) when we are smelling a man's knuckles, or the like. But more anon.

One Dee. — It is said that a violinist on one or more strings, far exceeding in execution any think that we have had on these shores, is on his way to the United'n States'n. It is said there is a peculiar *color* about his style, and a strength and *timber* in his compositions, and a *uniqueness* of touch in his vertical movements and handling of the fiddle-stick, coupled with a gracefulness in *alt*, and a richness of flavor in the intermediate sections of the scale, which will decidedly turn the gamut into a new thing, and make cat-gut open its eyes in wonderment, that no such thrilling notes and concatenation of melodies have ever before been drawed from that most useful utensil in the Fine Arts. He is said to have a variation on one of our national marches, pronounced by adequate judges to be the most juicy thing of the kind perhaps ever invented since Von Higgenbottom's Hegira. We mention this not to raise expectation to too high a point of tip-toe, but to get our *cognoscenti* prepared to put this new stranger to a severer ordure. Let us receive him with a bewildering coldness, and make him stand entirely on his own merits, if they are a platform adequate to stand on, which they will be if they are the width of a tub. Let us not run after him with a degree of vidrulence, lest he may make his cat-gut snicker and laugh at us in the sleeve. But keep your hands in your pockets, fellow citizens, until he has *done the deed;* then come down on him, if you like, with a strepitus which will tear up the benches. You 'd better freeze him at first, and then let him thaw gradual till he crackles and sparkles with all kind of colors, and then comes out with one of those longitudinal *blump* sounds (so to speak) which makes the ice crack from eend to eend. That 's the way to do it. Do n't make fools of yourselves, as some of

you did (we allude to BILLUP R. TODLEMUS) when M. FIDEL STICKM played lately, on which occasion MRS. THOMAS was taken sick. But keep your thumb-nails as a *corpse de reserve*, and save the nails in your boots and the ferils in your walking-stix to come down, if he *is* worthy, with such a reception as never has been showered down on any individooal who has ever visited the town of Bunkum. And don't, moreover, be deceived by any *tiddle-de-ide* movements or grace-notes before he gets through. These, rest assured, are merely to throw dust in the eyes. Judge him solely by the strength and timber of his ability. Try it, to see if it will bend. *Double* it, to find out if it won't break. Tie it into a bow knot, if it will stand that ordure; then, as we before said, gin him his due. The name of this new *debutante* is M. ROSIN. But more anon.

WHO will send us a suckcink history of TECUMSY, the Ingen chief, and how he was shot by Kernal JOHNSING, either in prose or verse? We think that by those adequately capable of doing it, it might be made highly instructif. The theme is beautiful, and the narratif portion of it might be embellish with the scenery of the ked'ntry whar the deed was done. Can not some of our youths in District School Number 1 try their hand at composition at this? We will give them a chance. But attend to the stops, spellin' and grammar, boys; cross your ts, hang your tongue out when you write, and *try*.

AMUSING SCEDEN.—The other day we see no less than six white geese out on the mud-flat, all in a row, standin' on only one leg, with their heads tucked under the wing, and fast asleep. It was the most ridiculous sight we ever see. We turned arsound and looked up at the winder to see if any body was lookin' at them, but we see nobody. We then haw-hawed right out.

THE following beautiful essay, written by one PECK, we do think, for command of language, ease of style, originality and power of thought, has not been surpassed since GOLDSMITH, and donno 'st ever was before. HANNAH MORE might have equalled it if she stuck out her tongue and *tried*. Mark the structur of the sentences, and in the acmy of tenderness it is a model. We wept like a child, when we fust read it, and we an't *apt* to cry, 'nother. Read it, and cirkelate: ED. B. F. S. AND I. E.

[*Written for the Bunkum Flag-Staff.*]

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How delightful is the intercourse that arises between two kindred souls interchangeably knit together in the bonds of mutual reciprocity! Of all the bounties of an overruling PROVIDENCE has heaped upon suffering humanity, there are few if any which can be contemplated with feelings deeper and more heartfelt satisfaction than what springs from the tender feelings PROVIDENCE has implanted in the susceptible heart! The communion of sperrit with sperrit, wisely ordained in this sublunary vale of tears to add another balm to the happiness of others, and plead in mitigation of the woes which we in common with all are so frequently called upon to suffer, is one of those wisely ordained things which ought ever to awaken in our bosoms an ardent oblivion of untoward events, and inspire us with the tenderest feelings of gratitude! When in the course of human events the afflicted bosom almost repines at the dispensations of an all-wise PROVIDENCE, what a balm of Gilead it is to possess one confiding breast into which we may pour our sorrows, and thus mitigate the woes we are providentially called upon to suffer! Many there are doubtless who can sympathize with the tender emotions which agitates the breast that now pens these lines, and who once — yes, ah! once — knew what it was to experience the bliss of mutual regard!

LAURA was the only child of an orphan mother who died at the age of thirteen, leaving her at that tender period of life a prey to the charity of a cold and thoughtless world, without one kindred sperit to compassionate her exigency or share her afflictive dispensations. But an all-wise PROVIDENCE did not suffer her tender bosom to pine in solitary bereavement beyond a certain period. No, my angelic LAURA! thou didst not suffer without the sympathy of one confiding breast, upon which thou couldst repose thy weeping head! She whom nature formed susceptible to the tenderest feelings implanted within thy suffering bosom, was prepared to mitigate thy woes and sympathize in thy sorrows. Never, never shall the memory of that intercourse be forgotten, even when the pen that now traces these lines lies cold in the dust, and the susceptible heart that now throbs with anguish is swallowed up in the vale of oblivion!

Why, why, O why! wast thou torn from thy CYNTHIA's embraces and wedded to the engineer of a distant rail-road? But she will not repine at the afflictive dispensation, believing it to be ordered for the best, and hoping it may hereafter be her lot to be like thee, removed to some wider sphere of usefulness, united like thee by the tenderest ties that hath been implanted in the breast of human nature!

In view of the whole subject, how beautifully may we exclaim, in the words of the delightful poet, SMITH:

'CEASE, my heart, this wild commotion!
Billowy extasy of wo!
Bear me hence, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!'

CYNTHIA.

To the Editor of the Bunkum Flag-Staff:

Dear Sir: Our *folks* think this is one of the happiest of my *effusions*. It will be *just the checker* for the Flag-Staff, as you have n't had anything *real literary* for sometime. You must put it in a good *place*, and be kerful about the printing, and send a number to me by the Jericho *stage* that goes by your orifice *every* morning *at four*; the driver will charge two *shillin*, and be sure and *wrop one up well* and mail it to Lovina Hickups, Sarsaparillaville, Belcher county, Ill., she being the friend alluded to as Laura, and *another* to our *minister*, strikly *ononamus*, and soon's I'm done doing up the *quinces* I'll write another my compositions, having been considered *superior* to Miss Hannah More, which certainly is all owing to my *advantages*. The Flag-Staff is read by *every body* here, and is *considered* the best paper *published*. Why don't you issue it *weakly?* Angeline, your readers will be *astonished* to hear, has got *another* infant, which you must put in your *berths*, and no more at *present* from your affectionate *ant*,

Sally Shakes.

Isabella Co., Mo.

At the Misses Billingcoos Academy for young ladies, there was a distribution of prizes last week. To the class in composition the highest medal was awarded to Miss Mary Ann Delightful, which is of such a standard of excellence that we have been requested to publish it in the Flag-Staff, which we do with pleasure:

ON HATRED.

Perhaps the worst and most detestable thing in this terrestrial world, is that of Hatred. Ask the drunkard, as he takes the intoxicating draught, what has brought him to that position, and he will reply undoubtedly with a drop in his eye, that it is Hatred. Ask the murderer what has brought him to the gallows, and the answer, as it escapes in agony from his lips, will be Hatred. Ask the prisoner in the penitentiary what unfortunate circumstance has compelled him to put on that uniform and shut him from the cheerful company of his friends, and all the delights of society, and with a groan which is almost enough to rend the heart, and split the rock which he is getting out, he will answer, Hatred. It casts its venomous p'ison over the fairest flowers of creation. Ask the young lady what has marred that countenance cast in nature's finest mould, and the unhesitating reply will be that Hatred has done it. Go look over the battle-field. See those awful wownds. Listen to the shriex of the dead and the dying; hark to the cannon's mouth; see those poor creatures supplicating for a drop of water; see those elegant uniforms and epaulettes trampled in the dust; hear that dreadful command, 'Take aim — make ready — FIRE!' What has accomplished this graphic picture of grief and distress, and sorrow and wo unutterable? And a voice louder methinks than a peal of thunder from Heaven's own artillery, more deafening than the roll of druma, or the explosion of cannonry, will still answer — Hatred! Hatred!

Oh! how much better is love. When life spreads her gaudy scenes around me; when Hope whispers with her syren breath that all this shall last many days; when the ball-room diffuses its exhilarating quick-step; and when the path we tread seems crowned with roses, and lapped in Elysian sweets; but O when the dark cloud of adversity threatens; when sorrow comes down like an East wind; when the scenes we love are fast fleeting away, and we begin with grief to perceive the utter hollowness, the vanity of the things of sense; let others choose their companions in the ranks of Hate. *Give me the charms of Love.*

Mary Ann Delightful.

Bunkum, Nov. 1.

Mr. Editor: I would like to ask if there is no remedy for a District Schoolmaster who done his duty, and yet the victim of insolence? Squire Gilder has given me warnin' to quit. I come up here from the iron-works where I had a good schule. No fault found, the scholers done well, and all satisfyde. I come here and taught one quarter. I instructed in spellin', reading, writing, jography and the use of the globe. Thursday last Squire Gilder comes over to Smith's where I borded, and found fault becos I lifted up Sally Jackson an inch or two from the ground by the ears. Then he rides over to Williams the trustee, and has been plottin' to turn me out. This man has been persecutin' me ever since. He shook his whip in my face by Dogmuses mill-dam. Called me a liar day-before-yesterday, and that i warnt worth salt to my bread, and he would n't bord me for all I did. I told him that I understood his motif, and Simpson wanted the schule, and all i wanted was right and justis, and this was a free ked'ntry, and to that effek.

To crown the cap sheaf of insolence, the other day over at Parson Crane's spinnin' party he goes and tells Polly Jackson, aunt to the child, how that I thrashed her, and boxed her ears, and nocked her down flat, all which is notoriously false as the father of them. i did neither. i lifted her up an inch from the ground, and that for upsetting her ink-stand and telling untruth abëout it, drawing devil on her slate, and what not. Now this man wants to oust me from my place after I have served the people faithful, all because he is a Justice of the Peace and a trustee of common lands and i am a defenceless man.

'Alas! man, proud man,
Cuts such fantastic tricks before high heven,
As makes the angel's weap.'

i thank my stars that i am highly educated, and can git a place elsewhar. Were it not, there would be little to hope from such men as him, who are a cuss to

the schule fund, and last winter he voted against putting up the new stove.

Truly, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
JABEZ PEABODY,
of Connecticut.

WILL THE GENTLEMEN who called at our offis a spell ago, favor us again with a call? It was n't our old friend MELANCTHON A. SNEEBY of Cohaxie, was it? We *thought* we remembered his visage after he went out. We should n't have told him to 'go out, and we had no time to attend to him, and there was the door, and to make tracks, and not a word would we hear, and to be quick about it,' if we had a-known who he was. We thought he was an agent soliciting charity, or a beggar; and the thought drove us pretty near nigh about crazy; we had not at that identical *punctum* of time but three cents, our wife having just purchased a shawl. But if we had thought it was M. A. SNEEBY, far different would have been our conduck. We should have said to him, 'My dear boy,' how are you — how 's all the folks? what 's the news in Cohacksie? Can't you help us along with the Flag-Staff? and invited him to drink tea. We *meant* well. Will the gentleman call again?

WE are obliged to postpone our book notices, reviews, state of the market, Telegraphic despatches, arrivals at the hotels, and a sundry variety of matters till the next number. The indulgence of our advertising friends is also asked, as our foreman, Mr. THOMAS, is putting up bedsteads, which has thrown the whole incubus of the orifice on our own shoulders; and what with the editorials, we have led a wild and excited life of mind for three days, for your benefit readers; also the paper giving out, which made us think that we should have to issoo with only a half a sheet. This mortifying expedient has however been superseded, the auxiliary supply having come to hand. Do appreciate our endeavors. Cirkelate! Cirkelate! We are giving you pen, ink, paper, letter-press, matter, brains, our heart's blood and night wigils, and will not each present recipient stir his stumps, and get us only *one subscriber* for Bunkum Flag-Staff? We make the appeal in perfect confidence of a deserving capability. More anon!

Poetry.

THE SICK VOTER.

THEY went and found him in his cot;
He said he was too sic to vote,
And on the whole he 'd rather not.
'Oh,' says his friend,
Your aid *do* lend;
'T is for JOHN B. MCGOOSELEY!'

'Ho! ho!' said he, with deep-drawn sigh,
If that is so, most surely I
Will cast my ballot, if I die!
So do not stop,
But lift me up;
I know JOHN B. MCGOOSELEY.'

They took him by the head and legs,
He could n't stand upon his pegs,
While all the way he groans and begs
'Make haste! make haste!
Life wanes too fast,
For JOHN B. MCGOOSELEY!'

He died before his vote was sped,
But voted *after he was dead!*
And hence we view that at his head
A tomb-stone chaste
Ought to be placed
By JOHN B. MCGOOSELEY.'

A SUSPIRATION.

OH! that I might be called a poet,
And oh! that all the world might know it!
I roll in ether half the time
[*The MS. illegible.*]
From flowers that sparkle with the dew,
From heaven's own clear, transparent blue,
From woman's beauty, at whose name
All Beauty hides its head in shame,
I rise a higher phase to view,
Sublimely Beautiful and True.
Oh! thou Parnassus, from whose height
The senses revel with delight;
Oh! pure, transparent Castaly,
Whose waters clap their hands with glee,

[WE lost the rest of this poem; it got burnt up. Sorry. Pooty, is n't it? ED. B. F. S. & I. E.]

Advertisements.

IF THE INDIVIDOOAL calling himself gentleman who took my umbrella and exchanged my hat at Mrs. PONSONBY's party, week before last, does not instantly return them, I will put the state of the case in the hands of an able jurist, promulgate his name, mortify his friends to the quick, and blow his reputation where, like a sky-rocket rod, it won't come down again. No farther ceremony will be stood upon. WILLIAM PILK.

SMITH AND SMITHSON will publish on Monday next the second edition of the RASCAL OF HACKENSACK, a melodrama in three acts, as performed at the Bunkum Theatre with unbounded applause, with costume and stage directions, by P. P. NUBBINS, Esq. Also, the new piece of SMASH HIS BRAINS OUT, by the same author. Trade supplied at a liberal discount.

FOR SALE, a Poll Parrot, cheap. He says a remarkable variety of words and phrases, cries 'Fire! fire!' and 'You rascal!' and 'POLLY want a cracker,' and would not be parted with, but having been brought up with a sea-captain he is profane and swears too much for the subscriber, being a pious man and having children in the family, to whom his example is bad. On this account he will be sold a bargain, but hoped that the purchaser will use his endeavors to break him of the habit, and make him know the penalty, which may be done by deprivin' him of his coffee and not scratchin' his hed for him when he puts it through the bars. The subscriber did not teach him swearin'; the sea-captain did it, who used to sail to Barbadoes, and is now dead, last autumn in Matanzas, Capt. JOLIFFS, but the bird keeps on swearin' as before, and his feathers is green and white, and his bill handsome, twenty-five years old, but will live a hundred and go on improvin' as he gets old. Those in want of a bird of this kind may hear of one to suit them by applying at this office.

TETRODONTICON MIXTURE, a first-rate tooth-powder, and good for the gums. Cures tooth-ache, saves the enamel, sweetens the breath, and sold only at Bunkum Drug-Shop.

WE PRESUME that JOHN WESLEY was one of the finest pulpit orators of any age or country. There was a peculiar intonation in his voice which went straight to the heart. When that mellifluous voice was heard exhorting his hearers, warning them of the shoals and quicksands, urging, beseeching, nay, imploring them by every substantial argument to flee from their evil courses, there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. All seemed to feel that the speaker was not actuated by any motive short of their good, for his voice would sometimes falter in the more pathetic passages, while for a few moments, so great was the press of his own feelings, that he could not utter a syllable. Here was the grand climax of his oratory; he accomplished as much when he said nothing as by what he did say. When to this we add the embellishments of the orator, the choice of language, the gesture, the rising inflexion, the explosive vowel-sounds, the outstretched arm, and other attributes of art, we think we may classify him as one of the tallest men of the day. We remember him well in the Bethel chapel at Ocmulgee. At that time he was pale and his voice hoarse; the threatened prognostics of the Bronchitis. Diseases of the throat were not so well understood as now. 'Oh, had he only known,' we think we hear it exclaimed, 'of MRS. LILLY'S BRONCHIAL CANDY, with what joy would his benign face have been lighted up!' Sold only at the Establishment, Main-street. t.f.

THE CUSTODIANS OF SHOATS PLEASE NOTICE. — PROFESSOR BRISTLEBY'S PIG ESTABLISHMENT is now open. The tender squeakling will be conducted up to his full-grown destiny, till he is fit for the knife or exhibition. The alphabet taught; some nolledge of the use of the globe; every pig to bring his own trough. The troughs will be provided with shelled corn onc't a week; apple-parin's for desert. The emptyin's of a distillery which are near will be provided with affluent liberality. No dandyism permitted; no rings in the noses, except those put there in the establishment by a professional man, and those to prevent from rooting. Soar ears will be cured by 'PROFESSOR BRISTLEBY'S PECULIAR PIG-SALVE.'

The following letter has been received:

'PROFESSOR BRISTLEBY:

'DEAR SIR: I wish my pig to be fit for killing by Christmas. Let him not become too gross, but let the fat and lean be adequately blended, like the streaks in marble. The steaks I wish you to pay a peculiar care to, and indeed the whole pig, as I am making a great reckoning of the crackling. Enclosed you have 'LAMB'S Essay,' which you may read to the educated portion of the sty. Two-thirds of his tail has been bit off by a small dog named REX; what is left please be attentive to. Oh! you will wash him in soap-suds once a-week.

'Your friend and patron,

'JENKS OF SHOATO.'

The Professor calls the attention of CUSTODIANS who are suffering their pigs to roam abroad — to freeze and starve to death during the winter, and fill their lungs full of ashes, and get the consumption, and trip over pedestrians on the side-walk — to the Revised Statues. See last Flag-Staff. a.week.

WANTED. — We want a good CARRIER'S ADDRESS to accompany our New-Year's Flag-Staff. Those who think that they can execute it with sufficient taste please send it to this orifice. None but the highest flights of pottery permitted. The hectosyllabic versicle metre preferred; the rest left to the taste of the composing individooal.

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CONNECTICUT POPP'D CORN. — Eight quintals and four cases POPP'D CORN, in good condition, now landing from sloop NOGGS, foot of Catholicon Avenue, Bunkum. For sale in store, or in bond, or on bond and mortgage. G. KNIPS, AGENT.

FUSTIC. — Eight pipes FUSTIC, (N. X. P. B.,) for sale at Bunkum Drug Store. n.t.p.

THE BUNKUM FLAG-STAFF is published every now and then at Bunkum, and also at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER in New-York. It will take a firm stand on the side of virtue and morality. All kinds of job-work executed with neatness and despatch. The Fine Arts and Literature fully discussed. There will be a series of discriminating articles on music, to which we call the attention of amateors. PRINCIPLES OF 'NINETY-EIGHT, and all the great measures of the day, as well as all other principles, fully sustained; vice uprooted by the heels, and cast him like a noxious weed away. (For further particulars see large head.)

The Bunkum Flag-Staff
Is edited by Mr. WAGSTAFF.

Horses and cabs to let by the editor. Old newspapers for sale at this office. WANTED, AN APPRENTICE. He must be bound for eight years, fold and carry papers, ride post once a-week to Babylon, Pequog, Jericho, Old Man's, Mount Misery, Hungry Harbour, Hetchabonnuck, Coram, Miller's Place, Skunk's Manor, Fire Island, Mosquitoe Cove and Montauk Point, on our old white mare, and must find

and blow his own horn. RUN AWAY, AN INDENTED APPRENTICE, named JOHN JOHNS, scar on his head, one ear gone, and no debts paid of his contracting. California gold, banks at par, pistareens, fippenny bits, and United'n States'n currency in general, received in subscription. Also, store pay, potatoes, corn, rye, oats, eggs, beans, pork, grits, hay, old rope, lambs'-wool, shovels, honey, shorts, dried cod, catnip, oil, but'nut bark, paints, glass, putty, hemp, snake-root, cord-wood, live geese feathers, saxafax, dried apples, hops, new cider, axe-handles, mill-stones, hemlock-gum, bacon and hams, gingshang-root, vinegar, pumpkins, ellacompaine, harness, hops, ashes, slippery-ellum bark, clams, nails, varnish, sheet-iron, sepsago cheese, old junk, whisk-brooms, manure, and all other produce, taken in exchange.

☞ Those who don't want the last number of the Flag-Staff please return it to this offis, post paid, as the demand for that number very great. A patent churn and washing-machine, to go by dog-power, are left here for inspexion.

☞ FOR SALE, A ONE YEAR OLD HEIFER: PAIR OF YOUNG BULLOCKS IN HARNESS.

☞ WANTED TO HIRE, A NEW MILCH FARRER COW; give eight quarts of milk night and morning; also, to change milks with some neighbor with a cheese-press for a skim-milk cheese onc't a-week.

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REMEMBRANCES.

BY A. RIVERS.

She stands beside the open drawer:
What sees the matron there?
A broken ring, a picture-case,
A tress of auburn hair,
With many a letter, stained and worn,
The records of the past;
Of days of spring-time happiness
That were too bright to last.

Why starts the lady thus aside,
As if some voice she heard?
Those few pale faded lily flowers,
What thoughts can they have stirred,
Save memories of a forest walk,
Or garden tangled o'er,
Or pla-hings of the mountain brook
Beside her father's door?

'I thought they all had fed the flames'
Upon my bridal day;
That summer winds had borne their dust
With life's young hopes away:
Why comes this shadow from the past
To mock my calmer hours?
Oh, would that every memory
Could wither like the flowers!'

She hears her children's laughing play
Beside their father's knee;
The lady's heart is far away
Across the deep blue sea;
Across the stretch of desert sand,
Across the Indian wave,
Her English home lies fair around;
Her heart is in that grave.

WINTER IN NEW-ENGLAND.

A LEAF FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

FLED is the vernal Year,
And fading Autumn, trembling with alarms,
Lingers with faltering steps, a bride in tears,
To stern old Winter's arms!

The Frost-god sways his wand;
His sprites athwart the sky their white wings spread,
And scatter feathery dews o'er sea and land:
His vestal bridal-bed!

He speaks unearthly things,
Of wars *aloft;* ethereal Naiads slain!
And then he winds his north-wind horn, and sings
Songs of the sleet and rain.

He checks the murmuring rill;
He binds in hidden caves the zephyr's breath:
He bids the deep-toned sylvan harp be still,
And gleeful, sports with death!

Ho! how the tyrant reigns!
Swift from the polar-skies his legions come,
Like roving Arabs, coursing o'er the plains,
Or Goths invading Rome!

He revels fearlessly,
As skilful architects with cunning hand;
And arches, towers, and wild drifts, mountain-high,
In glistening beauty stand.

Now, wrapt in furs, they fly;
The beaux and belles, through drift-banks high and low,
With tinkling bells, gay laugh, or damsel's cry,
Now 'capsized' in the snow!

But Frost-gods, false like men,
Love change, and will divorce, howe'er delayed;
Old Winter tells his jealous tale; and then
Kneels low t' the green-robed maid.

In vain he woos: The sun,
Like love, his glory to the earth hath given,
And seems to open, ere the day is done,
A vista into heaven.

All hail! the May-queen fair,
Decks with her floral wreath, her palace-hall;
Breathes balmy odors to each wave of air,
In gorgeous festival!

What though the frost-sprites wail;
Though terrible in might the lightnings glow;
The self-same cloud, late charged with fire and hail,
Bears now the beauteous bow.

The Frost-god, where is he?
Perished amid the ruins he had wrought!
Gone to the deeps of earth, or dark blue sea,
Forgotten, lone, unsought!

Yet, 'all things in their time
Are beautiful;' most fit — to nature true;
The glebe, ice-bound, sere leaf, or barren clime,
Or tropic's verdant hue.

Ay, he who made the Night,
In wondrous wisdom mother of the Day;
Hath given to Hope a crown of beaming light,
'Mid darkness, change, decay!

CUTNEY.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WIRT, Attorney-General of the United States. By JOHN P. KENNEDY. In two volumes. pp. 867. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE have read these volumes with the pleasure which we had anticipated would attend their perusal when we saw them announced as in preparation by their accomplished author. Mr. KENNEDY has furnished the country with a most agreeable image of a man who has reflected high honor upon its literature and its judicial councils; of one whose character, as his biographer well remarks, 'will win the affections of the generation which succeeds him, as it did of those among whom he lived.' His biographer has presented to the world a man greatly and justly beloved for his social virtues, 'the illustrations of which are daily fading away with the fading memories of contemporary friends, now reduced to a few survivors; a man of letters, and strong literary ambition, but who had not the leisure to gratify a taste, in the indulgence of which he might have attained to high renown; a public functionary, who had no relish for politics, and who was consequently but little identified with that public history which so often imparts the only value to biography; a lawyer who, with a full measure of contemporary fame, has left but little on record by which the justice of that fame might be estimated.' We mention these impediments to the success of his task, in justice to Mr. KENNEDY, but they are certainly what the reader of his admirable volumes would never think of. The most pleasant portions of the work, to our conception, are the pictures drawn of the social life of its subject. As set forth by a few delightful passages of autobiography, the records of the biographer, and personal correspondence, it is proved to have been embellished with all the graces which a benevolent heart, a playful temper, and a happy facility of discourse were able to impart. Of the literary merits of the author of 'The Life of PATRICK HENRY,' 'The Blind Preacher,' etc., it is not necessary to speak; nor will the reader require any endorsement of the simplicity, the grace, and picturesqueness of style which might be expected to pervade the unstudied epistolary correspondence of the mind which conceived and the pen which executed them. His speeches and more elaborate efforts, given in the volumes before us, deserve a kindred praise. The work, in short, is a most valuable accession to our stores of national biography, and cannot fail to command a wide popularity. A portrait of its illustrious subject adorns the work; a noble head and figure, touching which we have these remarks of the biographer: 'The massive and bold outline of his countenance, the clear, kind blue eye, the light hair falling in

crisp and numerous curls upon a broad forehead, the high arching eye-brow, the large nose and ample chin, might recall a resemblance to the portrait of GOETHE. His height, rather above six feet, his broad shoulders, capacious chest, and general fulness of development were equally characteristic of his Teutonic origin. The ever-changing expression of his eye and lip, at one moment sobered with deep thought, and in the next radiant with a rich, lurking, quiet humor, that might be seen coming up from the depths of his heart, and provoking a laugh before a word was said, these were equally characteristic of his features.' The country lost a noble man in the death of WILLIAM WIRT.

ORATIONS AND OCCASIONAL DISCOURSES. By GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D. In one volume. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

SEVERAL of the discourses now collected in the volume before us have already been separately noticed in these pages. We remark much, however, concerning which we should be glad to 'have our say,' did our limits permit. We should be pleased, for, example, to quote liberally from the admirable lecture upon '*Leisure; its Uses and Abuses*,' wherein is contained a picture —— But we must condense one passage from the performance in question:

'IF there be one here (though I am sure there is not) who has no higher ambition than to be a mere man of business, a mere slave of men's bodily necessities, a mere idolater of his own purse; to have his life but a thing of cotton bags and tobacco hogsheads, druggets and dowlasses, madder and fustic, town lots, bank stocks and exchanges; his mind like the advertising side of a daily gazette, or the weekly Prices Current; the sum of his life, the balance sheet of his ledger; and who estimates his worth by the dollars and cents which remain to his credit, who would choose for his immortality one eternal Wall street, and give up a crown of glory to be called the best man upon 'change'—if there be such an one, he may despise those moments of leisure which business spares; he may despise leisure and so waste it—but he must take the consequences in this world and the next. A mere merchant! a mere man of business! Who would be content with such a designation? what respect can one feel for such a character? All he gets from the world is the credit of being worth so much dross, a little fawning servility from those who wish to borrow of him, or owe him already, or the wondering calculation of how much his heirs will divide among them when he leaves his wealth behind him with his rotting body. Were I such a man I would wish my name to die with me, and would ask neither marble nor granite, nor the venal page, to preserve the memory of my sordid selfishness. Let it perish like the thistle cut down by the mower's scythe, or the dry mullen that decays on the barren hill side.

'But there is a true grandeur, which, though we cannot reach, we must admire and may emulate in him who devotes the energies of a well-stored mind to the pursuit of commerce, that the fruits of noble enterprise may enable him to follow the bent of his disposition in the spread of knowledge, and the liberalities of a wide philanthropy; who can shake off the meaner jealousies of trade with the dust of his warehouse; who leaves behind him the idolatries of covetousness well pleased to enter the populous solitude of his library and hold communion with the mighty dead, to join the social circle and brighten the glow of cheerful but rational converse by the warmth of his own intelligence, or to mingle with the evening crowd, who meet to devise and prosecute new plans for doing good to his countrymen and the world; whose walls are adorned with works of native art, acquired by a price which has cheered the child of genius in his lone enthusiasm; at whose table and hearthstone the scholar and the man of science is a welcome and delighted guest, and whom religion claims as her consistent and beneficent follower. Like a noble tree, whose roots are struck deep in the fruitful earth, he stands in a gigantic strength, his higher arms aspiring to heaven, while the poor, the sorrowful, and the friendless, find shelter and food beneath the shadow of his wide branches.'

With this single extract, which will sufficiently indicate the terse and energetic style of Dr. BETHUNE, we take reluctant leave of his volume; contenting ourselves, perforce, with presenting the titles of the several papers which it contains: 'Genius,' 'True Glory,' 'The Age of PERICLES,' 'Prospects of Art in the United States,' 'On the Death of General HARRISON,' 'Eloquence of the Pulpit,' 'The Duties of Educated Men,' 'The Duty of a Patriot,' 'A Plea for Study,' and 'The Claims of our Country upon its Literary Men.'

THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1850. In one volume. pp. 298. New-York: EDWARD WALKER, Number 114 Fulton-street.

WE inadvertently omitted in our last to make the requisite mention of the appearance of this popular annual; but the 'Old KNICK.' is still in the 'nick of time,' since now is the season for the purchase of those gifts of rare books which, in the giving and in the taking, gladden alike both the donor and the recipient. The typographical execution and matériel of this volume are of the first order of excellence, and the binding is extremely tasteful, being of gold and blue, or other bright and beautiful colors. The embellishments are eleven in number, and are executed with even more spirit and care than the engravings in preceding issues of the same work. They are upon the following subjects: 'The First Reading of the English Bible,' 'GOD'S Covenant with NOAH;' 'BELSHAZZAR'S Feast;' 'Destruction of PHARAOH'S Host;' 'Sunday Morning;' 'Peace;' 'The Orphan's Funeral;' 'LUTHER listening to TETZEL'S Song;' 'Harvest-Home,' and 'The Miser.' The contents of the volume are contributed by various pens, and many of them well-known to the reading community. We observe among the contributions, articles from Mrs. KIRKLAND, Mrs. OSGOOD, Mrs. OAKES SMITH, FREDERICK SAUNDERS, B. J. LOSSING, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, GEORGE W. CLINTON, and others, and have been favorably impressed with much of the 'reading-matter' thus contributed. In short, there is sufficient of various merit in the 'Odd-Fellows' Offering,' literary, pictorial, and mechanical, to recommend it not only to all members of the Order, but to the public at large. It has heretofore enjoyed, and we have little doubt will continue to enjoy, as it deserves to do, an extended popularity.

THE BOSTON BOOK: being Specimens of Metropolitan Literature. In one volume. pp. 364 Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

THE third and last volume of 'The Boston Book' appeared in 1841. A new volume having been very generally called for, the present well-executed work is the pleasant result. Several of the articles which it contains are now printed for the first time, their authors furnishing original contributions, both in prose and verse. We subjoin a charming poem by an old and esteemed correspondent, from whom of late we heard but too seldom:

'ORION dimly burns to-night,
I miss the starry seven,
And with a mild restraint of light
Arcturus walks the heaven;

'The frog pipes feebly in the fen,
The whipporwill is faint
With chanting to regardless men
His petulant complaint.

'So, June is over, and the race
Of fire — th' electric fly —
Has come her obsequies to grace,
And welcome in July.

'The year's great miracle is done,
The wonder of the spring,
And soon, the liberal-handed sun
His promised fruit shall bring.

'Like some fresh marble, the sublime
Work of immortal hands!
Nature before us, in her prime,
Almost completed stands.

'And now the dreaming eye foresees
The sculptor's final stroke,
The golden heaps beneath the trees,
The purpling of the oak.

'Ah! might we never forward look,
Or be like insects blind,
And in the sunshine and the brook
Sufficient glory find;

'Nor think of icy days to come,
When sun and stream shall fail,
And all these branches, bare and numb,
Creak in December's gale;

Then might we hail this radiant moon
With more confiding joy,
Nor dread the solemn law that soon
This beauty shall destroy.

'So might I, dearest, fast by thee,
And breathing in thy breath,
Forget how soon thy smile must be
The sad, fixed smile of death.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUBLIMITY OF A RAIL-ROAD TO THE PACIFIC. — More than eleven years ago the EDITOR hereof, in a review of PARKER'S *'Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains,'* predicted the ultimate building of a rail-road to the Pacific. After a condensed description of the interesting scenes, objects, and adventures depicted by the author before and after reaching the Black Hills, there occurred the subjoined passage:

'THERE would seem to be no insurmountable barriers to the construction of a rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No greater elevations would need to be overcome than have been surmounted on the Portage and Ohio Rail-Road. And the work will be accomplished! Let the prediction be marked. This great chain of communication will be made, with links of iron. The treasures of the earth in that wide region are not destined to be lost. The mountains of coal, the vast meadow-seas, the fields of salt, the mighty forests, with their trees two hundred and fifty feet in height, the stores of magnesia, the crystallized lakes of valuable salts, these were not formed to be unemployed and wasted. The reader is now living who will make a rail-road trip across this vast continent. The granite mountain will melt before the hand of enterprise; valleys will be raised; and the unwearying fire-steed will spout his hot, white breath, where silence has reigned since the morning hymn of young creation was pealed over mountain, flood and field. The mammoth's bone and the bison's horn, buried for centuries, and long since turned to stone, will be bared to the day by the laborers of the 'Atlantic and Pacific Rail-Road Company;' rocks which stand now as on the night when NOAH'S deluge first dried, will heave beneath the action of 'villanous saltpetre;' and where the prairie stretches away 'like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,' with its wood-fringed streams, its flower-enamelled turf, and its herds of startled buffaloes, shall sweep the long, hissing train of cars, crowded with passengers for the Pacific sea-board. The very realms of chaos and old night will be invaded; while in place of the roar of wild beasts, or howl of wilder Indians, will be heard the lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks; the plough will cleave the sods of many a rich valley and fruitful hill, while 'from many a dark bosom shall go up the pure prayer to the GREAT SPIRIT.''

This passage was copied at the time of its publication into one or two metropolitan daily journals, and while its manner was courteously commended, it was pronounced visionary and absurd in its speculations. Now, however, one of the ablest and most influential of those journals is led by unmistakable events to declare its conviction that 'the time is close at hand when this nation will put forth its strength and commence the greatest and most important national work ever devised or contemplated by man. A national rail-road, designed to connect the inhabitants on our Atlantic border with our colonists lying on the coast of the Pacific; a national rail-road traversing a mighty continent, and passing over two thousand miles of wilderness, still in the undisputed possession of the red man, the buffalo and the bear; a national rail-road which shall be-

come the highway of nations for the commerce of the eastern world, and make New-York its great dépôt; a national rail-road, the cost of which will not fall much short of an hundred millions of dollars, but which will not really cost the nation one dollar, but increase its actual revenues more than five times its cost, by reason of the actual value it will impart to our public domain; such an enterprise is indeed a project worthy of the age in which we live.' The subject is now wholly before the nation; it will soon be one of the prominent themes of congressional debate and action; and with such minds engaged upon it as those of Senators SEWARD and BENTON, and others of kindred eminence, we look to find ample assurance of an early commencement and the earliest practicable completion of the road. The reader will admire with us the eloquent peroration of Senator BENTON, in his speech before the Pacific Rail-Road Convention, recently held at Saint Louis:

'WE live in extraordinary times, and are called upon to elevate ourselves to the grandeur of the occasion. Three and a half centuries ago the great COLUMBUS, the man who was afterward carried home in chains from the New World which he had discovered, this great COLUMBUS, in the year 1492, departed from Europe to arrive in the East by going to the West. It was a sublime conception. He was in the line of success, when the intervention of two continents, not dreamed of before, arrested his progress. Now, in the nineteenth century, mechanical genius enables his great design to be fulfilled. In the beginning, and in barbarous ages, the sea was a barrier to the intercourse of nations. It separated nations. Mechanical genius, in inventing the ship, converted that barrier into a facility. Then land and continents became the obstruction. The two Americas intervening have prevented Europe and Asia from communicating on the straight line. For three centuries and a half this obstacle has frustrated the grand design of COLUMBUS. Now, in our day, mechanical genius has again triumphed over the obstacles of nature, and converted into a facility that which had so long been an impassable obstacle. The steam-car has worked upon the land, and among enlightened nations, and to a degree far transcending it, the miracle which the ship, in barbarous ages, worked upon the ocean. The land has now become the facility for the most distant communications, the conveyance being invented which annihilates both time and space. We hold the intervening land: we hold the obstacle which stopped COLUMBUS: we are in the line between Europe and Asia!

'We have it in our power to remove that obstacle, to convert it into a facility, and to carry him on to his land of promise and of hope, with a rapidity, a precision, and a safety unknown to all ocean navigation. A king and a queen started him upon his great enterprise. It lies in the hands of a Republic to complete it! It is in our hands; we, the people of the United States, of this first half of this nineteenth century. Let us rise to the grandeur of the occasion. Let us complete the grand design of COLUMBUS, by putting Europe and Asia into communication, and that to our advantage, through the heart of our own country. Let us give to his ships, converted into cars, a continuous course, unknown to all former times. Let us make the iron road, and make it from sea to sea; states and individuals making it east of the Mississippi, the nation making it west. Let us now, in this convention, rise above everything sectional, personal, local. Let us beseech the National Legislature to build the great road, upon the great national line which unites Europe and Asia; the line which will find, on our continent, the Bay of San Francisco at one end, St. Louis in the middle, the national metropolis and great commercial emporiums at the other; and which shall be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great COLUMBUS, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from the granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, overlooking the road; the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain; pointing, with outstretched arm, to the western horizon, and saying to the flying passenger, 'There is the East! there is India!'

This closing conception is as sublime as the proposition of the Macedonian sculptor to cut Mount Athos, and to make with it a statue of the king, holding a town in his left hand, and in his right a spacious basin to receive all the waters which flowed from it. The majesty of the thought is only equalled by the grandeur of the enterprise which elicited it.

PRETENTIOUS DIGNITY. — We dare say the reader may be able to recognise in the following some pseudo-dignified person, in his or her neighborhood, who makes up in manner what he lacks in intellect, and who has the gravity of the owl with as little to think about. What *dreadful* bores such people are! We have a person of this sort in our mind's eye at this moment. But listen to Mr. WHIPPLE, his description of the *genus*. We quote from his admirable volumes of 'Essays, Reviews and Lectures,' recently published in Boston:

'AMONG the countless deceptions passed off on our sham-ridden race, let me direct your attention to the deception of dignity, as it is one which includes many others. Among those terms which have long ceased to have any vital meaning, the word dignity deserves a disgraceful prominence. No word has fallen so readily as this into the designs of cant, imposture and pretence: none has played so well the part of verbal scare-crow, to frighten children of all ages and both sexes. It is at once the thinnest and most effective of all the coverings under which duncedom sneaks and skulks. Most of the men of dignity, who awe or bore their more genial brethren, are simply men possessing the art of passing off their insensibility for wisdom, their dulness for depth, and of concealing imbecility of intellect under haughtiness of manner. Their success in this small game is one of the stereotyped satires on mankind. Once strip from these pretenders their stolen garments, once disconnect their show of dignity from their real meanness, and they would stand shivering and defenceless objects of the tears of pity, or targets for the arrows of scorn. But it is the misfortune of this world's affairs, that offices, fitly occupied only by talent and genius, which despise pretence, should be filled by respectable stupidity and dignified emptiness, to whom pretence is the very soul of life. Manner triumphs over matter; and throughout society, politics, letters and science, we are doomed to meet a swarm of dunces and wind-bags, disguised as gentlemen, statesmen and scholars. COLERIDGE once saw, at a dinner table, a dignified man with a face wise as the moon's. The awful charm of his manner was not broken until the muffins appeared, and then the imp of gluttony forced from him the exclamation: 'Them's the jockey's for me!' A good number of such dignitarians remain undiscovered.

'It is curious to note how these pompous gentlemen rule in society and government. How often do history and the newspapers exhibit to us the spectacle of a heavy-headed stupiditarian in official station, veiling the sheerest incompetency in a mysterious sublimity of carriage, solemnly trifling away the interests of the state, the dupe of his own obstinate ignorance, and engaged, year after year, in ruining a people after the most dignified fashion! You have all seen that inscrutable dispensation known by the name of the 'dignified gentleman,' an embodied tediousness which society is apt not only to tolerate but worship; a person who announces the stale common-places of conversation with the awful precision of one bringing down to the valleys of thought bright truths plucked on its summits; who is so profoundly 'deep and painfully solid on the weather, the last novel, or some other nothing of the day; who is inexpressibly shocked if your eternal gratitude does not repay him for the trite information he consumed your hour in imparting; and who, if you insinuate that his calm, contented, imperturbable stupidity is preying upon your patience, instantly stands upon his dignity, and puts on a face. Yet this man, with just enough knowledge 'to raise himself from the insignificance of a dunce to the dignity of a bore,' is still in high favor even with those whose animation he checks and chills. Why? Because he has, all say, 'so much of the dignity of a gentleman!' The poor, bright, good-natured man, who has done all in his power to be agreeable, joins in the cry of praise, and feelingly regrets that nature has not adorned him, too, with dulness as a robe, so that he likewise might freeze volatile into respect, and be held up as a model spoon for all dunces to imitate. This dignity, which so many view with reverential despair, must have twinned, 'two at a birth,' with that ursine vanity mentioned by COLERIDGE, which keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance.' The DUKE OF SOMERSET, was one of these dignified gentlemen. His second wife was the most beautiful woman in England. She once suddenly threw her arms round his neck, and gave him a kiss which might have gladdened the heart of an emperor. The DUKE, lifting his heavy head awfully up, and giving

his shoulders an aristocratic square, slowly said, 'Madam, my first wife was a HOWARD, and she never would have taken such a liberty!' '

We have heard a good joke perpetrated upon the personal bearing of a painfully elaborate-manner'd gentleman of our State, who is however a man of marked ability, and much esteemed by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. 'Where is Mr. B——?' asked a friend of a gentleman in the executive-chamber at the capital; 'He will be up in a few moments, I suspect,' was the reply. 'He *started* to come up when I did, but I left him *making a bow* near the door!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The *Thirty-fifth Volume of the Knickerbocker* will commence with our next number. It will be printed upon entirely new and beautiful types, and fine white paper. Our port-folios are groaning with accepted articles, in prose and verse, of a quality which we may confidently predict will be found never to have been surpassed in any previous volume of the work; while for 'our single self,' we do not hesitate to promise increased exertions, in our own immediate departments, to reward the enhanced patronage of the American public. . . . '*The Penitent*,' by our Dover, (Del.) correspondent, is in portions extremely well written; but then it is marred in the fifth and seventh stanzas by false rhythm and infelicitous images. How much more of melody is there in these stanzas from a little piece of poetry in the 'London Baptist Magazine' upon the text, 'I will arise and go unto my FATHER:'

'WHEN I have wandered far
Along the downward road,
And mountains seem to bar
My turning back to GOD;
Yet glancing once on Calvary,
FATHER! I'll rise and come to thee!

'And when my cheek turns pale,
And when I sink in death,
Though heart and flesh may fail,
With my expiring breath,
I'll whisper, JESUS died for me;
FATHER! I rise and come to thee!'

PUTNAM, our American MURRAY, has been 'excelling *himself*.' He has just issued '*Knickerbocker's History of New-York*,' in a superbly-illustrated volume, which forms one of the most desirable books of the season. The illustrations by DARLEY are in the best style of that popular artist, and the paper, printing and binding are in the *publisher's* best style, which is saying all that is necessary to be said. The same praise will justly apply to the very elegant volume containing the first of *Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Writings*, from the English edition of PRIOR. The increased interest created for GOLDSMITH'S writings by the biographies of FOSTER and IRVING, will give renewed eagerness to possess his works, in so elegant and convenient an edition as this of MR. PUTNAM. '*The Illustrated Scripture Gift-Book*,' from the same house, with twelve fine engravings, from scripture subjects, on steel, and replete with appropriate contributions from eminent literary and religious sources, is another beautiful book, which will find numerous purchasers at this especial season. A very beautiful edition of the writings of FREDERICA BREMER is also in course of publication by MR. PUTNAM. Few writers of any age have acquired a firmer hold upon the affections of our people than Miss BREMER, whose charming and instructive novels have already been widely and most admiringly read. The present edition is very beautifully printed, and must be universally welcomed. . . . READ this '*Surf and Sea-Weed, a School-Room Collo-*

quy,' and let it move your risibles as it has ours. We suspect 'JOHN HONEYWELL' of some agency in its production:

MASTER. Where is Long-Island?

BOY. In the Atlantic ocean.

MASTER. Describe its boundaries.

BOY. It is bounded on the north by a Sound, on the east by Montauk Point, west by Coney-Island south by all out doors.

MASTER. What are its staple productions?

BOY. Eels, clams, mossbunkers and pine wood.

MASTER. Describe the face of the country.

BOY. Although not mountainous, it is agreeably diversified with hill and dale. The dales being generally pine barrens, and the hills a range of sand hillocks on the southern coast; which are very agreeable to those who like them.

MASTER. What is the population of the island?

BOY. A mixed mess.

MASTER. What is the character of the people on the south side?

BOY. They have none.

MASTER. What is their principal occupation?

BOY. Catching clams, eels and sea-weed.

MASTER. What is their opinion of rail-roads?

BOY. That they are a nuisance, and ought to be abated; legally if possible, but abated at any rate.

MASTER. Are the people in a refined state of civilization?

BOY. Far from it. They don't know the meaning of the word.

MASTER. Are they a temperate people?

BOY. No, SIR-EE!

MASTER. How do they treat strangers who come among them?

BOY. After the Bible precept; they 'take them in.'

MASTER. Is not this answer libellous?

BOY. No. For when city denisens wander away from their own latitudes to visit these benighted regions in search of game, they are themselves considered fair game, and are straightway made game of. They are winged and their purses are bagged.

MASTER You speak of game. Is there game on the island?

BOY. There *are*.

MASTER. Of what kinds?

BOY. All the varieties of long-billed birds, including ox-eyes and sand-snipe, as well as wild ducks and tame geese; the last mentioned being perhaps the most numerous.

MASTER. What are meant by 'decoy-ducks' and 'stools?'

BOY. Certain wooden-headed bipeds, without brains, but of seeming life, that are put forward to allure and entrap other bipeds into peril and disaster.

MASTER. What are the highest elevations on the island?

BOY. Shinnecock Hills, which are inhabited by a race of Indians — except that the race is extinct — all but one, and he is only a three-quarter blood; the rest being degenerate sons and daughters of a once noble race.

MASTER. What is there inviting for a summer residence on the south side?

BOY. Surf-bathing, which is magnificent beyond parallel.

MASTER. Name the principal cities?

BOY. Fire-Place, Quogue, Speonk, Ketchebonnock and East Brooklyn.

MASTER. Why do you call those places cities?

BOY. I use the word in its modern acceptation. A city is an imaginary sketch on paper, which is to be a reality in future, if it is ever built up.

MASTER. Pray, what is Long-Island?

BOY. The fag-end of Creation!

MASTER. Next class recite.

We consider the above libellous; and we call upon the Editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*' to stand up for the glory of his native Island. . . . ONE of the most

beautiful, we may say *gorgeous* gift-books of the season, has just been issued from the press of Messrs. LOCKWOOD AND COMPANY: '*The Songs and Ballads of Shakspeare*,' illuminated by T. M'GWILT MAPLESON, Esq. Nothing can exceed the variety, richness, and beauty of the illuminated pages. In device, color, grace of form, clearness of impression, and gorgeous binding, we have seen nothing to surpass the excellence of this charming volume. It is appropriately dedicated to Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE. . . . A LITTLE girl, whom 'well we wot of,' and whose familiar voice we should be right glad to hear in the sanctum this blessed Thanksgiving-night, writes to her parents, from an excellent Young Ladies' Boarding-School near Lower Red-Hook, on the Hudson, as follows. She had been 'fetching a walk' near night-fall, with a young school-companion, past a mill, and close by the Hudson: 'Father and mother, I never wanted you to see any thing so much as the scene we saw. We were standing on a bridge; and oh! what a beautiful sight it was! The water falls over a dam five or six feet in height; but this night, on account of recent rains, the water was very high and smooth. The Kaätskill Mountains, and the trees on the border of the stream, were reflected on the water most splendidly; and as if to disturb the tranquillity of the scene, a flock of ducks suddenly sailed forth on the clear water, breast to breast with the *reflected* ducks below.' There 's a young observer and lover of nature for you, reader; 'though *we* say it who perhaps ought *not* to say it, still we *do* say it.' Would that *we* could have stood with the dear child upon the bridge, on that glorious eve,

'UNTIL the gold and dun light
Which tracks the waning sunlight
Shed o'er the floor of Heaven its gorgeous flood!'

MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have issued a new and improved edition of '*The Sacred Poets of England and America*,' edited by Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. It is admirably executed, and liberally illustrated with fine engravings, making an excellent gift-book for the season. The first edition was noticed at large in the pages of this Magazine. . . . 'CHILL November's surly blasts' have made the fields and forests bare; the fretful morning wind blows hollow from the north; and at night,

'SOLEMN rolls the far-off river's flow,
And the moon is very thin and cold!'

In the streets, noses and lips are very blue, and dogs with bushy tails make marvellous head-way. Also there is much dust thrown by BOREAS into people's eyes, that windy person sneaking along the ground, and causing it to 'cirkelate, cirkelate!' Of a verity Winter is 'going to come.' And now for cheerful hearths in the sanctuary of home! Let us love our friends when the elements become our enemies. . . . A CLERGYMAN, recently from the South, tells the following story, as an 'absolute fact.' It gives a new exposition of an old text. It would seem that he went one Sunday to hear an illiterate preacher, who was expatiating on the passage which describes the triumphal entry of CHRIST into Jerusalem, during which the multitude cast their garments in the way, and cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way. The preacher had somehow or other taken up the idea that all this was done with a malicious intent. 'Ah, my friends!' said he, 'them wicked Jews was determined to perwent the entrance of our SAVIOUR into Jerusalem! They threw their garments in the way; they even went and cut down trees and put 'em in the road; they made all sorts of opposition and hindrance; but, blessed be GOD! *they could'nt stop that colt!*' Now let us say, 'in this connection,' what perhaps it does n't become us to

say; but we '*do* think' that we have been of some service to the public in setting forth, and laughing at, the exhibitions of clerical ignorance sometimes to be met with in this good republic of ours. Certain it is, that three or four religious journals, and among them 'The Wesleyan Banner' and 'Methodist Episcopalian,' are following our example in this regard. The first-named journal gives a few authentic 'specimens,' all of which were heard by the editor. One of this class of 'original-minded' ministers said, 'in his place,' in the pulpit: 'Dear brethren, be faithful a little longer, and you shall outshine the antipodes. Brethren, you may not know what that glorious word, *antipodes*, means: I will tell you: it means the *fixed stars!*' The same minister, dwelling upon the sin of slander, said: 'Brethren, I tell you this is a terrible sin: it towers like the Mountains of the Moon in South America and the Appenines in Asia!' 'The Wesleyan Banner' speaks of a minister who promised, in the outset of one of his sermons, to 'draw an abstract from the circumference of a parallel, and bring it to a nominated point!' . . . THE *Annual Concert for the St. George's and British Emigrant Societies* will take place on Monday the seventeenth instant; a most worthy charity, for which the élite of the musical talent in the city will be engaged. The committee announce that MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE has most kindly offered her very valuable services. We cannot doubt that the concert-hall will be crowded on the occasion. . . . THIS is *Thanksgiving Night;* and after a sumptuous family-dinner, with friends gathered together around our fire-sides, the little people 'clamorous with delight' in an adjoining apartment, whence their voices, distinct, though faintly blended, fall upon the ear, what more to edification can we do than to read aloud this brief passage from the '*Discs Vivere*' of good CHRISTOPHER SUTTON: 'Who hath granted us to look up and behold the heavens, the circle of the moon, the multitude of stars? Who hath given us the course of times and seasons, the spacious air, the showers, fruits, meats, mansions, laws, ordinances, to contain us within the bonds of civil society? Who but even HE who would have us merciful unto others, as himself hath been merciful unto us?' . . . THE admirable lines, '*Will you Love me when I am Old?*' quoted in the 'Gossip' of our September number, were from the pen of Miss ABBY ALLINE, of Pomfret, (Conn.) We hope to number the writer among our occasional contributors. . . . WE regret that the previous acceptance of another invitation prevented our attendance at the Columbia College chapel, to witness the inauguration of the new President of that time-honored institution, CHARLES KING, Esq. We congratulate the college, not less than the gentleman so justly honored, upon the selection which has been made. From the uniformly kind and encouraging words of Mr. KING, for many years, touching our own humble labors, have we derived a stimulus to renewed exertion to make these pages acceptable to the public. The new President's address, on the occasion referred to, was worthy of his reputation as 'a scholar, and a ripe and good one.' . . . MR. H. W. HEWET is publishing in numbers the *Abbottsford Edition of the Waverley Novels*, with superb paper, printing, and all the original fine wood-engravings. It cannot fail to secure an extensive sale in this country. . . . WE trust that we violate no confidence in giving place to the following noble sentiments, contained in a letter just received from a correspondent in South Carolina. He has been speaking of a neighbor who stubbornly maintains that every thing rendered to 'the North' is so much in prejudice of 'the South,' a creed which is justly termed 'pitiful.' 'If there were among us less of this sectional feeling,' adds our correspondent, 'we should be a far greater people, and longer-lived than we are likely to be. How much more

noble is it to be reckoned a citizen of the Great Republic at large, than of any section whatever! And yet I have as good cause as any to entertain local attachments, since our family for two hundred years or so has resided at 'the South,' and indeed nowhere else in America. I don't prefer 'the North,' so called,' to 'the South;' but I *do* love *the Union* better than either, than all!' If this patriotic and catholic spirit could generally prevail in this republic, we should seldom hear a whisper breathed of such a proposition as the dissolution of the Union. 'A dissolution of the Union!' exclaims an eloquent writer in the last '*New-Englander*,' 'why, the thing is impossible, in the very nature of the case. For what is it that must be dissolved? Shall we abrogate the Federal Constitution? the Articles of Confederation? the Declaration of Independence? the doings of the Continental Congress? The Union in its essence lies back of all these, its successive modes of expression. We must 'dissolve' or annihilate a people whom GOD, in his sovereign purpose, hath ordained to be one in origin, in language, in spirit, in principles, in institutions, in historic associations, in literature, in religion and in destiny. We must cut in sunder the rivers and turn their channels; we must divide the everlasting hills and range them in opposing barriers; we must build out dykes and breast-works into mid-ocean; we must tear up the iron track and sever the magic wire. Nor *then* can we dissolve the Union till we can *stop* the ceaseless flow of lakes and rivers and gulfs and oceans that surround us with their liquid bands and blend us into one! Not more surely is the state ordained of GOD, than the people of these United States are ordained to be ONE people, one body-politic, by HIM who 'hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.' . . . A MOST agreeable correspondent writes us: 'I must give you a couple of passable trifles for your 'Gossip'-sheet, which at least possess the merit of being untold before. A wedding was celebrated a few nights since '*somewhere down South*,' the bride and bridegroom as contented-looking and unsentimental a couple as one would see of a summer's day. Unluckily the latter had not sufficiently conned his part, or, 'bothered' by the novelty of the situation, lost his presence of mind at a critical moment, and in place of 'joining hands,' as requested, previous to the last prayer and blessing, faced about, caught his half-made wife in his arms, and imprinted an agitated 'smack' on her sweet lips, which upset the gravity of the spectators in an instant, and seriously detracted from the solemnity of the remaining service, when our good clergyman could succeed in his attempt to get a 'second hearing!' —— Do you remember what HOOD says in his 'Schoolmistress Abroad' touching the distinction between *French* French and *English* French, such as young ladies commonly learn to speak at finishing schools? A good specimen of the latter I heard cited the other day. 'They never allowed us to speak any thing but French at Madame's,' said my fair informant, 'and we soon learnt to talk it right well. For instance, when our friends called to take us out any where, we made nothing of asking permission to go, adding, you know, 'Je suis envoyée *pour*'—'*I am sent for*!' . . . 'WHAT Scottish divine,' asks a correspondent, 'was he who so nicely analyzed the 'Great Uncannie's name thus: 'Take away D, and it is 'evil;' take away E, and it is 'vile;' V, and it is 'ill;' and the two last consonants aspirated make 'hell!' There never was a monosyllable so utterly without a speck of good in it.' . . . OUR readers at Washington (D. C.) will find among them this winter, in the person of Mr. THOMAS S. OFFICER, the best miniature-painter in the Union. He will need no other recommendation, personal or professional, than a brief acquaint-

ance with himself and a limited exhibition of specimens of his art. We commend him to the good offices of our friends in the 'City of Magnificent Distances.' . . . PROFESSOR S——, of B—— University, far away 'down east,' is a man untiring in his efforts to elucidate and explain every particular relating to the branches of science in which he instructs, and never suffers a pupil to leave the recitation-room without a perfect understanding of every fact adduced, in order that 'the venerable institution' may not be scandalized by the ignorance of any of its graduates. At an exercise devoted to the veins and arteries of the human *corpus*, after explaining that the reason why so many attempts at suicide by cutting the throat failed was from an ignorance of the distinction between the wind-pipe and carotid artery, he remarked: 'From my explanations this morning, gentlemen, I trust that by *you* at least this distinction is clearly understood; but if any one of those present should ever fail in committing a *felo de se* by so simple and unpardonable an error, I beg of him, for the honor of the university, not to mention where he studied anatomy!' They tell another story of the same professor, who is represented to be slightly 'hard of hearing.' 'Once upon a time,' in the course of a chemical recitation, he asked a student 'what general definition he would give of combustion?' 'I did not exactly understand the question, Sir,' was the reply. 'Right!' returned the professor; 'a better definition could not have been rendered! The next!' . . . WE have before us, from the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. HOGAN AND THOMPSON, Philadelphia, two very beautifully-executed and admirably-illustrated volumes, which would be ornaments to any library or centre-table in the land. The first is '*The Life of Christ, delineated in the Series of Events recorded in the New Testament*,' by our old friend and umpqwhile fellow-laborer in the field of letters, Rev. H. HASTINGS WELD, of Pennsylvania. The object of the work, so successfully accomplished, is to place in the order of their occurrence the events in the life of CHRIST; in doing which, upon the basis of an approved 'harmony,' the narratives of the four Evangelists are blended into one. The second work, uniform with the first, in the elegance of its typography and illustrations, contains JOHNSON'S 'RASSELAS,' 'The Vision of THEODORIC,' and 'The Fountains, a Fairy Tale;' together with remarks on the writings and character of Dr. JOHNSON. The engravings in tint are from original designs by DEVEREUX. . . . How very touching is the following! It is a gem from '*The Princeton Disaster, or the Bu'sted Gun*:'

'How sad the news from Washington!
The disaster on board the Princeton!
A gun was fired, (we speak with pain,)
Many were wounded, many slain!

'The President of the United States,
Fortunate man! as Fame relates,
A toast below was drunk to him,
Or mangled *corse* he sure had been!

The same writer enables us to present the subjoined excerpt from '*The Landing of the Pilgrims*,' a still more elaborate production:

'THEIR food was scant and very poor,
They had no bacon'd hams;
They fed on ground-nuts on the shore,
Or dined upon raw clams!

We understand that the author of these lines is engaged in the preparation of an epic, upon which he is willing to 'stake his immorality.' He has marked out for himself the following programme: '*The Mexiad: an Epic in Five Cantos.* Canto First: Heaven Commenced. Canto Second: Heaven Finished. Canto Third: Hell Commenced. Canto Fourth: Hell Finished. Canto Fifth: Battle of Cerro Gordo.' . . . STRAUSS — not the great humanitarian, the reading of whose 'Life of JESUS' suggested FREDERICA BREMER'S 'Morning Watches,' the brief pages of which show

the strong beauty of her mind more than any thing she has written; not STRAUSS the philosopher; but one who has turned more heads than all the philosophers, sacred and profane, that have ever written; STRAUSS, the waltz-maker, is dead! STRAUSS was a man of remarkable genius, and not only developed the powers of the German dance, in an unprecedented degree, but influenced the whole of modern music. Composers of no mean note, although not of the first class, were known to visit Vienna to get themes for new operas from STRAUSS' new waltzes. His decease reminds us of a capital story which appeared in some German paper shortly after the cholera of '32. We heard it from a clever Viennese musician, and wish that we could give it with the spirit of his side-splitting recital. Here it is, as we remember it: When the cholera was at its height, DEATH knocked one morning on the panel of STRAUSS' chamber, having an old woman by his side, whom he had picked up next door. 'Come, STRAUSS,' said the grim sheriff who collects nature's debts, 'you must go along with me.' 'With you!' exclaimed the terrified musician. 'No; I can't, I won't. I am only thirty years old. Spare me a little longer!' 'No, STRAUSS, you must come; don't keep me waiting; I have an immensity to do these stirring times.' 'Oh! I can't go; I am making thirty thousand thalers a year. You can't be so hard-hearted as to take away from Vienna a man only thirty years old, with thirty thousand thalers a year!' 'None of this nonsense. Hard-hearted? Do n't you see through my ribs that I have no heart at all? Come along, STRAUSS; come along!' 'But consider, DEATH, what the emperor will think of you, and how the whole court will vote you a bore, if they get no new waltzes next winter!' 'Pshaw, for your emperor! I 'll carry *him* off if he says much. I should like to see them put DEATH out of fashion.' 'Well then, since I must go, let me play one more waltz before I leave my darling instrument,' pleaded the poor trembler. 'So you may, but see that it is a good one,' answered DEATH, cocking his ear like a connoisseur. STRAUSS played the waltz, DEATH marking the measure complacently, and saying, when it was through, with a patronizing air, 'Pretty well, STRAUSS; you may play another.' STRAUSS began in a more spirited strain. DEATH kept the time with hand and foot; the old woman kept time also; until, unable to resist the more than magical impulse, he threw his arm about her, and round and round spun DEATH and the old woman. Faster and faster played STRAUSS; faster and faster whirled DEATH and the old woman. STRAUSS, playing for the little remnant of his life, showed no sign of weariness, but DEATH was getting exhausted and giddy. 'Stop, STRAUSS! stop!' he cried. STRAUS played on. 'Stop! I say, STRAUSS!' STRAUSS only put on a *crescendo*. 'STRAUSS! STRAUSS! I can't stop myself, if you do n't stop! Stop! I say!' 'Will you give me clear, if I stop?' asks STRAUSS. 'I can't — do — that,' says DEATH, gasping out his words. 'Then you shall waltz on,' answers STRAUSS, exulting in his power to create a soul under the ribs of DEATH. At last DEATH, beaten out, says, still whirling like a dervish, 'I 'll — make — a — bargain — with — you-ou — ou — ou —' 'What is it?' replies STRAUSS, playing yet more furiously. 'You — shall — live — for —— years longer, — if — you — will — pay — me, — instead — of your life, — the lives — of fifty-thousand — other — peo-ee-ple — each ye-ar-ea-r!' 'Done!' cries STRAUSS. So ever since, fifty thousand people each year have killed themselves dancing STRAUSS' waltzes! . . . '*Mrs. Colman's New Juvenile Series*' of illustrated little books for little people, published by Mr. SAMUEL RAYNOR, in the Bowery, will attract a sale, not less for the purity of their inculcations than for the cheapness of their price. They are six in number, and are entitled 'The Talisman of the Good Genius,' 'Stories of Affection,' 'The Pearl Story-Book,' 'The Pet Butterflies,' 'New and True Stories,'

and Holiday Stories.' They have already secured the favorable suffrages of all the little visitors to the sanctum. . . . 'In a certain Connecticut school-district,' writes a clever inhabitant of that same, 'resides a man of substance, whom his friends and acquaintances playfully call 'Uncle NAT.,' an endearing and affectionate abbreviation of his more euphonious sponsorial title, NATHANIEL. 'Uncle NAT.' is an old bachelor, methodical in his habits, punctilious and precise in speech, somewhat prim and starched, wears an extensive cravat, and eke a broad-brimmed hat, and treads in shoes with leather strings. He has a fund of humor, but so seldom does it leak out, that its very rarity makes it more 'telling.' At a recent meeting of the voters to consider ways and means to provide for the intellectual wants of the rising generation, it was remarked by one of the committee that they were about to employ a music-teacher, whereby to adorn and embellish the minds of the scholars. Now 'Uncle NAT.' goes for light taxes, and his colleagues were taken somewhat by surprise at his advocacy of the proposed measure. I omitted to say, in the proper place, that his speech is tinged with a slight lisp, which lends an additional 'glossiness' to his always smooth and soft-spoken words. Rising, he said: 'Thentleman, I am pleathed to learn that you contemplate introducthing the thience of muthic into the th'cool. Now I thupport a little boy who attends th'cool, and I thould be glad to have him learn muthic; but we all have our peculiar nothiens, and I, for one, thould like to have a word to thay as to the particular branch in which he thould be taught. I take a good deal of interest in the little boy, and thould like to know whether the propothed teacher has the requisite qualifications to learn this little boy to play upon my favorite instrument, the *base-drum*, that being the particular branch of muthic in which I thould like to have him instructed!' I did not learn the result of the vote, but presume the *ayes* had it.' . . . 'C.' is wrong, in many respects, beside doing a very foolish thing in reviving an old matter which had better be suffered to rest. One thing is quite certain: the *London Times* in 1836 *did* praise FORREST'S '*Othello*' as 'one of the *very best displays that the English stage could boast*,' and yet in 1845 it abused *the same performance*, and pronounced it 'a failure.' In 1836 'The Times' affirms that 'the applause was warm and universal; a spontaneous *acknowledgment of merit, of a rare and valuable kind;* but in 1848, in the same character, Mr. FORREST 'exhibited the smallest quantum of intellectuality.' Mr. FORREST'S personation of '*Lear*' was even more highly praised: *then* 'his conception of the character was *uncommonly powerful and effective;* but in 1848, he was, *in the same part*, merely an 'effective melo-dramatic player.' Such critical tergiversation requires no word of comment. . . . WE never 'set eyes on' Mr. ISAAC BABBITT, of Number 50 Court-street, Boston, and probably never shall; but we wish to do him *justice*. And when we say that his '*Cytherean Cream of Soap*' is the best saponaceous compound we ever employed, we are stating no more than every reader of ours will say when he (or she) has rubbed a tea-spoon full upon his (or her) person, while dry, before taking a Croton bath. *After* that bath, whose uses that 'Cytherean' article will confess to a new sensation. It is 'a leetle the most s'archin'' thing we ever *did* see; while, as a shaving compound, it is simple *luxury*. . . . SIX pages of prepared 'Gossip,' including several matters whose insertion was promised, with sundry notices of new books, periodicals, occasional addresses, etc., await insertion in our next. We could wish to particularize several correspondents, but for the present we must pause, because we are at *the end*.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

MAPS.

Sketch Map of the River Jordan,
Sketch Map of the Dead Sea,
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Source of the Jordan.
Camp on the River Belus.
'Akîl Aga.
Sherîf of Mecca.
Caravan of the Expedition.
Tiberias.
Ruined Bridge of Semakh.
Jum'ah.
View on the Jordan.
Sherîf Massa'd, Emir Nassir, and Beni Sŭkr Sheikh.
Pilgrims Bathing in the Jordan.
Shore of the Dead Sea.
Ain Jidy.
Pillar of Salt.
A Ta'âmirah.
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Masada.
Christian Arabs of Kerak.
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Wady Mojeb.
Greek Archbishop.
Tomb of Absalom.
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Tombs in the valley of Jehoshaphat.
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Baalbec.

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From this summary of the Contents, it will be seen that the Expedition explored all of the most interesting spots of the Holy Land. They were examined with great care, especially those of which there is little or no authentic information; and the results will be found embodied in this volume. As the *official* account of an expedition which has attracted no small share of public attention, it has much interest for the general reader, while to the biblical student it will be necessary for the proper understanding of the Geography of the Holy Land. As a work of art, too, it merits attention; neither care nor expense has been spared to render it worthy its national character. It is printed on large type and fine paper; the illustrations are very numerous, presenting the most interesting points connected with the Expedition, and have been engraved in the best style of the art; and the whole may confidently be presented as equal, if not superior, to any original work of the kind as yet attempted in this country.

LYNCH'S DEAD SEA. (*Continued.*)

This book, so long and anxiously expected, fully sustains the hopes of the most sanguine and fastidious. It is truly a magnificent work. The type, paper, binding, style, and execution, are all of the best and highest character, as are also the maps and engravings. It will do more to elevate the character of our national literature than any work that has appeared for years. The intrinsic interest of the subject will give it popularity and immortality at once. It must be read to be appreciated; and it will be read extensively, and valued, both in this and other countries. —*Lady's Book, August*, 1849.

Lieut. Lynch's book must be pronounced of great value, not only for the additions which it makes to our knowledge, but as the authentic record of an enterprise in the highest degree honorable to all the parties concerned. In our esteem the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the engravings. The interest of these lies in their representing subjects mostly new to those who have been wearied with the five hundreth repetition of the same scenes and objects. The views on the Dead Sea are of special and remarkable interest, and the costume figures are also striking and suggestive.—*North British Review, August*, 1849.

A large and elegant volume of marked interest and of decided value. The Expedition, as our readers are aware, was conducted under the authority of the United States, and resulted in a much more satisfactory exploration of the region visited than had ever before been made. The book is very handsomely printed, and contains numerous spirited pictorial illustrations.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

A most elegant volume of 500 pages, profusely illustrated with beautiful plates and maps. The style of the work is at once simple and captivating, possessing all the interest of a romance as well as the sterling excellence of a reliable statement of facts. It is worthy to be ranked with Layard's great work on Nineveh.—*Phila. Evening Bulletin.*

The present volume is a well-written narrative, filled with lively and interesting descriptions of the country and the people, and the remarkable scenes and incidents he met with, besides having the merit of being a reliable work in all its statements. This volume, we are satisfied, will be much sought after.—*Phila. Ledger.*

When, however, he fairly "gets under weigh," every page possesses interest, and we follow him with eagerness in his perilous and tortuous voyage down the Jordan, and his explorations of the mysterious sea, upon which the curse of the Almighty visibly rests. His privations, toils, and dangers were numerous, but were rewarded by success where all others had failed. He has contributed materially to our knowledge of scriptural geography, particularly in his charts of the Jordan and Dead Sea, which he fully explored. If our readers wish to know all he has done, they must procure and read his book; we cannot give even an outline of it. We can only add, that the publishers have done their full duty in their department, and the maps and plates are all that could be desired.—*Presbyterian.*

It is splendidly got up, and constitutes one of the most useful and deeply interesting volumes that has recently been issued from the press. It is running over with graphic pictures for the poet, stirring adventure for the common reader, and deep science of philosophy for the student. It will at once add greatly to the knowledge of the interesting regions explored, and to the well-earned fame of the accomplished author. It will soon find a place in every well-selected library in the country.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The maps alone, drawn as they are from actual survey, and changing as they do all our previous ideas of the course of the Jordan and the configuration of the Dead Sea—are an ample return for the trouble and expense of the Expedition. Messrs. Lea & Blanchard deserve the thanks of the reading world for the splendid style in which the work is executed. Maps, engravings, type, paper, and printing, are all in first-rate style—all worthy of a national work.—*Scott's Weekly Paper.*

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